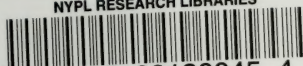


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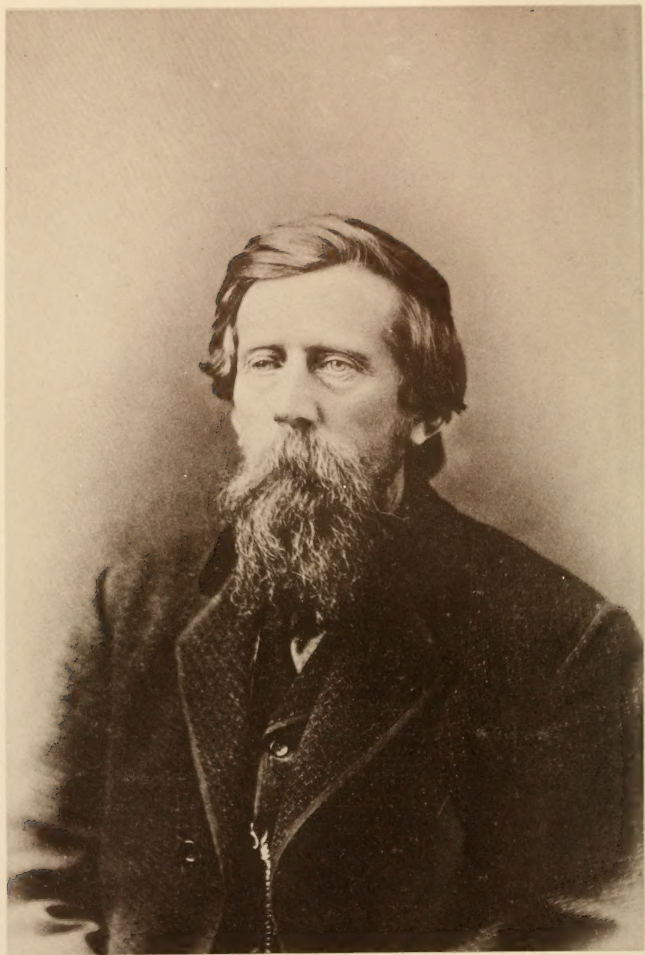
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Story



COL. GEO. E. BRYANT,
COMMANDER 12th WIS. VOL. INF.

STORY OF THE SERVICE

OF

COMPANY E,

AND OF THE

TWELFTH WISCONSIN REGIMENT,

VETERAN VOLUNTEER INFANTRY,

IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

BEGINNING WITH SEPTEMBER 7TH, 1861, AND ENDING WITH
JULY 21ST, 1865.

WRITTEN BY ONE OF THE BOYS.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

SWAIN & TATE CO., PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS, 385 BROADWAY.

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Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;
We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

The Union forever, Hurrah boys, Hurrah,

Down with the traitors, Up with the stars;

While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

PREFACE.

IT is certain that the varied and stirring events connected with the service of any company or regiment taking an active part in our great civil war, from 1861 to 1865, must furnish abundant material for an interesting story; and so a sketch of the service of our company and regiment should be of no little interest, especially to those of us who marched, and fought, and camped, and enjoyed, and suffered together under the banner of the Twelfth Wisconsin and the flag of our Union.

But the interest and value of the story here presented has been bounded in on all sides by the limited ability of the author. No one can more fully understand than he how much better a book an abler writer could make out of the same material. Yet he feels that no one could bring to the work a more willing heart or hand than he has done; the writing of this story has been truly a labor of love—a task that has never become irksome, but one that has daily brought with it the tenderest emotions of fraternity and the purest sentiments of loyalty.

This story has been written during the brief intervals of leisure that have been snatched from a busy life, therefore it will, no doubt, seem here and there disjointed; yet, what is written is written, and the author will offer no further apology. Still, he begs all who read it, especially his old comrades, to criticise kindly; he hopes they will dwell upon such parts as they can commend, and pass lightly over what seems faulty.

Several comrades have been helpful in furnishing material for this history—among them Colonel Bryant, Captain Kinney, Lieutenant Linnell, Lieutenant Griffin, Henry H. and Edmund F. Bennett, Nathaniel Darrow, Edwin W. Truell, Orson Wright, Seneca Briggs, John Griffin, H. S. Beardsley, Lieut. Bird and N. D. Brown. For their willing, cheerful aid the writer hereby returns his hearty thanks. He also wishes

PREFACE.

to acknowledge, with especial gratitude, the quick and ready sympathy and encouragement of his good friend and comrade, S. Glyde Swain, without whose persistent efforts and unflagging interest in the work, this book would never have been written. The thanks of every member of the company and regiment are due to Comrade Swain for his untiring zeal and energy in securing a written record of our army service.

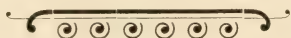
With these few words in the way of preface, this story of Company E, and of the Twelfth Wisconsin Regiment, is hereby presented to his old comrades by the

AUTHOR.

MILTON, WISCONSIN, June 8, 1893.

With tender and loving affection, the
author dedicates this book
to the memory of
Our Dead Comrades.

Our Dead Comrades.



Capt. ABRAHAM VANDERPOEL.

Capt. JOHN GILLISPIE.

Lieut. JAMES H. THAYER.

Sergt. JOHNSON MOULTON.

Sergt. HENRY W. STUTSON.

Sergt. EDDY COLE.

Corp. JOHN G. HUBBELL.

Corp. JAMES McVEY.

Corp. JOHN J. LOMAN.

Corp. HIRAM S. BEARDSLEY.

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Musician REUBEN W. GREEN.

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WILLIAM FISHER.

JOEL M. FREEMAN.

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WESLEY HARBAUGH.

NATHAN D. HARRISON.

AARON M. HUMPHREY.

ENOS JOHNSTON.

RUFUS JOHNSON.

ABRAHAM KNAPP.

GEORGE W. MARSHALL.

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HORACE OSTRANDER.

HENRY ROCKWELL.

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ELIAS L. STEVENS.

DANIEL TITUS.

CLEMENT A. BOUGHTON.

WILLIAM STOWELL.

HENRY FLUNO.

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TRUE friendship grows stronger as it ripens with age. It seems as if time daily strengthens the feeling of comradeship that began thirty years ago, when the boys in the army tented together, slept together and ate together, marched and camped together, fought, bled and suffered together, in a common glorious cause—the preservation of our National Union. We felt drawn to one another then, but the years that have come and gone have cemented our hearts and affections into a sacred bond of abiding friendship.

Fifteen years passed away after the war before our company or our regiment met together in a formal reunion; then came the great gathering of Wisconsin soldiers at Milwaukee, in June, 1880. That was a time long to be remembered by all who were present. Of our own company twenty-two met again in the same tent, and for three or four days they heartily enjoyed one another's society. They talked over their varied experiences during the fifteen years since they had separated at Madison in '65; they went back in memory to the old war days and briefly lived them over again; they felt their hearts knit together as they had not done even in the camp or on the battlefield. They talked and talked the days away, and talked away on into the nights, finding it hard work to go to sleep.

Some met in that reunion who never saw one another again face to face; since that time not a few have gone into camp over the river. Among these, I think to-night of our good Comrade Eddy Cole, of Mauston, who died during the following winter.

At that time it was suggested that a roster of the surviving members of Company E be printed, giving the residence of each

member and some other facts of interest, and that a copy of this roster be put into the hands of each in order that he might keep in touch with all his comrades; a step was taken in that direction, but the plan was not fully carried out. Yet, after that reunion every comrade felt a new and livelier interest in all the others than he had before felt since the war, and he went home with a greater pride in his company and regiment.

At that meeting it was found that some of the boys had already so changed in appearance that they were not easily recognized by their old tent mates, and this fact taught them that age was beginning to stamp itself upon the features of the beardless "boys of '61."

In 1887 a circular was issued by Colonel Bryant and officers of the Sixteenth Wisconsin, calling a reunion of the Twelfth and the Sixteenth at the Capitol, in Madison, in the early days of September. There was a general response to this call, a goodly number of the survivors of each regiment being present. About eighteen of Company E came together on that occasion, two or three bringing their wives with them.

It was easy to see that old Father Time had been still further marking up the faces of the old boys. He had made some of them bald-headed and the most of them gray; it was still harder work to recognize the features of those whom we had not seen before since the close of the war.

This reunion of '87 was a very interesting one. We were all made glad by having with us our much loved General Leggett, who was our Division commander from the time of the Atlanta Campaign till the end of the war. He clasped the hand of each one of us as heartily as if we had all been generals. At our camp fire he made us a speech that drew us to him all the more strongly.

At this time our Comrade S. Glyde Swain, with others, began to talk in favor of a company organization. He thought such a plan fully as desirable as the regimental organization that had been formed. He and they felt that pains should be taken to perpetuate the old friendships of

war times, and thought that each comrade should have at hand the means of knowing the whereabouts and welfare of all the others. Nothing definite was done at this meeting, however, about organizing.

The next regimental reunion was held at Madison, September 26, 1888. At this time Comrade Swain pushed the matter of company organization until it was accomplished, he himself being chosen President, Charles Coleman, of Baraboo, Secretary, and H. S. Beardsley, of Tomah, Historian. A Historian was selected with the thought that some records of the company and its members should be written, printed and preserved. After this some printed blanks were sent to the boys to fill, calling for the leading events and main facts of their lives before, during and since the war. Some of the blanks were filled and returned, but not all.

Then came, in August, 1889, at Milwaukee, the National Encampment of the G. A. R. This meeting was made the occasion for a general reunion of hundreds of regiments, and ours among them. Colonel Bryant, as president of our regimental association, called our reunion at Temple Emanuel, for August 28th. This meeting proved to be of greater interest to both our company and regiment than any other had been. A large number of the regiment enrolled their names, forty-three of Company E being present.

During this reunion the members of our company association held a meeting by themselves to discuss matters of special interest to them. After President Swain had called the boys to order, he presented the following address, setting forth the objects of the meeting:

Comrades of Company E:

This happy meeting is one to which we have looked forward with pleasure. It has been a happy thought that we were to take the hand of those fraternally bound to us—not by rites and ceremonies, but by ties of friendship made strong by close association through years of exposure to hardships, sickness and dangers, and separa-

tion from home and family. That those ties are strong, is well shown by the joy and the loyalty to each that is seen when comrades meet, or learn from others of the health and welfare of any of Company E.

This is an event that is rare. We can have but few like it. Let us study how we can make the most of it. Let us give full vent to the feelings of kindly interest that we have in each other's welfare—remembering those that are not able to meet with us—not forgetting the memory of the dear comrades who have gone before, so that, when we return to our homes, we shall realize that we have renewed our acquaintance.

The idea of having the history of Company E written has been frequently talked of by comrades, and I think all will agree that such a history would be valuable for its interest to ourselves and our descendants. With that idea in view, those present at the last reunion of the Twelfth Regiment, at Madison, in quite an informal way, organized the "Company E Association," whose object should be to obtain a personal record of its members and have prepared a history of the organization and work of the company, all to be written in the book of the historian. It was voted to hold annual meetings at the same time and place of the reunions of the Twelfth Regiment, and it was desired that every member should be present or accounted for by personal letter, that we might keep perfect the records, and know of any change of residence of the comrades. The movement has met with a most hearty response, the most of the comrades having been heard from on the subject.

The business of this meeting will be to adopt plans and provide means for the accomplishment of the work we have undertaken. Let us consider the subject carefully. There is in the life of Company E enough material, if it could all be gathered, to make a good-sized volume. We may not be able by voluntary labor of the comrades to have all that we would like; but, by planning and

dividing the labor, we may have a history written that will fill our hearts with honest pride, because we had a part in its making.

To collect and arrange the records of the comrades, the dates and places of our camps, marches and engagements, will require time and labor, but will not be difficult. To write the story of the existence of Company E, that shall contain the incidents of our army life, from the time we formed in two ranks at Delton, for a purpose we hardly knew what—until the grand review at Washington, and the muster-out of the company, will require the ability of those adapted by nature and training for such work. We have such men among us, and it is to be hoped that the ones chosen will have the time to give to it.

In the collection of material, all can assist more or less, by sending accounts of incidents that will be of interest to the comrades.

If we could note down the incidents that are so vividly brought to mind when comrades meet and chat for a while of the eventful years of long ago, it would add much to the interest and value of the work. There is important work to be done in the preparation of biographical sketches of our comrades who have gone before, especially of Captains Vanderpoel and Gillispie, and Lieut. Thayer, who were so efficient in the organization and drill of our company. All of those noble men who gave their lives that our country might be saved, should have a place in the memory pages of our book. Thus we see that there is no small amount of work to be done, but if it is judiciously divided and all will do the part assigned to them, it can be accomplished. The subject of having the work printed was not considered, and perhaps cannot well be now, as we do not know how large a book we shall have, but I hardly think we shall consider our work complete until we have it in book form for distribution.

I would suggest that a committee be appointed to plan and arrange the work and assign the parts.

In regard to our Association, I would recommend that rules and regulations be adopted for a permanent organization, and that the signatures of as many as possible of the members of Company E be obtained, pledging their support to the Association.

After the necessary routine business of the Association had been disposed of, the question of a company history was brought up for discussion. The following extract from the proceedings of that meeting shows what action was taken :

The subject of company history being taken up, much enthusiasm was shown by the comrades. The question being raised as to how it should be done, it was suggested that the work be divided, and parts assigned to different comrades. A resolution was adopted requesting Comrade Beardsley to take care of collecting the biographies, Comrade Swain to take charge of the statistical part, and Comrade Rood to take the work of writing the incidents of our army life ; that Comrade Clarence Vanderpoel prepare a biographical sketch of Capt. Vanderpoel, Comrade M. Griffin one of Capt. Gillispie, and Comrade Linnell one of Lieut. Thayer.

Comrade Rood wished to know what style of history should be written ; whether it should be one just for men and women to read, or one adapted to the desires, and for the benefit, of our boys and girls ; one that may help them to learn to love the old flag, and all it symbolizes, the more because their fathers performed a part in saving it from disgrace. The opinion was expressed by comrades that it should be made interesting to the boys and girls, as it would then be interesting to all.

There was a desire expressed that in this history special tribute should be paid to the memory of our brave comrades who fell in the line of duty. Comrade Linnell thought that the best of the humorous and pathetic incidents of our army life should be made a part of our

history, and that we could all find something to contribute by looking over letters written home. It was urged that all make an effort to find something of interest to send to Comrade Rood to be used in the work as he thought best. Comrade Linnell spoke of a certain correspondence that he kept up during the war, in which he knew there were many descriptions of scenes and events, and Comrade Darrow suggested that Comrade Linnell obtain those love letters and send to Comrade Rood.

Thus it was decided that the history of the service of Company E should be written, and that its publication should be secured if possible. Our boys went home from that reunion well pleased that such a plan had been agreed to ; and they also felt thankful that so many of them had been once more permitted to clasp hands and to look into one another's faces. Comrade Swain had kindly secured quarters for all of the members of Company E who desired them, in an unfurnished "flat" owned by Dr. E. M. Rosenkrans. He had also provided cot beds for these quarters, and made the place quite homelike as well as comfortable. Here the boys, several of them being accompanied by their wives, renewed their old friendships ; they visited together, laughed, and talked, and sang, and ate together once more. More than one shed tears when the time came to say good-bye again, for it could not well be that all would ever meet in another reunion this side the grave. It was felt that never again would so many of Company E be in camp together on the shores of time ; and so we went from Milwaukee to our homes with hearts throbbing with very tender emotions. We felt ourselves drawn more closely together than we ever had been before.

I say all this of Company E, but the same may be said of the regiment, and of every company in the regiment. All who were at this notable reunion will always be glad of it, while those who could not attend it will not cease to regret their inability to do so.

Our company passed a resolution of thanks to Dr. Rosen-

krans for the free use of his building for quarters. He responded in the following pleasant letter to Comrade Swain:

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 10, 1889.

*S. G. Swain and all of the Old Guard of Company E, 12th
Regiment Wisconsin Infantry:*

Gentlemen:—Your letter of September 1st came when I was so busy “collecting the fragments” after the grand reunion that I could not find time to reply sooner.

I wish to thank you much for your appreciation of so small a gift as I had to offer you. It was nothing to me, cost me comparatively nothing, when I remember that each one of you left his business, his home, and spent his money and time to come and help to make the “grand success” the singing again of that grand old “Battle Cry of Freedom.”

While I shall keep your letter as a record of much pleasure, I wish to beg of you to join with me in urging that every American child be taught in our public schools and elsewhere the service the members of the G. A. R. were to our nation when she needed help. If the Scots to-day remember with pride Fontenay and Bannockburn, each American child growing to manhood and womanhood should be taught the struggle and sacrifice of our soldiers during our Civil War. Sometime ago, when in Washington, I saw that the large columns to the front porch of the old war department had been removed across the Potomac, and set up at the entrance of the National Cemetery on the old Lee plantation, the shafts being named “Grant,” “Sherman,” “Stanton,” etc. This is a step in the right direction, but its influence is limited. I should advocate that the names of every battle of the eastern army, from Bull Run to Five Forks, and of the west from Donelson to Atlanta or Franklin, be arranged in alphabetical order, with the full particular history of each engagement and its sequence, and the same committed to memory as you and I learned the names and capitals of states, viz.: Maine, Augusta, situated on the

Kennebec River, *et al.* While I should not teach animosity toward the South, I should not fail to teach the heroism of the soldier and the grand purpose for which he risked his life. That upon the success of the cause rested the liberty and prosperity of the nation. That while they were fighting the battles of the irrepressible conflict, they were doing still more—they were cementing together with their blood, and the tears of the wives and children at home, the bricks that made a nation that can to-day spell that name with a big N. They were laying the foundation for all of our prosperity, for the full and complete development of our country, for the making of new states, and the cultivation of this vast and fertile West.

You can turn to the right of us, or to the left of us, look forward or backward over the paths we have lately trod, you can see that what we are today as a nation, or as a people, dates from the tramp, tramp, tramp of the boys in blue.

Our only regret is, that while you were here we could not do more for you. To one and all of you,

I am most truly yours,

E. M. ROSENKRANS.

The writing of this history has proved to be no small task. At first it was thought the story of our service would fill only a small volume—a book of, say two hundred pages. But the work grew on the hands of the writer; he found that, though he rejected much that he felt to be of interest, the book must be larger than he anticipated. After nearly two years spent in putting the material together he found his manuscript nearing completion. At a reunion of our company and regiment, called at Kilbourn City, June 15, 1892, he was able to present the same to his comrades.

At this meeting a committee was appointed, consisting of S. G. Swain and John G. Ingalls, to take subscriptions for the book, and, if money enough should be thus secured, to

arrange for its publication. The members of the company present subscribed liberally, as also did men of other companies, the result being that during the following summer plans were perfected for having the work printed.

None of us can know how much effort our Comrade Swain has persistently put forth in order to secure the completion of this work. If any one is glad to have this story of our service in his library, let him feel thankful to S. Glyde Swain.

Further reference should here be made to our reunion at Kilbourn. About two hundred members of the regiment enrolled, fifty-one being Company E men. The reason to be given for this large proportion of our company is to be found in the fact that the vicinity of Kilbourn was the home of the most of our boys before their enlistment—our company having been recruited at Delton, four miles from Kilbourn.

Several of them still reside near there, and many others made this reunion the occasion for a visit to the old haunts of ante-bellum days. We were surprised to out-do the attendance at Milwaukee in '89. We rejoiced in meeting several comrades who had not before been able to attend any of our reunions. Those who had met from time to time had learned to recognize at once one another's grizzled beards and bald pates; but there came at this time some whom we tried in vain to know. Big, brawny, hearty Jem McVey had changed more than we expected; and so had others.

Oh, those greetings of long separated comrades! I would fain convey to those who in the future years read these pages something of their vigorous tenderness, their noisy gentleness, their boisterous friendliness. Some shook hands—both hands; some hugged each other; some clasped hands and gazed with looks that spoke volumes into each other's eyes. No greetings more hearty, more sacred, are ever given or received than those of true friends who have been long separated.

Many of the boys brought along their wives, and some their children; and all sat together in the G. A. R. Post Hall, named after our beloved Captain John Gillispie, and held



S. G. SWAIN,
COMPANY E.

belonging to Company E, and the Twelfth Regiment, as did any of the boys, and we were right glad to have them. Bless them, every soul of them!

The writer desires to say just here that, had he thought, when beginning this history, that the men of other companies in the regiment would come to take such a generous interest in the publication of the book as many of them have done, he would have made the story here written more applicable to the whole regiment; but as he did not hope for such an interest in his work as some outside of Company E have manifested, he confined himself mostly to the affairs of his own company. Still, it is hoped that the story of Company E may be found, in the main, the story of the Twelfth Regiment.

And now, in closing this introductory chapter, just a word to you,

BOYS AND GIRLS.

Were it not for you, this story of the service of your fathers—grandfathers, perhaps—would not have been written. We old fellows have not gotten this book up for ourselves. To be sure, we are glad enough to have it and to read about ourselves, but we expect soon to leave you and join our comrades in the Camp over the River. We want you to keep the book after we are gone; and when you, too, grow old and ready to lay down the work of life, to give it into the safe-keeping of your children.

You are not to forget that what we did in defense of our flag and good government was done for you; and we charge you always to be loyal to that flag and everything it symbolizes. We hope that you will love your country the better for being able to say, "My father, or my grandfather, shouldered his musket in defense of the Union." Some of you will have it to remember that your fathers, or your grandfathers, came home from that struggle maimed or diseased for life, having given the best of themselves to the service of their country and yours. Not a few of you will find in the lists of killed or died of disease, the family names you now bear. Those men, in dying on the altar of our country's freedom,

bequeathed to you a rich heritage. May you in a measure feel its priceless value and cherish it as a blood-bought gift.

Again we charge you to stand up through evil as well as good report for our country and its blessed principles of liberty and equality of rights. All we ask of you is to do this, and to bring each spring the sweetest flowers you can find to place upon our graves.

This book has been written by a schoolmaster. As he now lays down his pen he makes as his last request of his readers that those who have the young in their care, whether in school or at home, will undertake by all wise means to instill into their minds a love of their country. Bring them to understand as far as may be, how much our free, happy government has cost us, and how much it is worth to them. In this way civil wars may best be avoided; for, when all love their common country, none will be found to rebel against it.

Teachers, let the dear old flag float from the top of the school house. Put up in the school room pictures of our purest patriots; let the faces of Washington and Lincoln, and Garfield look down from the walls of the study rooms; let a little time be given now and then to the study of what was purest, best and noblest in the character of each, and lead the boys and girls to gaze thoughtfully once in a while upon those strong, yet kindly and benevolent faces that must always seem to be pronouncing silent benedictions upon the young citizens before them.

But most of all, teacher, do you yourself be religiously consecrated to your country, your home and your God.

CHAPTER II.

WHY WE WENT TO WAR.

THE thirteen American colonies were settled by classes of people not much alike in their opinions and ways of thinking.

Massachusetts was founded by men and women who sought religious freedom; Virginia, by people in quest of wealth or adventure; Pennsylvania, by persecuted Quakers; Maryland, by Catholics deprived of religious freedom in England; New York, by the Dutch; Delaware, by the Swedes.

For a time these various colonies enjoyed a good degree of quiet freedom from any restriction by the governments of the countries whence they came, and they began to take a just pride in their comparative independence. They came to think of themselves almost as so many separate little nations growing up along the Atlantic coast.

In general, each colony was on friendly terms with all the others; and, when one of them was disturbed by the Indians, the neighboring colonies were ready to extend friendly aid in making war against the common foe.

But, in course of time, England began to be jealous of the growing spirit of freedom and independence among her American subjects; and she began to restrict them in one way or another in the enjoyment of the liberty that was coming to be very dear to them. Naturally the people of the colonies did not much like this interference, and they spoke out right sturdily against tame submission to it.

But England, instead of relaxing, reached over her long and strong arm of power and shut down all the more closely upon her liberty-loving children. And so it came about, little by little, that this English mother and her American children engaged in a stubborn conflict concerning this same question of liberty in government. Massachusetts stood up stoutly

against "Taxation without Representation;" and, as she was made most of all to feel the displeasure of England, the other colonies, notably Virginia, pledged to her, and gave to her, their full and hearty sympathy and support. When it was found out that a war with the mother country was inevitable, they all united in carrying on the conflict.

After the struggle was well begun, delegates from the colonies met in a congress at Philadelphia and declared, July 4th, 1776, that "these colonies are, and of right ought to be, *free and independent states*."

Mind you, they did not say a free and independent *nation*. They had hardly reached such a conception when they adopted and signed the Declaration.

But finding themselves by their own act thus absolved from all allegiance to King George, it became necessary for them to form for the new states some bond of union in the form of a general government.

They did this in something of a hurry, for the war was taking most of their attention.

They called the new compact, "The Articles of Confederation," and gave to the country the name, "The United States of America."

I say the congress at Philadelphia did all this, but one by one the new so-called "states" ratified the plan for a general government.

The colonies were in earnest in their fight, and the result of the struggle was the forced acknowledgment by England of the independence of the new republic. This they did in 1783.

When people are fighting hard against a common foe, they are pretty likely to agree among themselves; but when the fight is over and the enemy beaten, they are sometimes apt to turn to and fight one another.

I once knew of an elderly couple who were generally on bad terms the one with the other, and sometimes domestic warfare raged in their household. One dark night a passing neighbor heard the noise of conflict within. Being fearful of bloodshed

he went in with the purpose of defending the weaker party; but the old lady turned tooth and nail upon her well-intentioned reinforcement, and the old man helped her fight him, both of them charging so valiantly upon the luckless invader of their domicile that he was glad to beat an ignoble retreat into the middle of the street. This done, they renewed their own fight with fresh vigor.

These new states acted in pretty much the same way. They fought in harmony against their common foe, England, and, having gained the victory, began to be rather unfriendly toward one another. They would not, all of them, pay willingly their share of the war debt, and they did not in all cases submit willingly to the dictates of the general government. Nor is it at all surprising that they acted in this way.

Before the war each had felt a pardonable pride in its own peculiar institutions. I suppose that no *national* pride had ever throbbed in the bosom of the most freedom-loving man among the colonists. All his desires for liberty in government centered upon his own colony.

Now that all were bound together by a political compact, as many regarded the union at that time, it was not easy for every citizen to transfer his heart's best country-love from his state to the nation.

For certain reasons the Articles of Confederation proved unsatisfactory as a plan of government. The statesmen of the times saw that, unless a stronger central government should be devised and adopted, the new union of states "would drop apart of its own weight." And so, after considerable preliminary discussion of the subject, a convention was called in May, 1787, to draft a new constitution.

After a four month's session, during which time the many needs of the country were discussed most earnestly—sometimes, no doubt, stormily—our present national constitution was adopted and submitted to the states for their ratification or rejection. Some very patriotic statesmen opposed with all their might its adoption in convention, and ratification by the states. They claimed that it gave too much power to the

central government, and they feared that it would become an instrument of oppression in its relation with the "free and independent states" mentioned in the Declaration of Independence.

Others were heartily in favor of the strong central government for which the proposed constitution provided, and, after a full and free discussion of all its provisions, it was ratified.

All the same, the two classes of statesmen having the opposite notions above mentioned continued to hold to their opinions on this the greatest of all questions in our national politics: When vital differences arise, which is supreme, the *state* or the *nation*?

Those who felt that the state ought to be supreme in such cases came to be known as States Rights people, and their doctrine was called "State Sovereignty."

In general, the people of our country holding opposite views on this fundamental question have constituted our two great political parties. I cannot take the space to speak of the various political contests we have had over questions corollary to this one great question. These things can be studied to the best advantage in a good history of the United States. Suffice it to say that this question of sovereignty came, in time, to be a source of constant irritation. For some reason the South pretty generally adopted the doctrine of State Sovereignty. I suspect that the principal reason for this lay in the fact that the people there had so fostered and nourished a certain great social evil—slavery—that, in spite of the other fact that Americans in general felt thoroughly ashamed of such a disgrace to the fair name of Columbia,

"— the land of the free,
And the home of the brave."

those southern neighbors of ours would rather see the union go to pieces, and our proud national career come to an inglorious and farcical end, than to break loose from their slaveholding, un-American though it was.

Now, knowing that the further the people of the United

States advanced in civilization, the more refined they became in thought and feeling, the better they became educated, the more distasteful and hateful, the more *wicked*, human slavery would seem to them, it was not hard for the slave-holder to understand that the attitude of the general government must become more and more unfriendly toward his buying and selling, and whipping, and *killing*, when he chose to do so—and sometimes treating even worse than that—men and women with souls just as white as, and enough *cleaner* than, his.

And, knowing this, it was quite natural that he should profess the doctrine of State Sovereignty, and so declare that if at any time the nation should, in its sovereign power, undertake to restrict the privileges of slaveholders, it would be the duty of the slave states to secede from the Union, and establish for themselves such a government as would perpetuate the cherished institution of slavery.

In due course of time the slavery question, from the very nature of the case, entered fully into our national politics. Sometimes one side of the question seemed to get the advantage, sometimes the other. At last the anti-slavery sentiment plainly came to be the stronger, and the Southerner began in good earnest to talk about carrying his doctrine of State Rights to the extreme point—that of secession.

Then came the times that tried men's principles. There were those in the North who believed most earnestly in National Sovereignty, and who felt ashamed of American slavery, yet who, for the sake of peace, half intimated that it would be better to let the South do pretty much as she pleased. And there were also people in the north,* I am sorry to say, who really sympathized with the slave-holder, and who would never have objected to holding slaves themselves, if they could.

But the great majority of the northern people declared that the United States was a NATION, and that, whatever might become of slavery, the nation must be preserved, even at the expense of a civil war, if need be. Equally determined were

*See page 55.

the most of the Southerners to preserve the institution of slavery, whatever might become of the nation.

It was an irrepressible conflict; it must needs come upon us and be fought out before there could be any satisfactory peace in the land. It did come. The election of Abraham Lincoln meant that the people as a whole believed in National Sovereignty, and so on the 20th day of December, 1860, South Carolina took the bold and rebellious step of formally seceding from the Union. In quick succession Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas followed her; and not long afterward Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Arkansas took the same step. Delegates from these states met in convention at Montgomery, Alabama, and formed a plan of union, calling themselves "The Confederate States of America."

James Buchanan was then president of the United States, and he did nothing to hinder such action on the part of those rebellious states. When he saw them, through certain members of his cabinet, who were in full sympathy with the seceding states, getting every dollar out of the national treasury, sending our little navy into foreign seas, ordering what there was of our regular army out to the remote frontier, he weakly read through the constitution and then said he could find nothing there directing him to *coerce* a state. And so he did nothing at all, while the secessionists 7,000 strong surrounded the devoted little band of 70 men in Fort Sumpter, in Charleston Harbor. He could sit on the steps of the Capitol, and, looking across into Virginia, almost see the preparations being made to attack Washington; but he only sighed and said, "I can find no authority to prevent it."

On the 4th of March, 1861, the brave, the honest, the patriotic Lincoln took the oath to be president of the *whole nation*. In his inaugural address directly after, he said in a plain, but positive, way that he felt it his duty to bring the seceded states back to their places in the Union. That remark of Abraham Lincoln meant *business*, and the South knew it. No Buchanan about that. The rebels prepared for war.

They seized all the arsenals, forts and navy yards along the coast that they were able to take, and then metaphorically shook their fists under Abraham Lincoln's nose.

On the 12th of April they fired upon our flag waving from Fort Sumpter, and so upon the general government. The commandant of the fort responded in kind, and the war to decide whether the United States was a nation or a loose compact between states, to be broken at the will of any one of them, was begun. Major Anderson made a gallant defense, but it was, with 70 against 7,000, a fight at fearful odds; and he was obliged, after a terrific bombardment of thirty-four hours, to surrender, he and his men marching out with the honors of war, and saluting the grand old flag that had, indeed, been insulted and humbled, but not disgraced.

The startling news of this insult to the emblem of our nationality flashed along the wires to every town and village in the land; and it left the wires only to cause the hearts of men, women, and even children to thrill with such a love for that flag and all it symbolizes, as they had hitherto been quite unconscious of possessing.

As if by a single impulse, the stars and stripes were unfurled from every flag-staff in the North. One could scarcely turn in any direction and not find his eyes blessed with the sight of the Red, White and Blue. Though our flag was humbled in the rebellious states, it was doubly honored and beloved by every loyal citizen.

The uprising in the North was so spontaneous and unanimous as to surprise even the North herself, and when President Lincoln called for 75,000 troops for the defense of the Union, not three days passed before well-equipped regiments were on their way to Washington from different states to enter the service of the national government; and troops continued to pour into the capital city until the president's call was fully honored.

Oh, that spring and summer of '61! Would that I could speak of it so that those who have been born since then could in some degree breathe in the spirit of its soul-stirring events,

and catch some of the inspiration that throbbed in every loyal heart! But language is too weak to picture the exciting scenes of those long-to-be-remembered days.

How they pass in review before the lively imagination of all who lived during that eventful spring and summer:—The firing on Fort Sumpter—the agitated crowds that heard the startling news, and in excited manner discussed the situation—the call for troops—the quick enlistment of some of the boys in the neighborhood—the company drill in the village streets—the crowds of country folks who came to look upon the strange sight—the marching away to camp—the good-byes—the eagerly-looked-for letters from the brother, the father, the husband, the son, at the front—the rumors of hard-fought battles—the anxious suspense—the prayers—the thronged post-office—the details of the fight—the long lists of killed, wounded and missing—the weeping sister, mother, wife, sweetheart—more calls for men—war meetings—more enlistments—more battles—more sad news—more weeping; and, in the midst of all this, a firm and settled determination that, whatever might come, however great the cost, however precious the sacrifice, *our national integrity must be preserved!*

Sad, sad days! Yet not altogether without compensation; for the memory of their heroism, their self-sacrificing devotion, their bringing into activity among the people a latent energy and virtue that had long been dormant, showed to loyal Americans how great were their patriotic resources.

I must leave to the imagination—the quick and vivid imagination of those whose dear ones took an active part in the stirring events of the summer of '61—the review of the five months between the middle of April and the middle of September, for my pen is not equal to the task.

And now I think all can understand why it was that "Company E of the Twelfth Wisconsin Regiment of Volunteer Infantry" was organized in obedience to the call of "Father Abraham," after the disastrous battle of Bull Run, for 300,000 more men to aid in maintaining our national unity. We believed in National Sovereignty, not State Sovereignty.

CHAPTER III.

ORGANIZATION OF THE COMPANY.

IN the month of April, '61, there was living in the family of Dwight Brown, in the town of Vienna, Dane Co., Wisconsin, a young man named John Gillispie. The Browns had previously lived near Delton, Sauk Co., where Gillispie's friends also lived; and, because of a warm friendship for him on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, he had come to make his home with them.

The young man owned a good ox team, and he used himself and them to the best advantage in making an honest living. At this time he was twenty-two years old, was full of ambition and energy, and he meant, if industry could do such a thing, to make a success of life.

It was on the 12th of that historic April, that our flag was fired upon at Fort Sumpter. A day or two later Abraham Lincoln's call for 75,000 men reached every town in the land, among them Madison, our state capital. Two men in Madison began at once to recruit each a company for the service. Those two men, since then so well known, were George E. Bryant and Lucius Fairchild.

News of these things came out into the country and at once set all the folks to talking about the preparations for war that were going on in the city. Many people went to town to see what was being done, among them Mr. Brown and John Gillispie. When they came home at night they brought the surprising news that John had enlisted. He spent two days in making preparations for leaving home, and then, bidding his friends good-bye, he went on the 19th of April to join Captain Fairchild's command, which became Company "K" of the First Wisconsin (three months) Infantry.

Gillispie made a good soldier, and served with credit to himself during his term of three months, being mustered out of service August 21, when he came directly back to Mr.



CAPT. JOHN GILLISPIE,
COMPANY E.

Brown's. Having made a brief stay there, he went to visit his friends at Delton.

There he found Abraham Vanderpoel, of Newport, near Delton, taking steps to organize a company of infantry for the service. On the 7th day of September, seventeen days after his discharge from the First Regiment, he enlisted in this company, which was known as the "Wisconsin River Volunteers."

Enlistments in the company went rapidly forward, and soon arrangements were made for the men to go into quarters at Delton, and to begin at once the discipline and drill necessary to make soldiers of them.

John Gillispie, having just been in actual service, was selected by Vanderpoel to act as drill-master; and he could not have chosen a more capable man for the work to be done. No one could ever take more pride than he did in drilling a company of soldiers, and it was not long before he had the men well trained in the various evolutions of infantry tactics.

Vanderpoel, in the meantime, was active in securing additional recruits. As he went here and there holding "war meetings" in the surrounding country for the purpose of persuading men to enlist, he was accompanied and assisted by a young gentleman, Lewis T. Linnell by name, who also had enlisted on the 7th of September.

Arrangements had been made for the men to board at the two hotels in Delton, the one kept by a Mr. Newman, in the western part of the village, the other by Justus Freer, in the eastern part.

When fully organized, the company consisted of the following officers and men:—

No.	Name and Rank.	Date of Enlistment.	Residence.
-----	----------------	---------------------	------------

CAPTAIN.

- | | | | |
|----|-------------------------|--------------|----------|
| 1. | Abraham Vanderpoel..... | Sept. 4..... | Newport. |
|----|-------------------------|--------------|----------|

LIEUTENANTS.

- | | | | |
|----|---------------------------|--------------|----------|
| 2. | 1st, John Gillispie..... | Sept. 7..... | Dellona. |
| 3. | 2d, Lewis T. Linnell..... | Sept. 7..... | Dellona. |

SERGEANTS.

- | | | | |
|----|------------------------------|---------------|------------|
| 4. | 1st, James H. Thayer. | Sept. 7..... | Newport. |
| 5. | 2d, Johnson Moulton..... | Sept. 12..... | Newport. |
| 6. | 3d, Alpheus E. Kinney..... | Sept. 11..... | Fairfield. |
| 7. | 4th, Michael Griffin | Sept. 11..... | Newport. |
| 8. | 5th, Chauncey K. Richardson. | Sept. 12..... | Delton. |

CORPORALS.

- | | | | |
|-----|----------------------------|----------------|--------------------|
| 9. | 1st, Henry W. Stutson..... | Sept. 7. | Dellona. |
| 10. | 2d, Isaac Henry..... | Oct. 1..... | Dellona. |
| 11. | 3d, John G. Hubbell..... | Sept. 7..... | Dell Prairie. |
| 12. | 4th, James McVey..... | Sept. 7..... | Newport. |
| 13. | 5th, James M. Gulick..... | Sept. 19..... | Kilbourn City. |
| 14. | 6th, Henry H. Dyer..... | Sept. 21. | Delton. |
| 15. | 7th, C. W. Fosbinder..... | Sept. 23..... | Linden, Juneau Co. |
| 16. | 8th, John J. Loman..... | Sept. 19..... | Kilbourn City. |

MUSICIANS.

Snare Drummer.

- | | | | |
|-----|------------------------|---------------|------------|
| 17. | Truman H. Hurlbut..... | Sept. 11..... | Fairfield. |
|-----|------------------------|---------------|------------|

Bass Drummer.

- | | | | |
|-----|-----------------------|--------------|---------------|
| 18. | James M. Solomon..... | Sept. 7..... | Dell Prairie. |
|-----|-----------------------|--------------|---------------|

Fifer.

- | | | | |
|-----|----------------------|--------------|------------|
| 19. | Reuben W. Green..... | Sept. 2..... | Reedsburg. |
|-----|----------------------|--------------|------------|

COMPANY CLERK.

- | | | | |
|-----|------------------------------|----------------|----------|
| 20. | Clarence C. Vanderpoel | Sept. 10 | Newport. |
|-----|------------------------------|----------------|----------|

WAGONER.

- | | | | |
|-----|------------------------|---------------|----------|
| 21. | Joseph M. Waddell..... | Sept. 23..... | Freedom. |
|-----|------------------------|---------------|----------|

PRIVATEs.

- | | | | |
|-----|--------------------------|---------------|----------------|
| 22. | George W. Bailey..... | Sept. 16..... | Newport. |
| 23. | Hiram S. Beardsley..... | Oct. 24. | Dell Prairie. |
| 24. | Edmund F. Bennett..... | Oct. 23..... | Kilbourn City. |
| 25. | Henry H. Bennett..... | Sept. 8..... | Kilbourn City. |
| 26. | Clement A. Boughton..... | Sept. 27..... | Delton. |
| 27. | William H. Bowman. | Oct. 1..... | Kingston. |
| 28. | Charles S. Briggs..... | Sept. 11..... | Newport. |

No.	Name and Rank.	Date of Enlistment.	Residence.
29.	William S. Briggs.....	Sept. 20.....	Newport.
30.	John Bromley.....	Oct. 16.....	Delton.
31.	Francis W. Brown.....	Oct. 25.....	Delton.
32.	John Wesley Bullis.....	Oct. 23.....	Delton.
33.	James Camp.....	Sept. 22.....	Dellona.
34.	Samuel Campbell.....	Oct. 11.....	Delton.
35.	Fletcher M. Canfield.....	Oct. 18.....	Newport.
36.	James M. Clement.....	Sept. 7.....	Delton.
37.	Lorenzo Clement.....	Sept. 7.....	Delton.
38.	Charles Coleman.....	Sept. 11.....	Fairfield.
39.	Eddy Cole....	Oct. 7.....	Lindina, Juneau Co.
40.	James G. Cornish....	Sept. 11.....	Fairfield.
41.	Erastus Cosper.....	Sept. 22.....	Dellona.
42.	William S. H. Cotton.....	Sept. 19.....	Mauston.
43.	Judson Craker.....	Oct. 3.....	Newport.
44.	William H. Dunham.....	Sept. 12.....	Newport.
45.	Joseph C. Edmunds.....	Sept. 13.....	Dell Prairie.
46.	James A. Edwards.....	Oct. 7.....	Linden, Juneau Co.
47.	Obadiah W. Eighmy.....	Sept. 21.....	Excelsior.
48.	Benson L. Eighmy.....	Oct. 16.....	Excelsior.
49.	Charles W. Fields.....	Sept. 28.....	Lindina, Juneau Co.
50.	William H. Fisher.....	Oct. 18.....	Newport.
51.	Henry A. Fluno.....	Sept. 23.....	Lindina, Juneau Co.
52.	George W. Freer.....	Sept. 7.....	Delton.
53.	Justus Freer.....	Sept. 22.....	Delton.
54.	John Gaddis.....	Oct. 25.....	Excelsior.
55.	Charles E. Gloyd.....	Oct. 19.....	Delton.
56.	Alfred E. Gloyd.....	Sept. 20.....	Delton.
57.	Amos J. Jameson.....	Sept. 21.....	Dellona.
58.	John Griffin.....	Oct. 1.....	Linden, Juneau Co.
59.	Alvaro N. Griffin.....	Oct. 23.....	Linden, Juneau Co.
60.	Wesley Harbaugh.....	Oct. 8.....	Linden, Juneau Co.
61.	Joseph Hawes.....	Sept. 14.....	Kilbourn City.
62.	Charles Headstream.....	Sept. 28.....	Mauston.
63.	Milton M. Hildreth...	Sept. 7.....	Fairfield.
64.	Aaron M. Humphrey.....	Oct. 21.....	Dellona.
65.	Almond T. Hutchinson.....	Sept. 14.....	Dell Prairie.
66.	Enos Johnston.....	Oct. 25.....	Arlington.
67.	Rufus Johnson.....	Sept. 28.....	Summit, Juneau Co.
68.	Abraham Knapp.....	Sept. 30.....	Freedom.
69.	James C. Knapp.....	Sept. 30.....	Freedom.

No.	Name and Rank.	Date of Enlistment.	Residence.
70.	Ithamar Knapp.....	Oct. 26.....	Freedom.
71.	George Lawsha.....	Sept. 20.....	Excelsior.
72.	Maurice A. Macaulay.....	Sept. 28.....	Lindina, Juneau Co.
73.	Henry Marston.....	Sept. 19.....	Fairfield.
74.	George W. Marshall.....	Sept. 21.....	Delton.
75.	James Mathews.....	Sept. 28.....	Summit, Juneau Co.
76.	John C. Montanye.....	Sept. 7.....	Delton.
77.	William L. Moshier.....	Oct. 23.....	Lindina, Juneau Co.
78.	George Newland.....	Oct. 14.....	Summit, Juneau Co.
79.	Edwin Robinson.....	Sept. 12.....	Dell Prairie.
80.	Henry Rockwell.....	Sept. 7.....	Dell Prairie.
81.	William Rolison.....	Oct. 30.....	Dell Prairie.
82.	Hosea W. Rood.....	Oct. 6.....	Richford, Waushara Co.
83.	James M. Sexton.....	Sept. 16.....	Dell Prairie.
84.	Aiken J. Sexton.....	Oct. 11.....	Dell Prairie.
85.	James Slater.....	Sept. 12.....	Newport.
86.	Laredo S. Smith.....	Oct. 7.....	New Haven.
87.	William H. Squires.....	Oct. 11.....	Waterloo, Jefferson Co.
88.	Thomas B. Squires.....	Oct. 11.....	Waterloo, Jefferson Co.
89.	Alfred Starks.....	Oct. 19.....	Dellona.
90.	William Stowell.....	Oct. 1.....	Seven Mile Creek.
91.	Ahira Stowell.....	Sept. 7.....	Dellona.
92.	John Stults.....	Oct. 2.....	Seven Mile Creek.
93.	S. Glyde Swain.....	Sept. 30.....	Newport.
94.	Leander Tiffany.....	Oct. 1.....	Dellona.
95.	William Van Hoozen.....	Sept. 16.....	Orange.
96.	William A. Vincent.....	Oct. 2.....	Dellona.
97.	Charles M. Ward.....	Sept. 11.....	Newport.
98.	William L. Watson.....	Sept. 8.....	Kilbourn City.
99.	William O. Wharry.....	Sept. 30.....	Delton.
100.	Aaron Wells Wheeler.....	Sept. 14.....	Dell Prairie.
101.	Leonard Woodworth.....	Sept. 21.....	Newport.
102.	Orson Wright, Jr.....	Sept. 28.....	Lindina, Juneau Co.

As I have written down the above names, pictures of those who bore them have come up before me; and one by one they have passed on in single file in an imaginary review. Were it not that my vision is a little dim when looking through the slowly gathering mist of the years, I would undertake to transfer to these pages a pen picture of each man as he has appeared to me in passing. But I feel unable to sketch in clear enough outlines, and bold enough strokes; and so, though reluctantly, I let the silent procession pass on into the ever gathering mists.

As in every hundred men, there are some so strongly characteristic of themselves, and themselves only, that their pictures will never grow dim. There are others who were slightly obscure even when present in their own proper person, being of a modest, retiring turn.

I am glad to record that the surviving members of the "Wisconsin River Volunteers" still believe what they often seriously declared in war times to be true, viz: that "very few companies of better or truer men ever entered the service." This declaration shows that the men of our company thoroughly believed in themselves and in each other; and nothing else ever helps a man or a company of men to be truly worthy so much as a genuine feeling of self-respect, or of mutual respect. Were it not for that feeling this history would not be written.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The officers as they appear in the above roster were elected by the company. The election was held in the school house in Delton, and the occasion will always be remembered as a "high old time." Every officer elected was called upon for a speech, and if he did not comply he was made to wish he had done so.

I suppose there must have been on the part of some a bit of dissatisfaction as to the result of the election; it would, indeed, be strange were it not so. But, for all that, the choice fell upon good men, and we had the best of officers.

Capt. Vanderpoel was fifty-five years old, and proved to be, though beyond the age for very active service, a most worthy commander.

Lieut. Gillispie was about twenty-two years of age. While serving in the first regiment he had become quite enamored of a military life, and, as he had a good degree of ambition, not only to make his company a model in drill and soldierly discipline, but to make himself worthy of promotion, whenever the way should be open for him to go up higher, he strove first of all to become a model soldier himself. Always active, energetic and prompt in the discharge of every duty, he expected promptness and faithfulness on the part of every man in the company.

Lieut. Linnell was always in place, and ready for the faithful discharge of every duty that his position brought to him. He was a man of good education, and was capable in every way. At the time of his election he was twenty-two years old.

No company ever had a better orderly sergeant than we had in James H. Thayer. The duties of the position were no less exacting than those of our commissioned officers. He did his work in a business-like way, making no display or fuss about it, and he always enjoyed the full confidence of both officers and men. He was twenty-seven years old.

If I should go on through the list of our sergeants and corporals, the necessity would come upon me to speak well of all, and to praise very highly the most of them. I will mention in particular, Kinney, Griffin, and Dyer, for they came to be, at the time of our being mustered out of the service, our captain, first and second lieutenants, respectively. Promotion sometimes spoils good soldiers and makes worthless officers, but it had neither effect on them. From first to last, whether corporal, sergeant, lieutenant or captain, they never resigned the proud distinction of being prompt, faithful and efficient *soldiers*.

At the risk of repeating myself, I will say that we had not only good officers, but good men in the ranks. During our service we knew of a few officers who had much to do to keep

some of their men in a proper state of discipline; but our company was never hard to manage. I can now recall only two or three occasions during our four years of service when anything but the mildest discipline was necessary in order to maintain a soldierly deportment on the part of all our men.

Once while one of our lieutenants was talking with an officer of another company in our regiment, concerning army discipline, that officer said to the lieutenant, "If I had a twelve-year-old boy who could not command your company I'd spank him."

During the war we had no insubordination, no petty jealousies, not more than one or two fisticuff fights,—and those were rather mirth-provoking combats,—and not much drunkenness; but there was a general hearty good will and genuine friendship. Attachments were formed during those four years of intimate association that a quarter of a century has not weakened in the least,—attachments that are even now growing stronger as the years go by, and the boys grow old, and gray, and tired.

It is just that well-ripened friendship that has caused this history to be written; and there is no doubt that the hearts of the survivors will be bound the more closely together as the future years come and go, taking here and there an old comrade out of the ranks, while suffering a few others to live on into feeble old age before being finally relieved from duty.

CHAPTER IV.

SOLDIER LIFE IN DELTON.

LIEUTENANT GILLISPIE was untiring in his efforts to have the company well drilled ; accordingly, from two to three hours in both forenoon and afternoon of each day were set apart for faithful work in the ranks. The boys being as conscientious in this work as was the lieutenant, they soon came to present a very creditable appearance on the drill ground.

The people in the village and vicinity being greatly interested in the company, there was generally more or less of a crowd at hand to witness our evolutions, and hear the soul-stirring and ear-splitting music of the fife and drum. Now and then some local orator would be present and, in order to let the boys rest, and give him a chance to give expression to his patriotic emotions, he would be asked to give them a talk. Inasmuch as the times were favorable to oratory, we used to hear some pretty good speeches.

In particular, the young ladies gathered to see us drill. Ladies at all times and in all places in the history of our world have admired personal bravery and manly bearing quite as much as, if not more than, intellectual and moral excellence ; for the reason, I suppose, that it is very natural for them to cherish a peculiar respect for the brawny arm and chivalrous nature that is both able and gladly willing to protect and defend the gentle and defenseless. And, as our boys had offered their lives to their country, and when they were on the drill ground under the admiring gaze of a score of bright eyes they stood up straighter and taller, and looked manlier than ever before, it is no wonder that that same drill ground came to be a rather popular resort for the young misses. As a matter of fact, the boys always got in their best work when they had a bevy of admiring maidens for spectators.

One day, Oct. 16, the lady friends of the company, by special arrangement, turned out in force. Because of the big crowd present, there was some speech-making, and a great deal of cheering. Then a committee of ladies passed down the ranks and gave to each man a neat little "housewife" well supplied with needles, pins, thread, buttons, etc., for use when under the necessity of sewing on their own buttons and repairing damages in their own trousers.

Many of those useful little tokens of friendship and goodwill did duty in the Siege of Vicksburg, during the Atlanta Campaign, on the March to the Sea, on the March through the Carolinas, went through the Grand Review at Washington at the close of the war, and came back to Wisconsin to be treasured up as cherished keepsakes.

As I write to-night, a little more than twenty-eight years after that 16th of October, the little "housewife" given to *me* lies on the table before me,—faded, worn and torn,—but very precious indeed because of the memories it brings back to me of the camp, the march, the battle-field, the hospital.

I wish, to-night, I might know who made the faded trinket, and that I might thank her personally for the kind thought that prompted such a gift to a stranger because he was a soldier. It is a treasure to be kept sacred as long as life shall last. And I doubt not there are others of these little articles in other homes, and that each one is held as sacred as mine is.

Five or six hours in the ranks each day gave excellent appetites for the good bill of fare provided by Freer and Newman, and there would, I fear, have been danger of a famine in the land had we not been ordered to Madison before winter. Such gastronomical feats as some of our boys performed at table are unheard of in these days of eating pie and bean soup with a fork.

The exercise on the drill ground also gave a genuine zest to the games and various other pleasures of our recreation hours. Boys just let loose from the school, the farm and the shop, and put into the jolly, easy-going, free-from-care life of

the soldier in camp, seemed to become possessed with the very spirit of mischief.

While the fun these "Wisconsin River Volunteers" got out of their surroundings by daylight is well worth recording, their after-dark sports have become truly historic. In the old time taverns there was always a ball room, either up stairs or down; at Freer's it was overhead. In this room the landlord had put up two rows of beds, ten beds in each row; and two times twenty of the boys were supposed to sleep in those beds. I presume they did, now and then, get short naps during the night time, but it is an open question as to whether any of them ever had the good fortune to retire at nine in the evening and sleep in peace till daylight of the next morning.

I was so fortunate as to have lodgings with quiet, peaceful Henry Fluno, at the house of the Widow Dickens, where we slept the sweet, unbroken sleep of the just every night; and so I cannot speak, except by hearsay, of the performances in the upper room at the inn. I think that those who first began to take possession of the beds in those two rows felt themselves drawn together by kindred tendencies to mischief, and that, in order to strengthen the tie and perpetuate its influence, they organized themselves, somewhat informally, perhaps, into a sort of society kindred in its nature to the ancient order of "The Thousand and Ones;" hence it became a necessity to initiate every new-comer into the profound mysteries of the order.

Not every candidate was as willing as he might be to submit to some of the ceremonies of the initiation, and so it came about that sounds of combat now and then filled the room, and even escaped through a knot-hole or a broken window to awaken the echoes in the quiet streets and disturb the slumbers of the neighboring villagers.

But, despite the candidate's objections to the ceremony, he was put through the whole performance according to the ritual, nothing short of that ever being allowed.

Once through, however, he was entitled to all the rights

and privileges of the order, there being no "degree" nonsense; and, if he cherished any feelings of revenge because of his heroic initiation, he was at perfect liberty to gratify those feelings by being particularly active at the admission of the next candidate.

The order of which I speak was naturally of a military nature, one of its main objects being to discipline its members for war; and this was the reason, I suppose, why the initiation was made so trying an ordeal, the intention being to test the temper and grit of the new man.

But they had other exercises for disciplining the members in the arts of war. One of them was a sham, almost real, battle, the occupants of one row of beds being on this side, the others on that; the implements of war were pillows, boots and shoes, and such other projectiles as came to hand. Sometimes the opposing forces came to close quarters, when prisoners would be captured and recaptured.

At such times the din of battle was terrific, and the Freer family could not sleep. After a deal of unprofitable grumbling about the way those "scalawags" upstairs behaved themselves, the head of said family would mount the stairway breathing dire vengeance upon the first man he could lay hands on. Imagine his surprise at finding nothing in that big room but a perfect calm, broken only by deep breathing and an occasional snore. Standing at the head of the stairway, he would deliver himself of a severe rebuke to the sleeping warriors for their unseemly behavior, when, hearing no answer but the deep breathing and occasional snoring, he would go down. I think I am recording a well-conceded historical fact when I say that he never failed, when thus going down, to receive a flying pillow somewhere about his head and shoulders, which materially hastened his descent. He was scarcely in bed again before the battle above re-opened with fresh vigor.

It was not an uncommon thing, when one of the boys went to bed, to have the bedstead fall into a confused heap on the floor as he jumped into his place of repose, the bed-cord hav-

ing been arranged by some of his comrades with reference to just such a result. I quote just here a few words from a letter written by that same Justus Freer, now grown old and gray, and very truthful, said letter being under date of October 27, 1889:—

“There was not one bedstead left standing when the boys left for Madison. Everyone was sleeping on the floor for the last week at least.”

He also writes, “I think Fosbinder was the leader in most of the doings up in the ‘school-section,’ as the boys called that big bedroom, but there were others most as bad,—Briggs, and Marston, and Hildreth, and Bennett, and Moshier, and Rufe Johnson, and—well, I might as well say Co. E, 12th Wisconsin Veteran Volunteer Infantry, for they were all in for all the fun they could get.”

I do not think I am far from the truth when I say that once in a great while, of a very dark night, the lodgers in the afore-said “school-section” filed down the stairway and out into the street, there to go through a certain military drill, which drill had for its namesake the nether extremity of the single garment that constituted their regulation uniform on such occasions. I do not record this as a settled fact of history, but as being not very far from the truth.

I must not forget to speak of the “Dutch Company” recruited by Charley Briggs and Erastus Cosper, the latter becoming captain and drill-master. The members of this company were enlisted from the men of the regular company. The oath administered to them, when Charley Briggs proceeded to “schwear him mit der schtate,” was an obligation that none but those of the best mettle would dare take, and so the “Dutch Company” never became very large. Cosper used to subject his company to regular drills, and these occasions furnished fun enough for the whole village, with plenty to spare. Surely no one who saw Capt. Cosper put his men through their evolutions can ever forget it.

The tendency of this drill was to burlesque in a humorous way the rather strict discipline of the regular military tactics,



CAPT. ABRAHAM VANDERPOEL,
COMPANY E.

and at the same time afford the boys a gentle laxative after Lieutenant Gillispie had held them pretty rigidly in check during the day. It has been truly said that, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy;" and I doubt not that the fun the boys had when off duty not only kept them from dullness, but fitted them for better discipline in their proper work as soldiers.

I am of opinion that jollity and merriment held full sway in Newman's big bedroom, also, yet I do not recollect to have heard so much about it. If I remember rightly, however, all the real good deacons of the company, excepting Fosbinder, were sent to board at Newman's, where they would find themselves less liable to mischief. I do not think more of fun was ever crowded into any six weeks of time during our service than our fellows had at Delton. The grimness of war had not yet appeared.

WAR MEETINGS.

One feature of our soldier life in Delton that deserves special mention, was the holding of war meetings in various school houses in the vicinity.

Captain Vanderpoel was able to think well when upon his legs; moreover, he was possessed of an impulsive nature that moved him to speak with both vigor and eloquence when he had occasion to do so. And it is no wonder that when the state of his country became his theme; when he considered the need of his country for the service of good and true men; when he saw that his own company, which he was desirous of soon leading away to the war, was yet lacking a few men of the required number;—it is no wonder, I say, that if ever the sturdy old captain could speak with vigorous eloquence, he could do so in urging men to enlist.

And so it came about that now and then a notice was sent out to the people of this or that school district, that on a certain evening a war meeting would be held there; that an address would be given by Captain Vanderpoel, and that there would be an abundance of martial music on the program.

When the evening in question arrived, teams would be provided at Delton for the aforesaid music, and as many members of the company as desired to accompany the captain to the meeting. The front wagon was for the captain, the lieutenant, the flag bearer, Trume Hurlbut with his snare drum, Jim Solomon with the big bass drum, and Rube Green with his fife; and the rest of the boys piled promiscuously into the other wagons.

The procession would leave town with colors flying, drums beating, much cheering, and with Henry Marston's "Hurrah for our side!" and Ed. Bennett's "Who wouldn't sell all his old clo's and go for a soldier! Fourth of July every day in the year!" ringing out every now and then above the patriotic din.

A lively ride that would be, and, long before we reached the school house sought, the good people there assembled knew we were coming. Everybody being well used to "three cheers" in those days, as we drove up and dismounted from the wagons, the crowd would cheer us right ustily. Of course soldierly courtesy demanded three cheers from us in return, and this hearty interchange of greetings would at once put the people and us on free and easy terms with one another.

After the teams had been cared for, and all were well settled in the school house, as a matter of course some music would be called for; and then, while the shrill tones from Rube Green's fife would almost pierce holes through the window panes, Trume Hurlbut, seeing the admiring gaze of all the country maidens centered upon him, would fairly astonish them by his dexterity in handling the sticks; and Jim Solomon, mightily wrought up by the spirit of patriotism within him, would so belabor his old bass drum that the loosened plaster would drop from the ceiling.

When the band ceased playing they merited, of course, three cheers; and they got them. Thus encouraged, they played again with a new energy and did not stop until so out of breath that, though another "three cheers for the

band" threatened destruction to the roof above them, they were obliged to sit down and rest.

We who were there can never forget how the spirited music of the fife, the rhythmic beat of the snare drum in time with the deep, heavy throb of the big bass drum, rang in our ears and set our responsive hearts to so beating and throbbing in harmony with the war music that we almost longed for the accompaniment of volleys of musketry and booming of cannon; and then, when in the very height of our enthusiasm, we gave "three cheers and a tiger" for the old flag, we felt proud in being the sworn defenders of that flag.

The effect of all this music and cheering was to put the audience into the best possible condition for hearing the ringing address of the captain, the next thing on the program.

We boys saw to it that the strong arguments of the speaker, as well as his stirring oratory, received all due applause; and, in doing this, the well wrought up audience heartily vied with us. By the time the captain closed his address a mighty enthusiasm prevailed, and the speaker was rewarded with three lusty cheers from throats well used to such exercise.

Then followed calls for more music, and our drummers, now well rested, responded with fresh vigor. Then more cheers.

At this point in the program the captain would give a hearty invitation to the young men in the audience to join the company, and this generally caused a deep silence to fall upon the people; for, while the young fellows were quite ready to exercise their lungs in the good cause, the service to be pledged by actual enlistment was a rather more serious matter to them.

The captain would renew his invitations until, like those of the earnest preacher calling upon the folks to "enlist in the army of the Lord," they became stirring appeals to the young men to "come forward" and pledge themselves to the service of their country.

At this point in the meeting the young ladies were generally more enthusiastic than the boys, whether because of their more intense patriotism, or because, however wrought up

they might become concerning the duty of enlistment, they were safe from any personal appeals to put down their own names, I do not pretend to say. We all knew that, as a matter of course, every good girl was a patriotic girl, and equally well we knew that had every girl of them desired to enlist, not one of them would be accepted.

Now and then a young miss would add her power of persuasion to that of the captain, and would urge the boys to enlist, hinting that a young fellow who was as brave and plucky as he ought to be would surely do so without much coaxing. It was, indeed, a trying ordeal to a smart young beau to have his best girl talk in this way to him before a crowd, and there is no doubt that he wished with all his heart they had both staid at home.

One of these meetings was held in the school house near the residence of Mr. Starks, the father of our Alfred Starks.

At that meeting one young lady became exceedingly enthusiastic. She cheered with the men and boys, clapped her hands every time the captain made a particularly good point, and waved her handkerchief at the band when they played "The girl I left behind me." When stirring exhortations to enlist were brought to bear upon the young men, she became more expressive than ever of her enthusiasm.

At last she spoke right out in meeting: "John, if you do not enlist I'll never let you kiss me again as long as I live! Now you mind, sir, I mean what I say!"

Poor John! he had no sort of notion of enlisting, and his patriotic girl had put before him an alternative that made him fairly tremble with indecision, for her sweet red lips had come to be a real luxury to him,—a luxury he had begun to think of as all his own, and something he felt he could not part with—and still think life worth living.

But John's misery was the cause of much merriment in such a crowd at such a time; especially it amused the members of our company, and they exhorted him something after this fashion: "John, you'd better go with us!" "John, your kissing is all in the past tense if you don't enlist!"

"Come, now, John, if I were in *your* place I'd enlist before I'd give up what you've got to!" "Come, John, now's your chance!" All this, and much more of the same sort.

But it was evident that John had lost all real interest in the meeting. He did not enlist. I do not know whether his girl stuck to her resolution, or whether, soon discovering that the kissing was also a luxury to her, she in time assured John that she was "a-joking."

What do *you* think, Sweet Sixteen?

We did not get many men to enlist at these war meetings, but we enjoyed them immensely. I am sure, however, that many persons were set to thinking, under such stirring enthusiasm as characterized the gatherings, and that their thoughts on the state of the country, and the pressing demand for more men, led some of them to enlist later.

At one of the meetings, held near what was then known as "The Red Tavern," just as soon as Captain Vanderpoel concluded his address, a young man of rather dark complexion came climbing towards the front, over the school desks, seized the pen as if in a hurry to carry out a deliberately formed resolution, and wrote down *Alvaro N. Griffin*. And never did the company from first to last have a more faithful soldier than that same Al. Griffin.

Other war meetings were held, some of them of special interest, but, as they occurred before I came to the company at Delton, I am not able to speak of them so much in detail as I would like to do.

At one time, I think in September, a lot of farm wagons conveyed the men already enlisted out to Russell's Corners, a few miles southeast of Delton, and in the town of Fairfield, Columbia county. This was the home of Kinney, Hurlbut, Hildreth, Cornish, Marston, and Coleman. There they held a sort of picnic, or barbecue, or something of the kind. Anyhow, good rations, furnished by the many friends of the boys who had enlisted from the neighborhood, were brought in abundance to grace the occasion, and everybody had a jolly day of it. Of course there were speeches, and music, and

cheers, as well as rations. Our boys from that community were among our very best.

Also, a meeting, or meetings, at Mauston and vicinity brought us a goodly number of recruits, who came to be known collectively as "The Mauston Squad." And be it recorded here, because very true, that no better soldiers could be found in any company in any army than those who made up that same "Mauston Squad."

As I sit here alone to-night, just twenty-eight years to a day from the evening when Alvaro N. Griffin wrote his name on the enlistment roll of our company, I feel that nothing would now do me more good than to go to another just such war meeting, and be wrought upon by the same spirit of patriotism that so thrilled us then. I'd like to hear once more the old captain's impassioned oratory, and have it sound to me as vigorous, as stirring, and as full of patriotic zeal as it did then. I'd like to *feel* the beat of the drum as it then felt, setting our young hearts to throbbing in time with its spirited rhythm. I'd like to see again our company flag as it grew brighter and more beautiful—almost glorified—to our young eyes, when we gave it and all its stars and stripes symbolized, "three times three and a *tiger*."

And I'd like to see the boys again, as they were then,—bright and sharp, brimful of fun, and beneath all their rollicking merriment a never-failing fountain of the same spirit that animated, in the days of old, "the boys of '76" in the struggle that gained for us a free national existence.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE BOYS.

I am loth to go on from here without a brief reference to the boys of our company at Delton, and in a way that I have not spoken of them elsewhere.

Gentle reader, you have no doubt observed that all your soldier friends speak of their comrades as "the boys;"—that they so speak when the most of them are coming to be a rather rheumatic, bald-headed, gray-whiskered lot of old fellows. You know that at the G. A. R. "camp-fires" the

members of the Post never call one another anything else. You may have sometimes wondered why they do this.

Well, there are two reasons that I may mention: First, it is a natural tendency of good-fellowship to bring persons of a considerable degree of dignity down from their lofty positions as men in business, professional or official life to a common level with their fellows. When once off their dignity, it is natural enough for them to relax, for the time, the rather formal and stiff bearing that many of them maintain before the great public. Then they come back to something of their boyhood openness and freshness, and they are glad enough, among themselves, to lay aside the cold titles, "Honorable," "Judge," "General," "Doctor," and "Professor," and call one another simply Brown, Jones or Smith; or, perhaps, even Tom, Bill, or Joe; and to speak of the crowd as "the boys." It is all because of an inherent tendency in the race to slip out of the cold formality of our intense civilization, and revert, for a time at least, toward that primitive state of society when the race itself was in its boyhood. And do we not all know that such an escapade, now and then, fits the judge or the professor all the better to occupy with a becoming dignity his position in public life?

Our fraternal societies, among them the G. A. R., afford just this relaxation that men so much need.

But there is a simpler and still better reason for your old soldier friends to call their comrades "the boys." When we were first associated together as soldiers, and formed the lifelong attachments that now so bind us together, *we were boys* in a literal sense. Go into any village high school and ask the big boys there to "toe the mark" for you and stand up straight, and there you have before you a fair representation of the younger half of most of our companies entering the service in our late war.

The members of our own company would, many of them, have been in school during the winter of '61-2, had not Uncle Sam said, "Boys, I need just such young fellows as you are to help me out of trouble!"

Ever so many of them had never daubed soap-suds on their smooth faces with the intention of scraping the stuff off with a razor; a dish of soft water had served them a better purpose.

Ed. Bennett was about seventeen; Clem Boughton, about the same age, slender and boyish. Lorenzo Clement was as young in appearance as either, and so was the fair-faced, rather girlish-looking Charley Coleman. Judson Craker was, I think, seventeen,—tall slender and awkward, Benson Eighmy, was a sturdy-looking bare-faced boy. William Fisher was not far from the age of the others mentioned, though stouter in build. George W. Freer was young and slender. Charley Gloyd was very boyish in appearance. Jay Jamison was small, and had no occasion to patronize the barber. John Griffin was about seventeen, and was rather slight in build. The Knapp boys were both young, but they had their father, James C., to keep up the dignity of the family. George Lawsha was also a slender young chap, and so was Henry Marston, though the latter made up for his youth by a habit he had of being never at rest, thus living a long time every day. John Montanye was another of the boys still in their teens. Ed. Robinson had all the appearance of a real good school boy, which, of course, he was before taking upon himself the stern duties of the life of a soldier. Henry Rockwell was a slender young boy of, I think, less than seventeen. Hosea Rood was the youngest boy in the company, being only a little past sixteen,—was slender, round-faced, white-haired and green. Alf. Starks was eighteen, big and still growing, jolly, and death on the blues. Will Stowell was a boy in his teens. Will Wharry was about the same age. Wells Wheeler was not twenty, I think, but he slipped out of the ranks of “the boys” by *marrying* just before leaving Delton.

I have named in particular some of our younger members, but there were many more of them less than twenty years old, and the great majority of those over twenty wore only the barest promise of the mustaches that flourished well in a



HOSEA W. ROOD,
COMPANY E.

warm climate and changed the boys to bearded men before their mothers saw them again.

Some of our men were in middle life,—Gaddis, Beardsley, Henry, Bromley, Moulton, Solomon, Waddell, Brown, Edmunds, Justus Freer, Harbaugh, James C. Knapp, Rolison, Deacon Sexton, Slater, Ward, and Capt. Vanderpoel.

Probably the ages of the most of the company ranged from nineteen to twenty-two. Truly we were boys then, and we like to think of one another now as we were when we first came to be so closely associated together. And this is the principal reason why we still speak of "the boys."

Bless the dear, rheumatic, baldheaded, gray-whiskered old "Boys," every last one of them!

COPPERHEADS.

When the war began the people of the North were, as a whole, loyal; but there were a few persons in some communities who had more or less sympathy with the South in her rebellion. People of this stamp, for some good reason, no doubt, came to be known as "copperheads."

It goes without saying that loyal men and women did not hold a very exalted opinion of men who, having lived always safe under the assured protection of the stars and stripes, when the dear old flag sorely needed protection itself, should turn traitor to it and all it has ever symbolized of good government and national integrity. It also goes without saying that young men who had enlisted for the purpose of jeopardizing their lives in a long war for the perpetuation of that safe government and national unity—leaving behind them their dearly loved ones, as well as the comforts of home and all the bright prospects of oncoming manhood,—it goes without saying, I repeat, that such patriotic, self-sacrificing boys should cherish a wholesome contempt for copperheads.

Few boys and girls at the present time can, to any extent, understand the natural bitterness of feeling towards these Northern traitors, that involuntarily took possession of our soldiers in '61.

The vicinity of Delton was not entirely free from this species of reptile. Two or three times when this or that one of them visited the village while the company was in quarters there, he was compelled by the boys, in spite of his contempt for the flag, to cheer it right lustily or be kept a prisoner until such time as he was willing to do so for the sake of regaining his liberty.

In order to illustrate the state of feeling then existing, I will give somewhat in detail an account of the treatment one of these so-called copperheads received one day at the hands of our company. I shall call this man Mr. Blank, for the reason that I choose just now not to recollect his real name.

As we were drilling one forenoon in the eastern part of the village, an old gentleman drove by us on his way to the mill, a quarter of a mile up the creek. One of the boys stepped from the ranks and said to Lieutenant Gillispie, "That is old Blank, the copperhead who is making all sorts of vile threats as to how he will treat our mothers and sisters after we have gone to war; we ought to ride him out of town on a rail."

The lieutenant looked at the man pretty sharply as he drove on, but told the young fellow who had spoken to him that he thought it not best to stop drilling on account of the old man, and so we continued our work till time to break ranks for dinner. But as we marched at noon over toward Newman's, where the company was generally dismissed, we saw the old man standing in the door of the blacksmith shop that stood just east of "The Gully" separating the eastern from the western part of the village. Here the lieutenant's attention was again drawn to Mr. Blank, and some of the boys whose homes were not far from his insisted that he should either be made to cheer the flag or be ridden out of town on a rail.

Looking at the old man, Lieutenant Gillespie said, "Boys, I am a young man, and he has gray hair; I cannot molest him; but I will march you up to Newman's and turn you over to the old captain, and he may do as he pleases about the

matter. Forward, *March!*” Arriving at the hotel, Gillispie informed Captain Vanderpoel of the state of affairs.

Without a moment of hesitation the captain shouted, “Attention, Company! Right *face!* Countermarch by file left, *March!*” and in two minutes we were drawn up in line in front of the blacksmith shop.

Seeing the old copperhead there, the captain advanced to him and said, “How do you do, sir! Your name is Blank, sir, I believe.”

“Yes, sir, that is my name,” answered the old man.

Captain Vanderpoel replied, “We have heard, sir, that you sympathize with the South,—in fact, that you are what is called a copperhead, and we have come to test your loyalty by asking you to cheer our flag.”

“I am not a copperhead,” said Mr. Blank.

“But we have heard,” returned the captain, “that you have said a great many things against the government, and loyal men will not do that in these times.”

“I’ll tell you what I have said,” answered he, “I have said about the war that so far as I am concerned it is fight skunk, fight rattlesnake,—I don’t care which beats; and I don’t care, either!”

“Well,” said the captain, “we have come to hear you cheer our flag.”

“I’ll *never do it!*” said Mr. Blank.

“But you *must do it!*” answered Captain Vanderpoel.

“But *I will not do it!*” persisted the old man.

The situation became at once an interesting and exciting one, as the two gray-haired men confronted each other, both cool and outwardly courteous in their manner, but none the less determined.

Captain Vanderpoel replied doggedly, “Yes, sir, you *will* cheer the flag! for, if necessary, we’ll *make* you do it! Bring up the colors!”

As the flagbearer came up to where the two men were standing, and its bright folds of red and white, just moved by the breeze, fell alongside the face of Mr. Blank, that indi-

vidual just as doggedly replied, "No, sir, I'll *die* before I'll cheer your flag!"

"Then," retorted the captain, "you may die! Boys, bring a rail!"

Half-a-dozen strong fellows slipped quickly from the ranks to the fence near by, took off a particularly knotty tamarack pole, and at once stood by the captain awaiting further orders.

Once more, looking the old man straight in the eye, Captain Vanderpoel deliberately said, "Mr. Blank we mean that you shall cheer our flag whether you wish to do so or not, and you *will* do it before we get through with you. I will give you one more chance to do as we ask you, and you'd better do so now."

"I have told you I *will not* cheer your flag! You may do with me as you please, but I will not give up to you," said the determined old man.

"Boys," quietly ordered the Captain, "lift him on!"

Mr. Blank was soon astride the rail and riding at the head of the company to the tune of the "Rogue's March" around toward Newman's. When the company halted he was again asked whether he was ready to cheer the stars and stripes, to which his answer was, "No, sir!"

A new harness line was got from the harness shop in the building, this was looped about his neck, and he was led, partly dragged, to the barn. Another chance to cheer the flag being promptly declined, the line was thrown over the big beam and the old man drawn up.

The captain watched him pretty closely till he had grown quite black in the face, and then ordered him let down. He was still alive, but as limp as a wet rag. He soon recovered his breath and consciousness, when, being asked whether or not he was yet ready to cheer the flag, he answered feebly, "No, I am not; but I want to ask that when you hang me again you leave me till I am dead. Don't let me down again!"

To this the captain replied, "We shall hang you a dozen

times before you are are dead, unless you cheer this flag! What do you think about doing as we ask you?"

At this, the old man weakened, and said he would cheer the colors as well as he could. The flag was brought and held over him, and he rather feebly "hurrahed" three times, swinging his old hat above his head.

Captain Vanderpoel than wrote out for him to sign, a solemn oath that he would never attempt to carry out any of the threats he was said to have made; that he would never say or do anything not becoming a good and loyal citizen; and that he would ever maintain a due respect for our National flag.

When he had signed this oath, using the head of the bass drum for a writing table, he was politely invited to go in and take dinner with us. He thanked us for our invitation, but said that, as he ought to go and attend to his team at the mill, he would be obliged to decline the hospitality of the company. And then the old man walked away considerably the worse off, physically, at least, for his experience in town that day.

I have told the above story as nearly exact as I am able to do, and I think that, excepting minor details, all who were there will agree that it is correct. I do not wish to comment upon the moral questions connected with this unpleasant incident, that came so nearly having a tragical ending. I tell it here only to illustrate the general feeling in those days against copperheads. Similar incidents were not at all uncommon throughout the North, and there is no doubt that such treatment of rebel sympathizers kept them from many treasonable utterances and, perhaps, actions.

Probably there was no other person so utterly despised by our soldiers as the copperhead, who, though living in the North and enjoying all the peace and protection guaranteed to him by our grand old emblem of liberty, was at the same time ready and willing to stab our good Uncle Samuel in the back. A Southerner in the rebel army fighting our armed

forces face to face was, according to our way of thinking, a thousand times the more honorable of the two.

The following verses of a song written during the war, and which became very popular in those days, expresses in no uncertain terms the feeling of Union soldiers and loyal citizens toward copperheads:

“Rebels at home, go hide your faces,
Weep for your sins with bitter tears;
He who unfurled our beauteous banner
Says it shall wave a thousand years.

“Back to your dens, ye secret traitors!
Down to your own degraded spheres!
You could not hide the glorious sunlight,
Though you should strive a thousand years.”

I do not recollect that the quiet, sober citizens of Delton ever condemned the means taken to make Mr. Blank cheer the flag. Very little was said about the matter after the day of its occurrence.

I shall drop this not very pleasing subject by quoting the remark of one of our “Mauston Boys,” who, by the way, still lives, as preparations were being made at the barn for persuading Mr. Blank to cheer our flag. The exhortation shows that at least one of the actors in the rather tragical performance was conscientious, and it came to be a common saying in our company:

“Hang him, poys! hang him! Hang him till he ish dead! Gott vill pless us for it, I know he vill!”

CORN-HUSKING.

It may be seen, by reference to the list of members of our company, that we had with us a young man named George Freer. Also, there had enlisted with us his brother Theodore, but when we were ready to leave Delton he was compelled, on account of ill health, to give up the service. The father of these boys, already an old man, lived about a mile and a half west of the village. George and Theodore being his only

unmarried sons, on our departure from Delton he would be left quite alone.

One afternoon, after Sergeant Thayer had formed the company for our regular drill, Lieutenant Gillispie on assuming command said, "Boys, Uncle Freer, having let us have both his boys, is left to do his farm work alone. What do you say to going out and husking the good old man's corn for him this afternoon? It will be an easy job for us and will help him a great deal."

To this proposition there came a volley of such responses as "Good, that's just the thing!" "Yes, yes, yes!" "All right, let's go, boys!" "Bully for you, Lieutenant!"

And so we marched by file right up the road toward the Freer homestead. It was our first march, and, not being held to "silence in the ranks," as when on drill, we made the woods along the way fairly ring with our fun and merriment.

As we filed through the front gate and marched by way of the back yard out into his corn field, "Uncle Freer" looked as if he thought it would be the better part of valor for him to surrender at once.

Being soldiers, we did our work in military fashion. We formed a skirmish line across the field and then rallied by twos upon a whole row of corn shocks. This row being soon laid low and disposed of, we charged forward upon the next line; and then in quick succession upon the next, and the next.

Before night the whole field was strewn with bright, golden bunches of corn, and the stalks were bound and shocked ready for cartage to the barn. Besides all this, we boys had a feeling of having done a deed quite as gallant as standing guard against, or even charging upon, the enemies of our country.

And I, for one, have never changed my mind. The more one sees of life in this world of ours, the better he understands that deeds of genuine kindness are the truly chivalric deeds; especially when the recipient of them both deserves and is in

need of them. It was Bayard Taylor who wrote a noble poem in which may be found these words :

“The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.”

By this generous act in behalf of a country-loving old man, who, not able himself to go to the war, gave freely his two sons to the service of his country, our company displayed a chivalrous spirit that would another day manifest itself in the faithful performance of the sterner duties of the camp and field.

Generous men show themselves on occasion to be brave men. It is not a little to the credit of our Lieutenant Gillispie that, though he took more pride in drilling his company than in anything else, his good heart yet prompted him to forego the pleasure of a day on the drill ground for a gallant charge upon “Uncle Freer’s” corn-field; but then that was just like John Gillispie.

Mr. Freer advanced upon our husking-line, walked from shock to shock, and, though he did not enter any serious complaint against us for the liberties we were taking with his property, we could see that he had his private opinion of us.

When the last shock had been husked, and we undertook to march out by the way we came, we found that the old gentleman had closed the front gate on us, and had made us his prisoners. More than this—he had craftily laid an ambush for us in his front yard, where he proceeded to bring to bear upon us a half-barrel of apples and a bushel of doughnuts. We halted, faced the battery, and received the broadside of good things with wide-open mouths and the utmost good humor.

After having thus conquered us at last, he opened the gate and allowed us to march out with all the honors of war. We gave the old gentleman a parting salute of three cheers, and marched back to our quarters in town feeling pretty well satisfied with our expedition.

It is no wonder that, when a few days later, Lieutenant Gillispie proposed that we march out to the farm of Mr. Gloyd, two miles south-east of Delton, and do by him as we had done by Mr. Freer, the boys were quite as anxious to go as before; for our comrades, Alfred and Charley Gloyd, the farmer's only two sons, were soon to leave him to do the work of the farm alone.

This husking-bee was quite like that at Mr. Freer's, Mr. Gloyd and his family being much surprised, but recovering in time to treat us right royally for our quick work in clearing out their big corn-field for them.

CHAPTER V.

GOOD-BYE, DELTON.

BUT these pleasant days of soldiering in the quiet little village of Delton must needs come to an end, if we were to be of any sort of service to Uncle Sam. And so it was one morning made known to us that on the 31st day of October we were to take our departure for Camp Randall, Madison, where companies like ours from various parts of the state were being organized into regiments, and where the regiments thus formed were being properly officered and drilled for active service in the field.

After this announcement a rather feverish looking forward to the appointed day took possession of us, and of all the good people interested in the company.

So far as the boys were concerned, I think they were glad to go, in spite of the pain brought to them by even the thought of leaving fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters and sweet-hearts, and homes that were very dear to them; for they had enlisted for a purpose, and the accomplishment of that purpose demanded the putting, for the time, at least, of country first, and home and friends second.

Therefore, the 31st of October did not come to us altogether unwelcomed. The boys were up early, and the bustle of preparation was everywhere apparent, even among the villagers. More than this, the folks from all the country round came pouring into town, so that, by the time breakfast was well over, a stranger might have judged that either a grand celebration was just at hand, or a notable circus was coming to town.

It was a time of conflicting emotions with the boys and their friends. If there is anybody in all the wide world that naturally assumes a state of rollicking good humor, it is Young America in his early army experience, before exposure and battle have wrought in him their stern discipline. It was not

easy that morning for our boys to decide whether, as the parting hour drew near, it was the proper thing to laugh or to cry; and, as they were receiving from dear friends the tenderest benedictions that loving ones could bestow upon them, the conflict of emotions came to be a sharp struggle, each striving for the mastery.

But the most of the comrades were brave enough to laugh, and that was the better way; for it was no time for the open display of the deep feeling that filled every heart. It was a time for the practical use of all the moral courage those boys possessed. And their brave fathers and mothers, and sisters and wives were, outwardly at least, cheerful.

Here were a hundred men and boys who had, from the conviction of duty to their beloved country, sworn to leave homes, families and friends, and give themselves to the service of their country in her time of need; and now that the time of parting had come, they did not mean so to give way to their grief that their sacrifice would seem an unwilling one, and thereby make the separation more trying than it need be.

And so, though some tears were shed, they were not the bitter tears of regret; they were tears that in an unguarded moment forced themselves to the surface from the depths of emotion that throbbed in the loving, loyal hearts of both those who were to go and those who were to stay.

But, hark! there is Trume Hurlbut's drum? He is beating the call to "fall in." The boys gather promptly in front of Newman's tavern, and at Captain Vanderpoel's order form in line for the last time in Delton.

This place now becomes the center of attraction, and all the people gather round and look on silently as the men step with unusual alacrity into their places. They press up to the line and stand expectant. The old Captain steps aside and turns toward the assembled friends with a look that seems to say, "Now the good-byes may be said."

Then mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, wives, sweethearts, companions, teachers, neighbors, come forward for the final word of parting. This is, indeed, the trying time of all. It

is quiet, subdued. The tears of this brief five minutes of farewell are honorable to those who shed them. The whispered words of love and encouragement are too sacred for the world to hear; they are breathed into the ears of only those who have a peculiar right to them.

The spectators gathered round weep in silence out of pure manly and womanly sympathy. Some of them come out of the crowd to shake hands and say good-bye to the few boys in the ranks whose home friends are too far away from Delton to come this morning; and those now utterly lonesome boys, thinking of their own dear mothers a long way off, will carry away with them a loving regard for the good men and women who thus wish them a fatherly and motherly good-bye.

The brief partings over, all by common consent stand back, except two or three mothers and wives who cannot seem to find the last word. But the old Captain draws his sword, gives the order, "*Right face! Forward, counter-march by file left, March!*" and the men are on the move. They march down around by Topping's store, and then file left, and there, drawn up in order on the road between the store and "The Gully," are thirteen farm teams, and these are to take us to Madison. As the company marches alongside the wagons, eight men climb into each. In a minute all are loaded, and the procession moves forward. After crossing "The Gully" and coming up in front of the old red blacksmith shop on the left, the team in front stops, and the others draw up in close order around a wagon in the center, in which stands with uncovered head, Mr. Green, the village preacher. It has not seemed fitting to send forth our Company without public prayer to the God of battles in our behalf; and so this good man, whose life work it is to stand between the living and the dead and point the way to brighter worlds beyond this one, stands ready now to commend us to the care of Him who watches with like tenderness over Country, Home and Heaven.

But first he stands and gazes with a peculiar interest, upon the scene before him, and he seems to find his heart too full for utterance. When all is quiet, he talks to us of the state of our country, our self-sacrifice, the dangers and temptations of army life. He exhorts us to keep up good courage, and bids us never for a moment to doubt that in our most trying hours—on the battle-field, in sickness, in death—that the prayers of loving and faithful hearts are ascending for us to the kind Father in heaven who takes note of the fall of even a single sparrow.

And now he looks toward heaven and calls down upon us the benediction of the Most High. His strong prayer for us seems winged with a faith that carries it upward to the very heart of the tender, loving Father, with whom the prayer of the righteous man availeth much; and all hearts feel a holy calm as the good man says "Amen," and bestows upon us his parting benediction.

The prayer ended, the team in front moves forward again, the others following in order, while the gathered people, loth to lose sight of their departing soldier-boys, walk alongside the wagons as they move slowly toward the bridge across Dell Creek, at the lower end of the village.

As the teams cross the bridge the people stop and shout "Good-bye" to the men over and over again as the wagons pass. The tears are all dried up now, and the final adieus are gaily and laughingly shouted back and forth as the procession winds up the hill across the creek. When the last handkerchief flutters from the turn in the road at the top of the hill, and is answered by the last flutter from the bridge below, all attention is turned from the past to the future.

I say all attention; but I am speaking for the company. They look toward the Baraboo Bluffs, and start out on a ride that can scarcely have its equal for genuine fun and merriment. They can not at all afford at this time to linger over the parting griefs of the morning.

But how about the lonely ones who turned back from the bridge to homes where vacant chairs stood morning, noon,

and night? My own experience has given me knowledge of how it was with only those who went, but I am of opinion that the parting was easier for us than for them. New scenes lured us onward in thought, and we looked forward with not only lively anticipations, but with a fair degree of hopefulness and good cheer, while those who stayed had nothing of the kind to lighten their sorrows. A hundred things about the home reminded them every day of absent dear ones, and very little that was new came to make them think of something else. Indeed, the lines are true,—

“It is harder for those who stay,
Than it is for him who goes.”

Yes, that was a jolly ride, though it was not all a ride. The rough boards laid across the wagon boxes for seats had been put by some mistake or other, with their hard sides up; and before we got well across Webster's Prairie they proved rather tiresome to our anatomy. Before we came to Baraboo, Charley Briggs, Laredo Smith, Henry Marston, George Lawsha, Ed Bennett, and a dozen others, took to their heels, in order to rest themselves, and, at the same time, cultivate an acquaintance with those who dwelt by the wayside.

It would take too much space for me to record how these jolly young soldiers, on their first expedition, would approach the door of some well-to-do granger, respectfully knock, and, when the door was opened for them, inquire gravely after the health of the family, the crop prospects, the price of beans, or for the latest neighborhood gossip; how they kept a wide-open eye all the time for the reigning belles of the various rural communities through which we passed; how they tried to get a glimpse of the teacher, whenever we went by a school-house; how they helped, with their *tongues*, to drive every yoke of oxen they saw at work in the fields or met on the road; how they wrought up to the highest pitch the temper of every house-dog between Delton and Madison; how they foraged upon turnip patches; how every load of the boys made it a rule to give “three cheers” opposite every dwelling

house by the wayside; how all sang songs, and shouted, and hallooed, and laughed; how they ran races, and behaved generally in such a way as not only to make the journey a very jolly one, but to make the country folks remember as long as they remember anything, the time when the "Delton Company" went along that road to Madison.

The good people of Baraboo had heard of our coming, and had got out their little Fourth of July cannon, and, as we rode down through their streets, they made the welkin ring with as much of war noise as they were able.

They hung out their flags, waved their handkerchiefs, and hurrahed till they were hoarse, and we appreciated it all in having no small opinion of both them and ourselves. Altogether, our passage through the thriving little town was a pleasant thing to remember—enough so to make the writer always cherish kindly recollections of the place.

A mile or two beyond Baraboo a halt was made by the side of a bright little brook, and the generous supply of rations that had been provided for us at Delton was brought forth and issued to the boys in liberal quantities. Keen appetites made this first roadside meal a most delightful repast.

We crossed the Wisconsin river at what was then known as "Matt's Ferry" near, I think, to the present bridge of the Northwestern railroad. At dark we reached the village of Lodi, twenty miles from Madison, where supper and sleeping accommodations had been engaged for us. The occasion of keeping the company over night was an interesting one to the patriotic people of this little village that had already sent a large number of her young men to the front. Their brass band turned out and, taking the lead of the company, paraded the principal streets of the town, and so made good friends of every one of the boys.

Early next morning the procession of wagons was again on the road to Madison. Six miles from Lodi, as the teams wound around the hill where the old Harvey post-office used to stand, the colors floating from the wagon in advance, and Truman Hurlbut, Rube Green and Jim Solomon making the

air resonant with martial music, the whole caught the attention of a young man digging potatoes on the farm of Mr. Butterfield. The great question of the day, "to enlist or not to enlist," had been present in this young man's mind for several weeks, and demanding an answer; yet the answer he had been unable up to this time to settle upon. But the sight of this company of men, the flag, the music, the thoughts, "That is John Gillispie's company," and "I have an old school mate in that company," brought Daniel Titus to a quick decision. "*I'll do it!*" he said. Down went his hoe, and down the hill on the run went the young man to head off the company. He shouted at the top of his voice, emphasizing his shouting by a most vigorous beckoning, "Hold on there! hold on! hold on, I say!" The school-mate recognized his friend, and told Lieutenant Gillispie that he thought Dan must want to enlist.

The procession halted, the young man made known his desire to become one of the company, wrote his name on the roll, and then with uncovered head and uplifted hand took the oath of service. Hurrying back to the house, he changed his clothing, found in one of the wagons a seat beside his old school-mate, and then went on with his newly-made comrades to camp.

Would Daniel Titus have done all this so eagerly had he known that the day was coming—July 28, '64—when his young life would be demanded of him as a sacrifice for the bright flag floating above him that first morning in November, '61? It would have been quite like him to do so.

About the middle of the afternoon we passed through the streets of the city of Madison and out towards Camp Randall. When near camp we left the wagons, formed into line, and, with feelings alternating between soldierly pride and curiosity to see what kind of a place a military camp was, and what kind of people there were in it, we marched by the guards, through the gate, and were—*in camp!*

CHAPTER VI.

IN CAMP RANDALL.

CAMP RANDALL was situated about a mile west of the Capitol building at Madison, in what before, and since, the war has been known as "The Fair Ground." But when a camp for soldiers was needed at Madison, the old stables were transformed into barracks, the big building on the hill known as "Floral Hall" was converted into a hospital, tents were put up on the west side of the grounds, and the quiet place where aforetime fat pigs, mammoth oxen, sleek horses, huge onions, enormous pumpkins, and big potatoes were brought for exhibition, began to present a decidedly military appearance.

When we marched in through the gates on the first day of November, '61, the most of our boys got their first sight of a military camp, and the scene there presented to them was truly an impressive one: the white tents in neat order; the flag floating grandly from the tall staff, at the foot of which stood a grim-looking cannon; hundreds of men in uniform standing singly and in groups, or walking about; two or three companies of soldiers marching across the grounds; officers in bright uniforms hurrying in this direction or that as if on important business; the guards, straight and soldierly, pacing to and fro on their beats.

But the thing that drew our attention most of all was the eleventh regiment on "dress parade." A dress parade in camp is at all times pretty and interesting, but this fine regiment presented what was at the time a particularly pleasing sight to us.

Of course, we wore citizens' clothing, and, as we marched through the crowd of well-uniformed men, we could not help feeling that our appearance was not in very favorable contrast to that of those companies whom Uncle Sam had lately decked out in "army blue."

At first we were put into the barracks on the south side of camp, but soon afterwards we were settled permanently in the new tents on the west side, and there we remained until our departure from the state, on the 11th of the following January. It was not long before we, too, were dressed in "army blue," and had in our possession all the equipment of soldiers, excepting arms and ammunition.

Though we felt at first quite like raw recruits by the side of the veterans of the Eleventh regiment, who had been in camp from two to four weeks, when we watched companies come in from day to day after we had got our uniforms, they appearing as unacquainted with camp life as we had been a few days before, we, too, assumed the attitude of veterans, and began to feel that we knew a great deal about war.

The Eleventh regiment was already full, and another, the Twelfth, was being organized, and to this new regiment we were assigned as "Co. E."

A regiment of infantry, or foot soldiers, consists of ten companies, each having about one hundred men; this gives the regiment about a thousand men. The companies are designated by the names of the first ten letters of the alphabet, omitting J. The Twelfth was officered as follows:

Colonel—Geo. E. Bryant, Madison.

Lieut. Colonel—Dewitt C. Poole, Madison.

Major—William E. Strong, Racine.

Adjutant—James K. Proudfit, Madison.

Quarter Master—Andrew Sexton, Madison.

Surgeon—Dr. Luther H. Cary, Greenbush, Sheboygan Co.

First Assistant—Dr. E. A. Woodward, Sun Prairie.

Second Assistant—Dr. F. St. Sure Lindsfeldt, Sheboygan.

Chaplain—Rev. L. B. Mason, Madison.

Captains :

Co. A.—Norman McLeod, company from vicinity of Prescott, Pierce Co.

Co. B.—Giles Stevens, company from vicinity of Reedsburg, Sauk Co.

Co. C.—Chas. F. Loeber, company from vicinity of Dodgeville, Iowa Co.

Co. D.—John M. Price, company from vicinity of West Bend, Washington Co.

Co. E.—Abraham Vanderpoel, company from vicinity of Delton, Sauk Co.

Co. F.—Geo. C. Norton, company from vicinity of Oconto, Oconto Co.

Co. G.—Daniel Howell, company from vicinity of Grand Rapids, Wood Co.

Co. H.—Milo C. Palmer, company from vicinity of Green Bay, Brown Co.

Co. I.—H. L. Turner, company from vicinity of Iowa and Richland Counties.

Co. K.—D. H. Sylvester, company from vicinity of Grant Co.

As soon as we had got well settled in our quarters in Camp Randall, we were put upon the regular duties of the camp. Our company drill was resumed where we left off at Delton, and as soon as the ten companies had got into camp, Colonel Bryant began to put his new regiment through the battalion drill. I suppose we spent from four to six hours each day in the ranks.

I do not think any of the old boys can ever forget our first experience on "Battalion Drill;" how we sometimes got pretty badly mixed up in going through what seemed to us quite a complexity of evolutions; how Captain Palmer, of Co. H, used to puff and sweat when we went on double quick; how Colonel Bryant used all his military skill in getting us untangled after our lines had got all twisted and tied up in double hard knots; how a certain officer sent pretty vigorous language over towards the band, now and then, when they did not play to suit him; how the beauty and loveliness of Madison used to come out to camp of a pleasant afternoon to look upon the military display; how the colonel used once in a while to manage the regiment in such a way as to bring the men in line of battle, generally double-quick, full upon the

aforesaid beauty and loveliness drawn up in a line in front of us; how this beautiful and lovely line would break, and scream, and retreat pell-mell, almost as badly frightened as if a mouse had been let loose in camp; and how the aforesaid colonel looked upon the beautiful stampede he and his valiant men had caused, with a grim sort of smile.

Our Colonel Bryant was the same Geo. E. Bryant that had commanded Co. E of the First regiment. He was a little less than thirty years old, just the age for the best of service. Though rather scant, physically, in both latitude and longitude, he was no small man in vigor and soldierly energy. His being so small and his black horse so large, he did not cut so elegant a military figure as some officers did. But Colonel Bryant did not go much on military display. He preferred business to display, and practical common sense to red tape; and because of this we came to like him and to believe in him. When we came afterward to speak of him as "The Little Corporal," we did it with as much of genuine love and respect as we cherished for Abraham Lincoln when we called him "Father Abraham."

Lieutenant Colonel Poole was a fine looking man, rather quiet and reserved; we never thought of such a thing as giving him a pet name. He, also, had been in the first regiment, as first lieutenant, in Captain, later General, Lucius Fairchild's Co. K.

Major Strong was a young man, not much, I think, past twenty-one. He was promoted to the position in our regiment from the captaincy of Co F. of the Second Wisconsin Infantry. Major Strong was a man of splendid physique and of fine soldierly bearing. He was pleasing and affable in manner, and quite won the hearts of the boys from the first.

Adjutant Proudfit had been second lieutenant in Captain Fairchild's company, of the First Regiment. He was in every way a quick and efficient officer. During the last year of the war he was our colonel, and it may be truly said that no better man could have been found to take Colonel Bryant's



COL. J. K PROUDFIT,

Vet. Vols.

place, after his three years of service had expired and he had returned to Wisconsin.

All the other officers named above were good men for the positions they occupied; and I may say for our regiment that, like Co. E, it was well officered throughout. Of course, there were times when this man or that found fault with certain acts of this or that officer of both company and regiment; but the very best of officers could not, in the discharge of their various duties, always please everybody. I do not mean to say that never once did an officer in either our company or regiment do an unwise or unjust thing; like us they were men made of only common clay—hence, like us, they had their failings. But, almost without exception, our officers were men who, by their soldierly bearing and constant devotion to duty, commanded our hearty respect.

Those of them who still live seem as happy at our reunions in meeting on a common level the boys who served in the ranks, as in exchanging fraternal greetings with one another. Though we once sustained toward one another the relation of commanders and commanded, the equal associations of these later days go to show that the distinctions in rank of war times were merely military necessities, soon to be forgotten, and leaving each person to stand upon his own merits as a man among men.

ROUTINE OF CAMP LIFE.

Besides our company and battalion drill in camp, we had some light guard duties to perform. The grounds were enclosed by a high board fence quite shutting us in from a view of the outside world. On the side toward the city there were two gates, one for teams, the other for people coming and going on foot. Guards were placed at these gates; also, a line of guards encircled the camp just outside the fence, the sentinels being stationed from ten to twelve rods apart.

The guards were detailed to be on duty twenty-fours—a certain number being taken from each company. The making of these details was one of the duties of the Orderly Ser-

geant. He began with the first name on the list, arranged in alphabetical order, and took as many men each time as were called for, the next detail beginning where this left off. When the last name was reached he began again at the first, and so on through, again and again. This arrangement brought men whose names began with the same or neighboring letters in the alphabet always on duty together.

Comrade Beardsley can say that he was scarcely ever on duty of any kind when Bennett and Bowman and Bailey were not with him. Just so can Charley Coleman recall the fact that he generally stood guard with Jimmy Cornish, Judson Craker and J. M. Clement. Edwin Robinson can remember that when he was on picket and milked the cow—or rather her milk—into the canteen, Ahira Stowell was there to hold her by the horns.

The men detailed for guard duty on any particular day met in the morning at half-past eight, on the hill in front of the guard-house for “guard-mounting,” when their arms were inspected and the whole number of men divided into three equal squads called respectively the first, second and third “reliefs.” The first relief, in charge of a corporal, was sent at nine o’clock to take the places of the men then on duty. This relief did duty till eleven o’clock, when the second relief came, in charge of a corporal, to take their places. At one in the afternoon the third relief came to set free the second, and at three the first came to relieve the third; and so the duty went on till nine o’clock the next morning, when a new set of men was brought to serve in like manner. By this arrangement a day of guard duty meant for each man eight hours on post, and sixteen hours of rest. Four hours of duty must be done in the night, and, as we remained in Camp Randall till January 11, it may be understood that on some of those nights we had a cold time of it on guard.

The duty of a camp guard was mainly to pace slowly back and forth the length of his beat and prevent any one from climbing the fence to get either out or in. In case he had occasion to arrest a person thus trying to “run the guards,”

he shouted, "Corporal of the guard, No. 9!"—if that should happen to be the number of his beat. This call would be taken up by No. 8, then by No. 7, and so it would quickly pass to No. 1, who stood next the guard house; whereupon the corporal then on duty would arm himself and proceed to post No. 9, and bring in the poor fellow who had undertaken to get out without a pass. Then, unless some satisfactory reason could be given for his conduct, he would be locked up in the guard house, and his case reported to the proper officers.

The guard at the gate always had plenty to do, for it was his duty to examine the passes of all who sought to go out; and sometimes he was instructed to take up the passes of those who were coming in. In general, citizens were allowed to come and go without being challenged.

It sometimes happened that men undertook to go through the gate without a proper pass. On such occasions that particular vicinity became crowded with interested spectators. The common result of such an attempt was, that one or more men were marched under arrest to the guard house. Also, when men came back from town a great deal the worse off for liquor the guard house received a fresh supply of noise and red paint. Pretty lively times the fellows shut up in the old guard house used to have now and then, but it was not often that one of Co. E was sent there,—in fact, I do not recollect that any of our boys ever got shut up there at all.

The passes to leave camp we got by applying to the captain, but in order to be valid they must be countersigned by the colonel. At first, on account of the colonel's rather bluff manners, we did not very well like to go to him for his signature; but we soon found out that under his rough exterior there beat a great big heart that was so full of human sympathy with his men that he would grant us any favor he could consistently with the military discipline necessary in the regiment.

Passes were good for one day only. But it was possible for a shrewd sort of fellow who felt that too much camp life

was not good for him to get much more liberty out of a pass than either the captain or colonel intended. If a pass bore date of December 6, it took only a stroke of a pen to make it answer a tolerable purpose on the 16th. If it bore date of Dec. 1, the same stroke made it worth something on the 11th; and then it was not much of a trick to make it all right at the gate for Dec. 14, and then it might be, after a little skill with the pen, used on the 24th.

It was not altogether out of the question for one person to get a pass, and, after having gone out, to stick it through a crack in the fence (at a safe distance from the gate) so as to have it go right between the thumb and finger of a comrade inside, who would himself pass out on the strength of it and poke it back through a crack with the same happy result as before. A suit of citizens' clothing kept in one's knapsack was a frequent means of getting its owner in and out of camp.

The tents in which we were quartered were conical in form, and with a diameter on the ground of about fifteen feet. There were openings for doors, and at the top a place which could be opened for ventilation, or closed, if we wished to keep out the fresh winter air, by means of a rope reaching to the ground.

Our company officers had small wall tents, about 10x12 feet, the captain occupying one and the lieutenants another. The rest of the company were quartered in five of the above mentioned circular tents, about twenty men in each.

It goes without saying that these tents were *full*. We made our beds so that when we got into them we represented just so many radii of a circle, our feet pointing toward the center. When packed into so small a space it was necessary to lie "spoon fashion" clear around. Then one could not well turn over in bed unless all did so, and so when some poor fellow got tired in the night as to the side on which he lay, he would shout out "Attention, squad! make ready, *spoon!*" when over all would go in perfect order. There's nothing like military discipline to facilitate business of any kind in a big crowd.

It may be asked how we kept warm in those tents in December and January. Well, we did not always keep warm, still we had a heating apparatus such as I do not think the Decalogue ever forbade our worshipping, since it was not made in the likeness of anything on the earth, in the earth, or in the heavens above the earth. It was a square 2x2 foot hole in the ground at the center of the tent, bricked at the bottom and sides, and covered by a piece of sheet iron. On each side an underground flue was built, one for a fresh air draught, the other for smoke.

When this underground stove was filled with green wood and a fire started, there was no telling by which way the smoke would undertake to get out. Sometimes it took to one flue, sometimes to the other, sometimes to both; but it frequently seemed to get confused, and came pouring up into the tent seeking egress by the doors thereof. On such occasions we, too, sought egress. Yet, we managed to get on tolerably well with our new fangled stoves.

We took our meals at what was known as "The Mess House." This was a mammoth shell of a building just at the northern end of the camp, in which there were about twenty-five rough tables capable of seating a hundred men each, and which also contained a great kitchen where a small army of men did the cooking.

The reveille, or morning call to get out of bed, was beaten by our drum corps at sunrise, when it was in order for us to get ourselves dressed and "fall in for roll-call." This over, Lieutenant Gillispie took the company to the parade ground for half an hour of drill before breakfast. During that half hour, from fifteen to twenty companies would be going through various exercises as a sort of appetizer for breakfast. The most of this early drill was done on double-quick, and the regular beat of so many feet on the frozen ground, accompanied by the short, sharp words of command from the drill masters, and here and there the rythmic "hep! hep! hep!" of the captains whose men had as yet scarcely learned the

difference between "hay-foot" and "straw-foot," made the morning scene an enlivening one.

Such trotting about on the hard ground before breakfast of a sharp winter morning set us to puffing and blowing like so many porpoises, and I scarcely need say that when the breakfast drum beat down by the old Mess House it was a most welcome sound.

Thitherward every officer marched his company, and when two thousand men marched in all at once, down the long aisles between the tables, halted, faced the tables, and jumped into their seats, business began in right good earnest. The great crowd ate without ceremony,—they joked, laughed, played sharp tricks at the expense of their neighbors at table, called the waiters over and over again, and in the meantime discovered a marvelous capacity for rations.

Now and then a mischievous fellow would send an underdone potato upon an errand of mischief. It might drop on the head of one of the Eleventh regiment, or find sudden repose in a coffee cup of one of the Sixteenth. Wherever it came down, it was sure to bring forth a response from some one; sometimes a huge slice of bread would come back in search of him who sent forth the potato.

Our food at the Mess House was by no means such as we got at Delton. Some of our boys came to cherish a sort of prejudice against the old institution, and to give it out as their private opinion that the eatables there served up were not fit for a herd of choice swine to eat.* But the time came before our discharge when any of us would have been glad enough to march into the old Mess House for a square meal.

In fact, we were pretty well fed in Camp Randall. Our bread was good enough, and they sent our pork and beans to the table in big dishes. Sometimes, it is true, our potatoes

*John Griffin tells that one day one of the boys fished up from the bottom of his dish of soup a boiled rat. The bringing of such an article of diet to light caused a bit of a stir at the table. The rat's being there was probably the result of somebody's blunder,—maybe the cook's, maybe the rat's.

shed tears because of the dirt in their eyes, but we could manage to peel that off or dig it out. The principal trouble with our food was the fact that it was cooked by men. Most of us boys had been used only to the cooking of our mothers, sisters or wives, and, according to our way of thinking, no man could cook as they cooked. The hand of a woman, especially a woman whom one loves, has some sort of witchery about it that gives flavor to even the plainest food.

One day in camp was much like another. At sunrise, as we were enjoying the sweetest sleep of all, there came through the crisp air to our ears certain tappings of drums which told plainly enough that those drums were being tightened up for business. By the time we had drowsily thought, "Oh, pshaw! is it possible that it is morning! Oh, dear me! I'm so sleepy!" the whole martial band, ten drums, ten fifes, and three or four bass drums, would break out in that beautiful *reveille*—rather that *reveille* that would be beautiful were it not used unfeelingly to put an end to repose that at the time seems sweeter than any music. Then we must hurry into our clothing and get into the ranks, for Sergeant Thayer had a habit of beginning, "Bailey, Beardsley, Bennett," just about as soon as the last notes of the music died away. Some of the boys were always on time. I used to wonder whether Sergeant Griffin and Will Wharry did not sit up all night so as to be first in the ranks at morning roll-call.

Some of the fellows certainly did not sit up for that purpose, for it was no uncommon thing to see one of them come hobbling out of the tent when the roll was half called, his locomotion much hindered by reason of his trousers not yet being sufficiently elevated to give his limbs free play; while all the skill of both hand and brain was employed in speedy buttonings, and such lively attachments of means to ends as would give him the general appearance of being dressed just in time to gasp out, "*Here!*" as his name was called. Many were the races against time, sometimes on all fours out from under the tent to "get there" in time to answer at roll-call,—all for the sake of that last snooze during *reveille*.

If for some reason or other one of us failed, without proper excuse, to answer, the Orderly would "prick" that one for extra duty; and then when the next detail of men was made to go on guard or to do some kind of work, the fellow who was "pricked" was sure of a job whether it was his turn or not,—the intention of the Orderly being to persuade us all to be on hand for roll-call rather than snoozing or playing truant.

I have before spoken of our half hour of drill before breakfast. At half-past eight came guard-mounting. After that came a special drill for non-commissioned officers, that is, the sergeants and corporals; then an hour or so of company drill before dinner. From two o'clock until four we were on battalion, or regimental, drill. At five we had "dress parade." This was a rather formal affair, and withal a very pretty thing to see, many people coming to camp on pleasant evenings to witness it. I will not attempt to describe it.

At sundown the band came to the foot of the flagstaff that stood in front of the colonel's quarters, and played what was known as the "retreat." The music for this occasion consisted of three or four pieces, the last one being in double-quick time. This furnished us a very pleasant entertainment, and, if the weather was fine, a large crowd gathered to listen, people from the city often being among the number. As the last note of the last piece died away, *boom!* went the cannon standing under the flag, and the colors came fluttering to the ground to be taken in for the night; and, as the noise of the big gun rolled over University Hill and out across lake Mendota, the crowd dissolved itself, each one going to his own tent.

Soon after retreat we marched to supper. After supper we had a long evening before us. I presume the young folks would like to know how we spent our evenings in camp. One thing is certain; we did not go to the store to lounge, as I understand some men in the remote parts of our country have got into the habit of doing since the war, and that for the very good reason that there was no such place open to us. Also,

we had a big-enough crowd in our own tents without going away from home for company.

Of course we often visited other tents, but, if my memory serves me, we spent our evenings, as a rule, in our own quarters. It would take me a great while to tell all we did there. We told stories, each yarn calling out another; we sang songs,—those war songs just then becoming popular; we might have discussed politics were it not for the fact that almost without exception, strange (!) as it may seem we all belonged to the same party. But we did air our opinions on all sorts of questions. In my own tent, "Squad Seven," we discussed the subject of religion at great length, one man taking one side, and most of the other nineteen men the other side. The reader will think the nineteen might very soon out-argue the one. They thought they did; still, that one did not seem to think so, and would no sooner down than a certain ghost of which we read in Shakespeare.

The boys talked a great deal about home and the good people they had left in their respective neighborhoods. Though I was a stranger to all those neighborhoods, having lived in a different part of the state, I came to be quite familiar with the names of Leroy Gates, Thomas Gillispie, Captain Train, Rufus Dawes, John Turner, Howard Huntington, and many others that now come to me after having scarcely thought of some of them for years.

I became quite familiar with the tricks the boys had played in school; how the skeleton in a closet of the once famous Delton Academy snapped its grinning white teeth, once upon a time, when a certain student went to the building to study alone during the evening; how, being a cool-headed sort of fellow, he investigated the matter until he found the cause of motion in those cadaverous jaws; how, on going to the adjoining room to pursue his investigations, he heard a clatter of heels and saw a coat-tail just disappearing through an open window; how he went outside and took the measure of tracks in the newly-fallen snow; how he put the stick into his pocket for future use, and then went back to study with

the skeleton, that grimly grinned at the performance, but kept very still the rest of the evening; how this student made it a point to sit next to a certain fellow-student next morning at family worship; and how, when both knelt during prayer, he cautiously applied the stick to the up-turned boot-sole of his fellow-student and found it to measure exactly.

I recollect, also, a story about some practical chaps in the physiology class who wanted a real human body for dissection; and how, not being villains, they concluded not to murder anybody on purpose; how they somewhere, somehow, did get hold of somebody already dead, but that still gave them a deal of trouble before they got through with the matter.

Also, I became tolerably familiar with certain affairs of the heart in which the course of true love did not run smoothly, and some others in which it did, and some in which the persons directly concerned in the matter have been grandparents for some years past,—possibly to my gentle reader.

And then the boys played various kinds of games, some of which required bits of cardboard spotted on one side with such figures as these :




I used to notice that some of them had pictures of people on them,—photos, I believe, of a certain ancient king and queen, and their man Jack, all *decked* out in rather flashy red suits.

Sometimes all turned in and had a rough-and-tumble scuffle, at great risk of upsetting the tent.

The atmosphere in the tents of an evening generally turned to a bluish color, like that against distant hills, and it smelled strongly of a certain narcotic that seemed to possess peculiar charms for soldiers.

At nine o'clock the martial band played what was known as the "tattoo," which meant, "Fall in for evening roll-call, and then prepare for bed." Half an hour later, a single drummer played what was called the "taps." The boys gave the "taps" a rhythmical interpretation which makes

clear their meaning,—“*Go to bed, Tom! Go to bed, Tom! Go to bed, go to bed, go to bed, Tom!*” The real significance of the “taps” was, that all lights must be put out, and that silence must reign throughout the camp. It will be seen that camp regulations required us boys to retire at a seasonable hour; the result was, a night of good rest and refreshed bodies and minds next morning.

 Might it not be a good plan to introduce “tattoo” and “taps” into the arrangements of our civil life—home life—in order that the boys and—I came near saying girls, too,—of these days may get the full benefit of sufficient sleep, that sweet restorer of tired nature.

VARIOUS INCIDENTS ABOUT CAMP.

One day in November Colonel Bryant thought it best to vary, somewhat, the routine of camp life, and so he led his regiment out to an old field a mile or two west of camp, there to have a sham battle. It was a lively skirmish we had among the bushes. If it at all deserved the name of sham battle, a strong emphasis should be placed upon the adjective *sham*, for we were as yet unarmed.

In that old field there stood a good crop of dried mullein stalks, and, as we marched back toward camp, each man pulled a tall stalk, and carried it as he would a musket at “shoulder arms.” One of our regimental officers, seeing this, began in a snappy manner to order the men to “throw down those sticks!” But, because of an inborn tendency in Young America to do as he pleases in the absence of recognized authority, the mullein stalks maintained their position.

After some harmless scolding, our officer, somewhat hurt at our disregard of his orders, rode forward to report our behavior to the colonel. When we had marched some distance further on, we came to a straight piece of road, when the colonel turned and shouted, “Halt! Front! Right *dress!*” With great pains did he get us into line, and we began to expect to hear something from *him* concerning the wickedness of carrying mullein stalks. When he seemed satisfied with

the line, in a stentorian voice and with an official dignity befitting a major general, he gave the command, "Ground *arms!*" Down went every stalk in a perfect line with all the others. Then in obedience to a "Right *face!* Forward *march!*" we resumed our march toward camp. And that is all we heard from Colonel Bryant about mullein stalks.

Our other officer meant well enough, but he lacked that *tact* in dealing with men that comes only from a good knowledge of human nature. This *tact* is necessary in order to the successful management of people, either young or old; and he who must resort to fretting and scolding thereby openly confesses his own weakness. The faculty of good-naturedly persuading men is what gives a man power over his fellows.

One other incident showing our colonel's way of getting along with the boys: One day on coming through the gate from town, he saw a crowd gathering around the guard-room. Thinking something was going wrong up there, he went to inquire into the matter. Passing through the guard-house door, he found a member of Co. F. in an intoxicated condition, and in the further condition of being what we called "bucked and gagged." Of course the Co. F. man was, as well as he could, making violent and noisy protests to that sort of thing. Lieutenant, now Judge, W. was officer of the guard for that day, and it was by his orders that the drunken man was being thus disciplined. Colonel Bryant, seeing the state of affairs, said, rather abruptly, "Charley, what is the matter?" The lieutenant answered that the fellow was so crazy drunk that they could do nothing with him, and he had ordered him "bucked and gagged" because they could not keep him quiet in any other way.

The colonel took his knife and began opening it, when Lieutenant W. said, "What are you going to do, Colonel?" "I am going to cut that darned string," replied he, and it was no sooner said than done, and the Co. F. man jumped up to his feet, much astonished at the turn affairs had taken. The colonel looked him in the eye and merely said, "Go to your tent now, and behave yourself."

Two of his comrades walked him off to his quarters and nothing more was heard from him that day. But the next morning he went with his captain to Colonel Bryant and thanked him for what he did the day before, assuring the colonel that he would try thereafter to be always a good soldier and make no further trouble. And he was as good as his word.

A FUNERAL.

Camp life caused more or less sickness among the men, and our hospital was tolerably well filled with patients. On the seventh of December the regiment lost its first man by death; it was Edwin C. Tubbs, of Co. A. This first death made quite an impression upon us. It was the occasion of the first military funeral any of us ever saw. The regiment marched behind the hearse to the cemetery to the slow and inexpressibly solemn music of muffled drums keeping time to the fifes that sounded that day shriller than I had ever before heard them. It is my impression, even at this time, that no other funeral ever so affected me, though I can scarcely tell why. We had enlisted with the natural supposition that the most of us would be buried before our term of service expired, yet at this first burial we were all quite depressed, and an unusual stillness settled down over the camp all that day. I think it was partly the impressive nature of the military funeral that so subdued our feelings, coupled, perhaps, with the thought of the wholesale burials that awaited us on hard-fought battle fields.

DRAWING CLOTHING AND GUNS.

We drew our regulation uniforms not long after we got to camp, and dressed ourselves up in Army Blue.

We could not, in drawing clothing, send in our measure and have suits cut and made to order. Trousers, coats, shoes, hats, etc., of all sizes came packed in large boxes. When, during the distribution of clothing, a man's name was called he stepped forward and received coat, trousers, shirts, socks, drawers and cap. There was no opportunity for him to

select such as corresponded with his dimensions ; he must take just the sizes he happened to have handed over to him.

Then he repaired to his tent and experimented upon the fitness of things. It sometimes happened that his shoes were number 6, while his feet were 10's. His pantaloons might measure 42, and he only 34. His coat might turn out to be six sizes too large or too small, and he might find his new drawers not to reach to his knees. Twenty men in a tent trying to make such clothing fit presented a picturesque group.

After due trial, Jimmy Cornish would hunt up Alf. Starks or Glyde Swain and propose a "swap." The trade depended upon the chance of each getting a better fit. It was no uncommon sight any day for a week after a general issue of clothing to see now and then a particularly big man, or little man, or lean man, or fat man, wandering about camp with some article of clothing and asking every one he met if his new clothes fitted him; and if not, would he trade?

Corporal Dyer was always equal to the emergency. His lower extremities were rather slender, and when he put on a pair of baggy army trousers he could not seem satisfied as to whether or not there were any legs in them at all. Not liking to stand on such uncertainties, he got the baggy nature right out of his pantaloons by taking one of the breadths out of each leg. Then when Dyer walked out in his new clothes his legs made themselves manifest, and his reconstructed garments gave him a rather trim and genteel appearance.

I do not recall the date of our receiving our muskets, but it must have been sometime in December. They were of the kind known as the "Belgian rifles." Their weight suggested to us that Uncle Sam intended us for a regiment of light artillery. There is no doubt that they would do good execution in front, and we found out by painful experience that they were able, also, to do tolerable execution in the rear.

I think it was Rufus Johnson who said that his gun was like Pat's, who went hunting, and, seeing a squirrel running up a tall tree, shut his eyes and fired. When Pat had picked himself up and satisfied himself that he was still alive, he

heard the squirrel merrily chattering at him from the top of the tree. "Be jabbers," said Pat, "if ye'd a had my ind av the gun ye wouldn't fale like chattherin', so ye wouldn't!"

Early in January came our first pay-day, and we were paid in crisp new "greenbacks," or treasury notes, the first money of the kind we ever saw. We were paid off with Uncle Sam's "promise to pay," and in taking the money we really lent just so much good money to the government.

Our pay as privates amounted to \$13 per month, and we were allowed \$52 per year additional in clothing. If we over-drew the amount, our next pay was reduced by just so much; if we drew less, the balance was paid back to us. Since the allowance was a liberal one, it was a common thing for some of the men to have something due them on clothing account.

People in civil life find it necessary now and then to go shopping, and soldiers do not altogether give up the notion. So there must needs be "sutlers," or shop-keepers, in camp. Generally a regiment has its regularly authorized sutler, and wherever any stop is made for even a day there is a chance to spend money for knick-knacks. There were three or four sutlers in Camp Randall, each of whom kept for sale a small stock of writing materials, needles and thread, pins, buttons, candy, tobacco, pipes, cigars, etc.

Sometimes the boys serenaded these sutlers. They would get together a collection of such musical instruments as were wont to do service at the old-time "horning scrapes," the prime qualification for any instrument being its noise-producing capacity; tin pans, tin horns, ram's horns, clubs, drums, fifes, mouth organs, and squawkers were among the favorites. When twenty or thirty of the boys had got themselves well supplied with these things, a leader would put the improvised band in marching order; then they would move with a sort of mock dignity to the immediate vicinity of some one of the sutler shops. There they would begin the presentation of a musical program that for originality and uniqueness could be excelled only by its noisy vigor.

Such a concert always drew a crowd. At the beginning of the exercises, the sutler was rather pleased, for it seemed to him as if the music must bring him a good run of custom. But as the serenade went on the music began to get monotonous, for the instruments seemed adapted to only one tune. As this tune continued, increasing in power and intensity of expression as the musicians warmed up to their work, the sutler grew nervous. Still the music went on and on, until the din became unbearable. Pleading with the players to “stop! *please*, stop!” did no good, for they could not hear his gentle remonstrances.

Finally, on becoming thoroughly wrought up, he would catch up a box of cigars and a jar of candy and rush out to purchase peace from his tormentors. This movement on his part would bring the horrid music to a sudden close. Each musician would silently and smilingly reach for either the narcotic or the sweetness, just as his taste dictated. Then at the command of the leader they would silently march away in the darkness—always toward another sutler shop. Soon another jargon would break out and continue to tease the night air and another sutler till a suitable offering had been made to appease the musical demon; after which the remaining sutlers were visited, no partiality being shown. The shop-keepers soon learned to make their offering at the beginning of the concert, and thus materially shorten the program.

Some good men enlisted with us in Camp Randall, their names being as follows. James I. Bowman, Madison; Warren Wilson, Lincoln, Adams Co.; Stephen Squires and his son Harlan, Waterloo, Jefferson Co. Thomas and Henry Squires, already in the company, were cousins, and both were cousins to Harlan.

One of the last of our duties before leaving the state was, in connection with the 15th and 16th regiments, to take part as military organizations in the inauguration ceremonies of one of the best governors Wisconsin ever had—the lamented Louis P. Harvey. This inauguration took place on the 7th

of January. After the new governor had taken the oath of office, he and his predecessor, Governor Randall, formally reviewed the three regiments. The day was a pleasant one, and, though we were pretty tired at night, having been on our feet nearly all day, we felt that the occasion had been an enjoyable one.

Because of our part in his inauguration, and the fact that he was so good a man, our boys got a peculiar liking for Governor Harvey. He told Colonel Bryant that, as our regiment was the first to leave the state under his administration, he should always take special interest in our movements.

There are other things that come to me, connected with our life at Camp Randall, that I would very much like to put on record; but I am compelled for want of space to omit them. And there is no doubt that more than one of the old boys, in reading these pages, will say that I have omitted some incidents more worthy of mention than those I have related. Still, all will agree with me that it is no easy task to cull out from so many events that come crowding upon the memory, just those which every one might think best to mention. I might tell about some little mischief that now and then spiced the daily—and nightly—routine of camp life. I might tell about the furloughs given us for one last visit with our dear friends at home; also about the “French Leave” that some of the boys took for *another* last visit, and how, when reported next morning “absent without leave,” a corporal’s guard went in search of the missing ones, but did not manage to find them till both they (the corporal’s guard) and those they sought had had a fairly good visit with their friends; and, finally, how they were freely forgiven, yet had the traveling expenses of the corporal’s guard deducted from their wages next pay-day. I would like, too, to speak of some of the pleasant visits in camp now and then by the home friends of this or that one of the boys. But these things must be allowed to pass with the mere mention.

The eleventh of January was the time set for our departure

for the South, and as the day approached we made all due preparations for what was to us an important event.

It is possible for folks to feel both glad and sorry at the same time; at least we felt that way. We were glad to go about the business for which we had enlisted, and we were, indeed, sad at the thought of leaving dear old Wisconsin, knowing that in all probability many of us would never come back again.

It is a good thing that we can never see just what is to be. Had we known that eleventh of January the very names of those who were to give their lives a ransom for the old flag, we should have been very heavy-hearted in spite of our patriotic zeal. As it was, we all knew there was a chance for some of us to come back to our home, and each made the very most of that chance. So we were outwardly cheerful as we thought and talked of the future and what it held in store for us.

Dear old Camp Randall, you have done your best to be a home to us, and we do cherish, as we think of leaving your peaceful associations for other tenting grounds, where the grim monster death will often visit us in this form or that, the memory of the pleasant scenes in and among your snow-white tents. We shall come back to you in thought when on the long march, when lying at rest by the roadside, when on the lonely picket line, and when on the field of battle,—and our thoughts of you will be kindly ones. Good-bye, Camp Randall! God Bless you!

CHAPTER VII.

GOOD-BYE, WISCONSIN !

LONG before daylight, on the eleventh day of January, 1862, did our gallant drummers bestir themselves and beat such a rattling *reveille* in the darkness as would all but arouse the dead. It awakened us, and we arose, packed our knapsacks and saw our tents and other camp equipage packed and carted away to the long train of cars already awaiting us on the track near camp. All this in a heavy snow storm.

Our men were jolly—apparently. They took in a prodigious breakfast, and made so much noise that the boys of the 15th and 16th Regiments could not sleep; so they dressed themselves and came to bid us good-bye and see us off. A little while after daylight, amid the blinding snowstorm, we formed in line for the last time in Camp Randall, our knapsacks on our backs for the first time, and a few minutes later we filed out through the gate to the train in waiting for us.

A great many friends of the men in the regiment were there to bid them what all knew might be a final good-bye. There were fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, wives and sweethearts. But we have lingered over one such scene, at Delton, and we will not do so now; it is too sad.

When “All aboard !” rang out on the morning air, the engines whistled “off brakes,” the driver opened the valves, the long train moved, slowly yet surely, handkerchiefs fluttered a minute among the white snowflakes,—and we were on our way to Weston, Missouri, there to enter upon whatever duty our Uncle Samuel might require of us.

We rolled across the narrow neck of Lake Monona, watched the dome of the State House disappear in the snow-

storm, and then sat down to collect our scattered thoughts and send them on before us to the new scenes awaiting us.

The day passed quickly enough away, but our train with its heavy load moved but slowly, and it was already dark when we reached Chicago. When the train stopped at the depot we left the cars, formed in line, and took our first march—through the streets to the depot of the C. B. & Q. road. As we marched along to the inspiring music of our excellent brass band, great crowds of people lined the streets and cheered us right lustily at every corner.

A little later we were aboard a train rolling out of Chicago *en route* for Quincy, Ill. When morning dawned we found ourselves in the midst of a sea of prairie stretching away as far as the eye could reach in every direction in white billows of snow-covered ridges and undulating valleys. It was, indeed, a beautiful sight, the morning being cold and clear.

But, for all the beauty of the landscape, we began to feel hungry, and we wondered when breakfast time would come. We soon came to the town of Galesburg, where the train stopped. The ladies of the place had heard by telegraph that a regiment of Wisconsin soldiers would pass through there in the morning; and—*bless their hearts!* they had arisen early and made several wash-boilers full of coffee, and when the train stopped, they besieged every door of the cars, dealing out the delicious beverage by the dipper-full, and saying in the meantime a thousand pleasant things to us. Bless those good people of Galesburg—Mother Bickerdyke's home.

☞ See Matt. 25: 34-40.

All that day we rolled along across the Illinois prairies. Night came again and we went to sleep as well as we could. When we awoke next morning, our train was standing on a side track in Quincy.

It was found that we could not cross the Mississippi at Quincy, and so it was decided by our officers to procure teams to convey our baggage at once to the river bank opposite to Hannibal, Mo., and twenty-two miles distant, and that the men should march to the same place that day.

The regiment was soon on the way. The road was in very

bad condition, being thickly coated with ice. One man in the regiment slipped and broke his leg before we had got fairly on the march. Moreover, the weather was intensely cold, and some of the men had their ears and hands frozen.

Nevertheless, the march was made in six hours. It was found that, before we could cross to Hannibal, a small steamer, frozen into the ice on the Missouri side of the river, must be cut loose, and then a channel cut in the ice for the vessel to move in while ferrying us across. Though a large force of men worked hard, it was not until the next afternoon that a crossing was effected.

In the meantime we were doing our very best to enjoy cold comfort. There was no possible shelter on the bank of the river, and the thermometer registered twenty degrees below zero! I do not need to say that all our rations containing the least bit of moisture were frozen.

Oh, that long, cold night! The cold chills go chasing one another up and down my back now, just at the bare thought of it! But I do not recall a single complaint. All tried to be cheerful, and the most of the night was enlivened by songs and jokes, in spite of the intense suffering from hunger and cold. Some of the boys were of a thrifty turn. They recollected having seen a bee-house two or three miles back toward Quincy, and just for the sake of setting their blood in circulation they took a run back to see how far it really was. Something tempted them to bring three or four of the hives to camp with them; also, somewhere on the road they must have come across a meat market, for they brought in a few turkeys they had bought! somewhere. A bit of fire, made by converting some old sheds into fuel, was the means of giving some of us a sort of Thanksgiving meal. Honey and Turkey! I think no feast was ever more thankfully received.

But, if one waits long enough, everything will come to an end, and so our stay on that dreary river-bank ended. Before dark the following day, all our regiment had crossed the river and marched up into the city, where we found quarters in the city hall. In the hall we found a big fire.

Old Comfort, you are never perfectly comfortable excepting by some such contrast as we that day experienced! That night spent in the city hall at Hannibal was one of the most enjoyable nights I can recall, though we slept rolled in our blankets on the hard floor.

The next morning we marched to the depot through a fresh snow that had fallen during the night to the depth of ten inches. The weather had moderated, but was still cold. A freight train awaited us. The seats in the cars were planks fitted in crosswise, and so close together that as we sat on them our knees ached against the ones in front. There were no fires, of course, and it goes without saying that, shut up in such a place, two days and one night, with the mercury below zero, nothing but frozen food to satisfy our hunger, and with no opportunity to wash our faces and hands for five days, our ride across the state of Missouri from Hannibal to Weston was not altogether comfortable.

But our boys had a thrifty turn. During the early part of the first day the train stopped to take water at a small station. Close by the the track there stood a huge stack of hay. Some one said, "Let's have some bedding!" The suggestion was a taking one. In less than two minutes that stack of hay was being pulled to pieces and conveyed in armfuls to the train. The plank seats were tossed out in a jiffy as payment for the hay, and the "bedding" was put in their place. The supply was ample, and for the rest of our journey we had softer sittings. We could also keep warmer, and when night came we had a pretty comfortable sleep.

The afternoon of January 15 we arrived at Weston. cold, tired, dirty, hungry and sleepy. We left the old freight train with long-drawn sighs of relief and marched into the village, which is situated on the east bank of the Missouri river, and about eight miles above Leavenworth, Kansas. The regiment found quarters in various buildings about town, Co. E being made at home in a little church-building, a part of the boys settling in the upper, or main room, the others in the basement.

CHAPTER VIII.

A MONTH AT WESTON.

HAVING got settled at Weston, our first care was to warm, and rest, and wash, and eat, and sleep. Having done all this, we felt refreshed, and took a look about town. We found the village to contain a few hundred people, many of whom would have loved us better had we worn the gray rather than the blue.

A semicircle of low hills, having a radius from the center of the village of from half to three-quarters of a mile extended from the river bank above to that below.

We began at once to do picket duty, the lines corresponding pretty nearly with this half circle of hills. Since there were no Rebel soldiers in the vicinity, our guard duty was about as tame as it had been at Madison. The Eighteenth Missouri being also stationed at Weston, they did half the guard duty, and so we had considerable leisure. But Lieut. Gillispie did not mean to let us forget the manual of arms or how to behave in the ranks. He got us in debt to him for some good healthful exercise of that sort while in Weston. Yet, the drilling we did made our stay there all the more enjoyable. I fancy that no sort of living is more miserable than that spent in search of something wherewith to kill time. Poor old Father Time! how many wretched beings have sought thy life!

As I look back now upon our service, I think none of it really pleasanter than the time spent in the little brick church at Weston. No great event came to pass there, still each day brought its pleasant incidents.

Being in the enemy's country, we felt somewhat the duty upon us to distress him, as it were; especially when such distress contributed to the gratification of our remarkably

good appetites. So we kept an eye out for the good things of the land.

A German kept a bakery in the village, and his front room, or sale room, came to be a favorite resort of the boys, especially evenings. His show-case presented a display of cakes, and pies, and cookies, that was enough to make a fellow's mouth water, even though he had just dined bountifully on pork and beans.

By some mishap, a glass in that show-case, on the end towards the door, got broken, and then the "pies'n things" took to escaping from confinement. The old German soon discovered the spirit of freedom the Yankees seemed to be infusing into his pastry, and good-naturedly set the tempting dainties some distance from the hole in the glass.

Then George Lawsha, or some other shrewd Yankee, hunted up a wire with a hook at the end, with the aid of which the cakes and pies escaped as readily as before. At last the baker told the boys, "Ich dank dose show-case not much good to me any more." and then he put his goodies where wires with hooked ends were powerless to reach them. And so it behooved the dealers in all things good for the inner man to do: which action the boys highly commended as practical and wise.

Now and then a turkey or a chicken came in from the neighboring coops to give a relish to our military fare. Benson Eighmy, having occasion to pass and repass a certain house on a side street, saw turkeys in the back yard. Coming in from picket duty in the "sma' hours" of one night, his feet very curiously took him to our quarters by the way of that back street. Looking along the high board fence he saw a good-sized fowl perched thereon and in the enjoyment of a quiet sleep. Benson crept along at the bottom of the fence till he could just see over him the dim outline of the head and shoulders of the sleeping bird. Then he drew his bayonet and struck the long neck above him such a blow as quite to disjoint its cervical vertebrae.

Down came the fowl. Benson quickly got the big prize under his arm and started across-lots for quarters. When he took a look at his poultry he observed that the tail reached fully six feet to the rear, so that it dragged on the ground, and that it was brilliant enough fairly to shine in the starlight.

Benson was disgusted, not considering *peacock* quite good enough for him to eat. He went down the bank to the creek, carefully tucked the gay-colored bird through a hole in the ice and sent him on his way to the Gulf of Mexico. Then Benson went to bed.

But in all this kind of thing every man obeyed strictly Colonel Bryant's injunction served upon us the day we reached Weston: "Boys, we are in the country of the enemy; I want you to understand that not one of you is to *take* anything here—that you cannot reach!"

One day we were greatly pleased to see the Ninth Wisconsin come marching up from the depot. They went into camp for the night near the quarters of our company. The most of us went over to visit with them; but, as they were all Germans, we could not talk much.

While there, we heard the familiar "*Yonk*" of wild geese, and, looking up, saw a large flock of them flying over the village towards us, and scarcely higher in the air than the tops of the houses. Both we and the Germans raised a great outcry, and this seemed so to confuse the poor birds that they alighted in large numbers, some of them right among the men, some on the river bank close at hand, and others on the ice.

Then there was fun. Germans and Yankees took after the geese, a dozen after one, all shouting at the top of their voices, and the geese squalling in sheer despair. I fancy that the noise made was something like that of the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel. One by one the geese were captured, more than one case occurring of German and Yankee disputing possession of the same prize in unknown tongues.

One Co. E fellow had the good luck to find himself alone in close pursuit of a particularly fine goose. Around and around they went. Co. E gaining till he found himself just clutching after the short tail feathers, when the goose jumped into an old cellar. Down went Co. E, already rejoicing in his capture of such a prize, when his nose, in its descent, came like a sledge-hammer upon the head of one of two Germans who had been watching the pursuit, and had together jumped into the cellar from the opposite side and were already in sure-enough possession of the goose, which they carried off in triumph, while the poor Co. E fellow shed more blood than he did in any other engagement of the war. To this day he cannot reconcile himself to the loss of that goose.

Moral: Don't be *sure* of anything till you *get it!*

Several of the boys got their guns and followed those geese up the river, shooting a number of them before darkness came on and put an end to the pursuit. The strange part of it all was that the demoralized, disconcerted fowls, having once alighted, would not seek safety in flight. As a result, we had rich fare for the next three or four days, and every breeze that came by our quarters went on its way laden with such feathers as would fill with joy the heart of any thrifty housewife.

Colonel Bryant's æsthetic notions led him to believe that the one large hotel in Weston would be more of an ornament to the village if the stars and stripes were floating over it. He was so sure of his taste being correct that he suggested the idea to the proprietor of the house; but that worthy declared that tastes differ, and that his did not move him to hoist the Union flag over his hotel.

Colonel Bryant, however, was so positive in his notions, and so patriotic withal, that he finally informed "mine host" that the flag *must go up*; and that if the proprietor of the place did not put it up before seven o'clock that evening *somebody else would do it!*

The day passed away slowly, but no flag appeared. Our men began to guess at what would be done about it. As

darkness drew on, both soldiers and citizens by a common impulse began to gather on the corner and the streets opposite the hotel. The crowd was quiet, yet there was no little pent-up feeling under the jackets of those who loved the true flag, and no doubt as much under those of the men who professed to love the "stars and bars."

It came to be a few minutes to seven, and still no flag. Some of the boys had bullets in their pockets, and two or three times a musical tinkle, sounding from some of the upper windows of the hotel, told that the bullets were being sent with pretty sure aim through the panes of glass up there. Whether or not the proprietor regarded these little missiles as the scattering drops preliminary to a great shower, I do not know; but one thing is certain, just before seven o'clock a large flag *of the right kind* was displayed on the roof. A few minutes later it was fastened to a flag staff there and floated upon the evening breeze. We gave it three rousing cheers and quietly returned to our quarters. The flag remained on the hotel as long as we remained in Weston.

The weather while we were in Weston was rather cool, and our guard duty was sometimes quite disagreeable. One morning I was on picket in the midst of a driving snow-storm. I was cold, and hungry, and sleepy. It was just coming daylight, and the folks who lived in a house just across the way were astir. The smoke poured forth from the chimney, a bright light shone from the windows, and the tempting odor of boiling coffee came over to my beat as an aggravation to my hunger. It made me a trifle home-sick, and I almost wished I were back again in my Wisconsin home, and my father were calling me up to breakfast.

But that did no good, so I sullenly walked to and fro on my beat. In the midst of my musings I heard the door open and, looking up, I saw a man coming towards me. He said, "Dot ish a fery stormy morning, Ich dank. I pring you somedings to varm you up."

While I stood looking at him in astonishment, he put into

one of my hands a big cup of hot coffee, and into the other a doughnut about as large as my foot, saying, "dose tings vill do you good." And while I thanked him and showed my hearty appreciation of his good will by making short work of the breakfast he had brought me, he talked cheerfully about matters in general. Then he bade me good morning and went back to the house.

May God bless that good old German ! I wonder whether he is still living, and, if so, where? I presume he thought I would soon forget the incident and his honest kindness to me; but whenever I now read, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me," I think of him; and I believe that the Master meant just such as he when he uttered those words of divine approbation.

There are many other incidents that come to me as I write about our stay in Weston that I must omit for want of space. One of them was the expedition one evening out to a certain farm-house to set free two negroes whom we had heard were to be sent to General Price's army. It would be interesting to relate how politely the man of the house invited the boys of the squad into the parlor, gave them chairs, and then excused himself to step out into another room; how two or three bright-eyed young ladies, who stood part way up a corner stairway, peeped out by turns at the rather awkward feeling boys, and then withdrew their heads and laughed and giggled, and then peeped out again; how of a sudden the door of that other room flew open and admitted a Lieutenant and a squad of armed men in *gray uniforms*, the officer shouting, as he drew his sword, "We have caught them, boys!" how truly our brave boys felt that they had been captured by the Rebels, and were scared accordingly; how immensely they were relieved on discovering that the supposed Rebels were only a squad of the Missouri regiment stationed in the village, and who wore gray uniforms; how our boys tried bravely to give good excuses for being outside the lines in the evening; how they were finally released upon their solemn promise to go straight home like good boys, and never to do so

again; and how they tried in vain to keep the story of the affair from getting out next day.

I should like to tell, too, about Charley Headstream's accordion, and the tune he used to play about "Molly Brown," and how much the boys enjoyed the music he ground out by the hour. And I should like to tell about the boys who were taken sick with the measles and other diseases before leaving Camp Randall, and could not leave the state with us; how Charley Fosbinder, big as he was, shed tears because he had to be left behind in the hospital; how Ed. Robinson, left sick at Quincy, Ill., found such good lady friends there that he sighed over their sweet memory till the close of the war,—and, perhaps, ever since.

But I must pass these things all by with the bare mention, and say that on the 15th of February, after a stay of one month in Weston, in accordance with orders we packed up and marched on the ice of the Missouri river down to Leavenworth, Kansas. There we went into quarters in various buildings about town, our own company being domiciled again in a meeting house, which was situated just at the south edge of the city.

CHAPTER IX.

A BEAR AMONG THE BADGERS.

I HAVE purposely omitted up to this time to mention one very important member of Co. E; but I must now devote one whole chapter to him alone. As I have in the years since the war written his story for publication in two or three different periodicals, I will transfer it to these pages pretty much as it has already been printed.

A great many boys and girls have heard of "Old Abe," the Wisconsin War Eagle. He was carried to the war by a company of the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment in 1861, and was kept with them through their four years of service.

At the close of the war he was given a permanent home in our State Capitol, at Madison, and there he was visited by thousands of people desirous of seeing him and paying him their respects. A few years ago the old veteran died; but his skin was mounted and made to look very much as it used to appear when "Old Abe" himself was inside of it. Some who read this may have seen either the live bird or the mounted one. "Old Abe" made a great reputation as a soldier, and it will be many a year before he is forgotten. But I am about to tell you of another kind of soldier—a *bear*. The idea of a bear going into the army! Yet, it is even true.

While we were in Camp Randall, at Madison, there came one day, to enlist, Stephen Squires, of Waterloo. He became a member of our company, and then went home to make preparations for soon going to the South with us.

When Mr. Squires returned to camp, he brought with him his son, Harlan, and a young bear,—the boy being about sixteen years old and the bear about one-third grown, I should think—and both these became members of Co. E. Harlan was a good boy, and the bear was a good bear, and

so the boys of our company felt, as they ought, greatly pleased with the two new recruits.

Such a soldier as the bear demanded an addition to the company quarters; accordingly, a dry-goods box was got, and a hole about the size of his bearship sawed out of it for a door. When this was turned up-side-down over a bit of straw for a bed, our young bear had decent and comfortable quarters. Close at hand a twelve-foot post was set into the ground; on top of this a good-sized platform was built to which Bruin could climb for dress parade, or to get a good view of the camp and his fellow-soldiers. He seemed delighted with this plan, for he spent much of his time on his elevated perch viewing with evident satisfaction the military operations going on below him.

The people of Madison and vicinity used to come in crowds to see the bear of the Twelfth; he attracted hosts of visitors every day.

On the 11th of January, 1862, the tents of the regiment were struck, and, in the midst of a heavy snowstorm, the boys marched out of the old camp to a train of cars standing on the track near the gate many of them never again to set foot upon the soil of their dearly-loved Badger State. The bear marched out with the rest and was helped into a comfortable place in the corner of a car; there he quietly curled himself up and went to sleep, while his comrades were saying good-bye and shedding some tears as they looked for the last time into the faces of those they loved. He took his ride in the cars quite as a matter of course,—as if he were well used to that mode of travel,—and I think he slept the most of the time till we reached Chicago.

In that city we were to march from the depot of the Chicago & Northwestern R. R. to that of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R., and Colonel Bryant greatly desired to have this shaggy soldier take the lead of his regiment of Badger Boys on the march through the city. But Harlan and his father both declared that the bear had always shown

decided objection to being led, and that they did not believe there would be any use in trying such a thing.

However, as army officers are generally very desirous of executing all their plans, Colonel Bryant detailed the bear to act as advance guard, and put Harlan in command. The regiment being in line, the command was given to *march*, and Harlan pulled on his end of the rope, expecting, of course, that Bruin would pull, too—backwards. But, contrary to all expectations, he, taking in the immense importance and dignity of his position, at the head of a regiment and before the eyes of a great city, marched off in a style worthy the best soldier and officer in the regiment, never offering to halt for the whole mile and a half.

All Chicago was out to see the sight. Chicago by gaslight, with windows, doors and balconies, as well as every foot of pavement, crowded with men, women and children clapping their hands and shouting all sorts of patriotic things, while a splendid band, leading a full regiment of soldiers through the enthusiastic crowd, is filling the air with such stirring music as, ‘Rally Round the Flag, Boys,’ ‘The Red, White and Blue,’ ‘Hail, Columbia,’ and ‘The Girl I left Behind Me,’ and, interspersed between, and sometimes rising above all other sounds, such exclamations as ‘See that bear! do, Julia, see him, right ahead there! Why, *don’t you see him?* A soldier is leading him with a string!’ ‘Oh, isn’t that funny, to take a bear to war!’ ‘I wonder, Angelia, whether they will let him loose at the rebels!’ ‘Oh, my! Charley, aren’t you afraid he’ll break away and run at us?’

Chicago, with all this, was no common sight to us. Such a scene was one quite to delight the Badgers as well as the Chicagoans: and so everybody was delighted. I did not hear the bear say anything about it, yet I suspect he was, in a bear’s way, as delighted as the rest of us. I do not think that many who were on the streets along which we marched in Chicago on that evening of January 11, 1862, have yet forgotten about it.

Before midnight both bear and Badgers were on a train bound for Quincy, Ill. Arriving there the next night, they

were obliged to march twenty-two miles to Hannibal, Mo. Not being able to get across the river at Hannibal, they were obliged to spend a whole night and nearly a day on the bank opposite the city, the thermometer indicating 20° below zero. While the Badgers shivered and suffered all that long, cold night, that is, what time they were not raiding bee-hives and turkey-roosts,—the bear slept comfortably, waking only long enough to take his share of the honey and turkey.

Two days afterward, the soldiers were being carried over the railroad from Hannibal to St. Joe, on the Missouri river; the bear spending the most of his time curled up in the corner of one of the cars asleep. That was a cold ride, for the weather was still severe, and we were all in box cars with no fire.

Two days later we came to Weston, Mo., a village on the Missouri river, and about eight miles above Leavenworth, Kansas. As soon as Co. E. was settled in a little brick church, for quarters, another dry-goods box was procured for Bruin, and he was at once as much at home as he had been in Camp Randall. He was given all the liberty that a rope about fifty feet long would allow him, which liberty he used at its full length.

A bear in Missouri was a *sight*, especially to the colored folks. And so, on Sundays, when they had some liberty, they flocked to our quarters "to see dat yer bear." While he was near his box they would crowd around to see his cunning pranks, when he would, all of a sudden, as if he heartily enjoyed the sport, start for the crowd of darkies as if, being related to them by color, he would like a more intimate acquaintance with them.

This was sure to create a panic among the colored people. They would roll, tumble, scramble and scratch to get out of the way; and would say enough funny things while they were doing it to fill a comic almanac. And all this afforded the Badgers a great deal of amusement.

Our shaggy comrade was as full of sport and all sorts of play as a half-grown puppy, and he was never still a minute

at a time — unless asleep. One of his favorite amusements was wrestling with Hank Marston. He and Henry were just about even up in a scuffle. It seemed to please his bearship wonderfully to send Hank rolling down the hill-side toward the brook. He liked hardtack as well as the rest of us, but he did not take coffee. He was always willing to taste the chickens the Badgers now and then brought in from the picket line, but he had a special liking for apples.

After remaining a month in Weston, the regiment was ordered to Leavenworth, which was, as I have said, eight miles away, and on the opposite side of the river. The bear made the march down the river on the ice in good time, and soon began to amuse the good people of Kansas. While at Leavenworth, a great expedition was planned to some point in Texas or New Mexico, and Mr. Squires, not thinking our pet able to make a march of eight or nine hundred miles, sold him to a citizen of Leavenworth for seventeen dollars.

Thus Bruin passed into more peaceful pursuits than his comrades, the Badgers, were destined to follow, and became, I hope, as good a citizen-bear as he had been a soldier-bear. I never heard of him afterwards, and so this must be the end of his story. Though not so widely known as his compatriot, "Old Abe," the war eagle, his reputation and record are just as good so far as they go. I am certainly as glad to tell you about him as I would be to tell about the eagle, and I think I take even a greater pride in doing so, because the bear was a member of our own Co. E.

But I do not wish to close this sketch without a further reference to our young comrade Harlan, who was by common consent the bear's master. A better soldier was not to be found in the army. He was a perfect specimen of the American boy-soldier. Though he was only sixteen at his enlistment, and was pale and rather slight for even that age, he hardly knew the meaning of fear: he was always in his proper place and did every duty cheerfully and faithfully.

While in that terrible siege of Vicksburg he was taken very sick with a camp fever, and, after much patient suffering,

there came a beautiful morning in June* when we carried his lifeless body out to a newly-dug grave on a pretty little knoll near our camp; and there we laid away in his last, long sleep this brave young soldier, who had been his mother's hope and his father's pride and joy.

His father was quite broken down by grief, and before the war closed his health was gone and his spirit crushed; when he last shook hands with me and said good-bye, in a hospital at Atlanta, after his three years of service had expired, what was once a strong, self-reliant man had become, through the hardships of war and grief for the loss of his son, a physical wreck, who seemed hardly able to reach home alive. But I am glad to say that he partially regained his health, and is still living.

This is only one of thousands of such cases resulting from the stern fortunes of the war in which we fought to save our nation from disruption, and which ended in setting the bondmen free. We ought to prize our good government not only for what it is worth to us to-day, but for its cost to us in all that is precious and dear in the lives of our fallen comrades and friends.

*June 29, 1863, five days before the surrender of the city.

CHAPTER X.

OUR KANSAS CAMPAIGN.

I HAVE said that we went into quarters at Leavenworth on the 15th of February. So far as my memory serves me, our stay there of two weeks seems quite uneventful. We had no particular guard duty to do, and so spent the most of our time in our quarters or loitering about town.

When we were there, only a few years had elapsed since the so-called "Kansas Troubles," consequent upon the passage, by Congress, of "The Kansas-Nebraska Act," and the blood so heated by that bitter strife had scarcely regained its normal temperature. Some of us attended a political meeting in Leavenworth, which was addressed by men who had been through those early troubles, and when the latent heat within them was roused they delivered some of the hottest speeches we boys had ever heard. Those speeches gave us a slight notion of the oratory of '56 and '57 for or against slavery in Kansas.

I recollect that it was in Leavenworth that we first heard that song which has since been so vigorously sung by all patriots on all sorts of occasions, and in all sorts of places, that its echoes have fairly sounded around the world,—

"John Brown's *body* lies mouldering in the grave,
But his *soul* goes *marching on*."

There was to be held in a church near our quarters a church sociable, and a courteous and kindly spirit on the part of some of the ladies led them to invite our boys to attend the exercises. Not many went, and the few of us who did go fairly suffered from bashfulness and awkwardness. That evening some of the girls at the church sang the song mentioned above; it was taken up by our boys and before long it was "all the go" with us.

It goes without saying that the loyal people of Kansas sang that song with a will, for they knew some things about "Ossawatimie Brown" that made them loyally cherish the memory of the sturdy old lover of human freedom. It must be remembered that this was only two years after the old man was hung for his imprudent zeal in a good cause, and only a year after Kansas became a state. I am glad I first heard "John Brown's Body" in Kansas, and in a church, and that it was sung by loyal girls.

On account of the hardships suffered on our move from Madison to Weston, and the prevalence of the measles, nearly a hundred men of our regiment were already on the sick list when we were in Leavenworth.

Quite to our surprise, while on dress parade on the 28th day of February, orders were read to us, in accordance with which we were to start the next day, March 1, on a march to Fort Scott. Inasmuch as we were getting pretty tired of our inactivity, and were, quite naturally, longing to *do something* for our country, this order to march fairly overjoyed us. We came back from that dress parade prepared to make noise enough for a large Fourth-of-July celebration, and we did it. We made a great deal more noise then than we did after a few days of marching.

The next morning we packed up and turned our backs upon Leavenworth, taking a southerly direction. The day was warm and we, feeling rather light of foot, tripped along over the prairie as if a *march* were the veriest luxury we could enjoy. If my memory serves me rightly, a few of the men of our regiment were particularly light-footed, and even light-headed, on starting out that morning, who found it necessary before night to be held up and helped along by those not quite so jolly at first. "Tanglefoot" is not an inappropriate name for a certain liquid that now and then, by some mistake, got into a canteen or two of our regiment.

In spite of our first enjoyment of our march, and though we had accomplished only eleven miles when night overtook us, we were glad enough to stop and go into camp. The clouds

had thickened during the day, it began to rain, and the weather grew cold. What plagued us most was the fact that the teams did not come up till after dark. By that time the rain had turned into snow and the wind was blowing a gale—fit introduction to the month of March.

I may record truthfully that we grumbled about those teams, and that we thought regretfully of the comfortable quarters we had left that morning in such high glee. When our tents did come, we did not know how to put them up. Such a time as we had trying to make our cloth houses stand, essaying by this plan and by that to pitch them in the tall grass that dark night, the wind flapping them about here and there in spite of all we could do, and we, poor fellows, all shivering and chilled, scolding and finding all the fault we could, is now, at a distance of twenty-eight years, worth a hearty laugh; still, I cannot yet repress a sigh of pity for our poor selves in such a plight.

We went to bed on the soft ground all but supperless, for the circumstances were not very favorable to the getting of a good warm meal—were they, girls?

Trying to keep warm that night we worked ourselves well into the mud under us, and the next morning we found that we had left the frozen moulds of our stalwart forms scattered all about where we had lain trying to sleep, but scarcely doing so.

That morning, after a breakfast of hardtack and a drink of hot coffee we managed to make, we were glad enough to march briskly along to get warm. Our route lay during the day through heavy timber bordering the Missouri river. At night we reached the Kansas river and camped on its banks not far from Wyandotte, at what was called "The Wyandotte Bridge." The weather was still cold, but we got our tents pitched in the woods before dark, and with the aid of large fires managed to sleep pretty comfortably.

The march of our third day out was a long one. We passed out of the timber land to the prairie beyond, passed through Shawneetown, Olathe and Paoli, and camped near a farm

house on the high prairie. Some of the men were so stiff that night that, after sitting awhile, they could not walk; and I can now recollect that more than one had to crawl on hands and knees to their bunks. But we had an abundance of hay and straw for bedding; and I have always thought of that night's rest as the very sweetest I ever enjoyed. We lay down to sleep fearing that at Leavenworth we had slightly over-estimated the pleasures of a long march.

The next day, however, was warm and pleasant, and, as we were getting accustomed to walking, we accomplished the rest of the distance to Fort Scott with considerable ease, where we arrived on the sixth day of the month. According to the official report of this march, the distance, by our route, from Leavenworth to Fort Scott is one hundred and sixty miles.

We remained at this place twenty days, our stay being about as uneventful as that at Leavenworth had been. The only thing that created a general interest was the game of cricket, both officers and men entering into the sport with all their might. The game proved a most worthy recreation in camp, and it did much to establish pleasant relations between commander and commanded. Colonel Bryant himself proved to be a crack player.

On the 27th of March we were ordered back to Lawrence, on the Kansas river. Being somewhat used to marching by this time, we found it no very hard work to reach Lawrence, one hundred and twenty-five miles away, on the second of April. Not much comes to me now concerning this march, excepting our having to wade through water over knee deep across Wakarusa Flats, just before reaching our destination. Here it was, I believe, that Major Strong tried to persuade his gallant steed to jump a ditch in which the water was three or four feet deep. The poor horse did his best, but, for all that, fell backward into the ditch. Our Major crawled out from under in a sorry plight. The boys *smiled*.

At Lawrence we went into camp near the river, and just above the village. The place was called Camp Halleck. We

remained there till April 20, when we set out on a march for Fort Riley, one hundred and five miles up the Kansas river.

At Lawrence our company lost its first man by death, in the person of our dear comrade Laredo S. Smith. "Reed" Smith was one of the happiest boys in the company, and, though so jolly, he was as gentle as a girl. On the 18th of April it was our solemn duty to follow his remains to the grave, and it was a sober day to us. We came back from the cemetery out on that broad prairie each feeling a sense of personal loss; and many a time afterward we sent back kindly thoughts to all that was good and true in Laredo S. Smith.

While at Lawrence, Colonel Bryant did one of those things so characteristic of the man. It was a dark night, and the rain was coming down in something more than a gentle shower. About nine o'clock orders came from the Colonel to "Fall in, without arms." We were astonished at such an order at such a time. We could not think what he could want of us out in the pitchy, rainy darkness, at that time of night.

In the meantime, Sergeant Thayer was forming the company, and soon all the companies were finding their way the best they could to the Colonel's tent. While the regiment was being formed in a solid square in front, Colonel Bryant stood just inside the door of his tent, a newspaper in his hand, and by his side Adjutant Proudfit holding a candle.

When all was in order, and everything was still except the pattering of the rain on our rubber blankets, the Colonel said, "Boys, there has been a terrible battle at Pittsburg Landing, in Tennessee. The loss has been very great. The Fourteenth, Sixteenth and Eighteenth Wisconsin regiments were in the hottest of the fight, and each lost heavily. Many of my friends are dead and wounded, and, boys, hundreds of your friends—good men, noble men, every one of them. I have just got a paper with an account of the fight and list of killed and wounded; and, knowing that you are as interested in it all as I am, I have called you out, even though it rains, to read the paper to you."

And then he went on, reading column after column to his men, interspersing what he read, now and then, with remarks of his own. When he came to the long list of the killed and wounded, his voice more than once trembled with emotion, and the tears rolled down his cheeks into his yellow whiskers as here and there he came across the name of one of his friends. For the same reason, we boys stood, unmindful of the falling rain, dropping tears of grief when he read names that had been familiar and dear to us back in Wisconsin. Some shed tears there for lost school-mates, some for brothers, some for fathers. A regiment and its Colonel silently wept together, each man not only because of his own personal grief, but in manly sympathy for his comrades.

When the reading was over, Colonel Bryant bade us good-night and dismissed us. We went silently to our tents, and, as we lay rolled in our blankets that night, we thought of the price our government was costing in the blood of patriots.

Our march to Fort Riley was by way of Tecumseh, Topeka—where we crossed the river—and Manhattan. The weather was pleasant, and we greatly enjoyed the trip. I will mention two incidents of the march: One day, after crossing the river at Topeka, Colonel Bryant came riding alongside the regiment on the road, talking a few minutes to each company. When he came up to Co. E, he told us what he had told the others. It was the sad story of the death, by drowning, of Governor Harvey, at Savannah, ten miles down the river from Pittsburg Landing.

I copy just here a paragraph that explains why the Governor was at Savannah, where he met his untimely death. The quotation is from Love's "Wisconsin in the War."

"Immediately after the battle of Pittsburg Landing, Governor Harvey asked of Surgeon-General Wolcott a list of such articles, and their relative quantities, as would be most serviceable on the battle-field, and the doctor telegraphed accordingly. The articles were soon at the command of the executive—sixty-one boxes from Milwaukee, thirteen from Madison, nine from Janesville, and one from Clinton—and he was on

his way to the bloody scenes of the war—his last journey from the state, the last earthly one he ever made.”

Arrived at the place of the late battle, he portioned out the good things he had brought to the sick and wounded boys, and made many a heavy heart light by his cheerful manner among the poor fellows. When his work of love was done and he was just starting for home, attempting to step from one steamer to another, on a dark night, he slipped and fell between the two boats and was drowned.

Colonel Bryant told this story to us, making no effort to conceal his manly grief for the sad death of one he loved and honored. He told us that Governor Harvey had said to him that, as the Twelfth was the first regiment he sent to the front, he should watch its movements with peculiar interest. The Colonel spoke of the rare virtues of Governor Harvey, and by his own deep feeling moved us to cherish very tender memories of the good man.

Not every commander would talk to his men in this way.

The other incident to which I refer is connected with the pretty village of Manhattan. After marching through the principal streets, we halted to rest near the school building, which stood near at the edge of the village. Just as we had got settled, the children were let loose from school to “see the soldiers.” They looked at us with big-eyed wonder, and at first kept a tolerable distance from us. But after a time they grew bolder. A dozen or more of the young misses joined hands and then, in something like a line of battle, they advanced towards us, fifty younger children timidly following in the rear.

The sight of those children and young people did our eyes good; some of us young chaps found our minds wandering in imagination back to certain schools in Wisconsin; and there is no doubt that more than one dwelt in tender memory upon a like scene where some black-eyed Susan or blue-eyed Mary reigned queen of hearts, and before whose sweet presence he involuntarily bowed in humble submission.

The children were especially attracted towards our bright flag; and at last overcoming their timidity they burst forth into singing :

"Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue,
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue,
The flag of our Union forever,
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue."

It was a pretty sight those pink and white girls made, and their music touched our hearts. John Gaddis sat by me, and the tears rolled silently down his face as he gazed at the children and listened to their song. "It makes me think of my little Eva at home," said he.

We arrived at Fort Riley April 25. We were to form a part of a body of troops to march from there to New Mexico. We were joined at Fort Riley by the 13th Wisconsin Infantry and the 8th Wisconsin Battery. The 13th regiment had been with us most of the time since we left Leavenworth.

Our camp life at Fort Riley was quiet and uneventful. We had only camp-guard duty to do, and a little drilling, target-shooting, etc. One day we went on our first grand review, and our brigade made a very fine appearance.

I must relate one little incident of camp life that may be illustrative of a general tendency in the boys from the beginning to the close of the war. Whether this tendency was a malicious or a sportive one I will leave you, my dear reader, to judge.

A certain old Missouri farmer of a thrifty turn of mind took a "prairieschooner" loaded with choice apples, and drove clear out to Fort Riley, hoping there to find among the soldiers a ready sale at good prices for his fruit. Coming upon the lower end of our parade ground, he began a tolerable business with the boys who gathered around his wagon. His prices were pretty high, inasmuch as he had a corner on the market away out there on the prairie. In the meantime one or two fellows with sharp knives crept under the hind end of his wagon and began cutting a big hole in the bottom of the box. When the job was nearly done, some of the boys

suggested to the Missiourian that he would be likely to make better sales at the upper end of the parade ground. Accordingly he drove up the long slope, his apples, meanwhile, rolling back through the hole like wheat through a mill hopper. His wagon being covered, he could not see what was going on in the rear. You, reader, can guess.

When the top of the slope was reached there was in his big wagon box a partial vacuum. The boys were running for their tents loaded with fruit, and there they feasted while the poor old man drove sadly away meditating, no doubt, on the doctrine of natural depravity as exemplified by soldiers.

Some of my young readers who are conscientious will say, "Shame on those men of the Twelfth regiment!" Well, stop right here and scold your fathers for their part in the matter.

I must also relate another incident, to show how our boys traded with the native Westerner, who, by the way, had the name of being a little sharp himself in driving a bargain.

One day a man drove into camp with a load of buffalo meat, which he had brought from fifty or sixty miles further to the westward. He was willing to exchange it for coffee, bacon, and hardtack, and, as we were only too willing to make such trades, business became brisk between him and us. Charley Fields had a sack containing two or three pounds of coffee which had accumulated on his hands, and he exchanged it for its value in buffalo beef. The Westerner threw the bag into his wagon-box, and then attended to business with others of the boys. Meanwhile, Charley, for the fun of the thing, stepped back and slipped his old coffee-sack out of the wagon. Soon he came and said he had found he had another bit of coffee to swap, and in this way he got a fresh supply of beef,—the sack being thrown, as before, back into the wagon. It was not long before Charley got it out again and got more beef, and the sack was tossed back into the wagon a third time. Charley repeated the trick half a dozen times, until the meat man said he reckoned he had coffee enough and declined to take any more. Charley really had beef enough

by this time, and so both were tolerably well satisfied — until the Westerner came to count up his sacks of coffee.

On the first of May, the "Wisconsin Allotment Commissioners" came to Fort Riley. Most of the men of the regiment "allotted" their pay, excepting three or four dollars per month, to their families at home. By this plan, the allotted portion of their pay was sent by the proper pay-master directly to the families of the men. This saved all concerned much trouble, and perhaps it was the means by which some of those families got a greater share of the money than they otherwise would have done. Our regiment allotted in the aggregate more money to the families represented than any other Wisconsin regiment.

On the third of May, Captain Vanderpoel resigned his position as commander of our company. Being on the shady slope of life, he felt that he could not undertake the prospective march of eight hundred miles to Fort Union, in New Mexico. Though we boys knew that his place would be most worthily filled by Lieutenant Gillispie, we greatly regretted to have the old Captain leave us; for, though beyond the age for any very active infantry service, he was a sturdy old patriot, a true soldier in spirit, and a very father to the boys of the company.

Captain Vanderpoel's fatherly ways were supplemented by the motherly ways of his wife, who was with us a part of the time. When they went home, they took away with them a sort of home atmosphere that had seemed to pervade the company when they were with us; and they also took with them our united blessings. Lieutenant Gillispie became Captain, Lieutenant Linnell took his place, Orderly Sergeant Thayer became Second Lieutenant, and Second Sergeant Johnson Moulton became Orderly Sergeant.

The projected expedition to New Mexico having been abandoned, our brigade was ordered to be sent to Gen. Grant, then at Corinth, Mississippi. This order was a great surprise to us, but we were glad to get it. We did not much like the plan of marching to New Mexico. On the 18th of May we began

our return march to Leavenworth, one hundred and twenty-five miles, where we arrived on the 27th of the month. No event of the march is worth mentioning, excepting a race with the Thirteenth regiment, in which we were the victors, having marched in one day a distance of forty miles.

On the whole, our marching campaign in Kansas was a very pleasant one after we got used to the road. The broad prairies at that time forty miles west of Leavenworth, were almost entirely unsettled. There were no railroads, and such places as Lawrence, Topeka, and Fort Scott were small villages.

The official report of our four marches, from the beginning of March till the close of May, makes the aggregate distance five hundred and fifteen miles. Upon consulting the map of Kansas, I am inclined to think that the official distance was pretty well laid on, and that nothing will be lost in accuracy if the fifteen miles above five hundred be deducted.

After another grand review, in which there was a goodly number of Wisconsin troops,—the 12th and 13th Infantry regiments, the 3d Cavalry, and the 8th Battery,—on the 29th of May we went aboard a steamer and started on a long and very pleasant ride down the Missouri and Mississippi rivers to Columbus, Kentucky, where we landed on the 2d of June.

This was, indeed, a pleasure trip. The weather was pleasant, the scenery along the river was varied and in many places beautiful. With the greater part of the boys this was their first steamboat ride. We stopped one day, Sunday, May 31, at St. Louis and bivouacked on the shore opposite the city, on what, because of its being a resort for prize-fighting and other brutish amusements in which some animals possessing the human form sometimes engage, was known as Bloody Island. In keeping with the general character of the place, some roughs came over that same day accompanying two thugs who fought each other till both were nearly dead.*

*If I remember rightly, Andy Love, one of the combatants, died that night.

This fight took place some distance from the river; not many of our boys were minded to go and witness it.

We intensely civilized and Christianized Americans look with horror upon the fighting of wild beasts in the arena at Roine, the bull-fights of Spain, and the bear-baiting of the times of King Charles II. in England. But we tolerate and are, it may be, somewhat tempted to *bet* upon the probable outcome of such brutal encounters between human beings, as that in Mississippi, in 1889, between Sullivan and Kilrain.
For shame!

CHAPTER XI.

A SUMMER IN TENNESSEE.

AFTER we landed at Columbus, Kentucky, it was found that we were not needed at Corinth. Accordingly we were set to repairing the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. We marched by way of Union City to Troy, a small station on the road, in the northern part of Tennessee. We went into camp at the Obion river, near Troy, and began to build a bridge in place of one lately burned.

We built the bridge, repaired the track, and had the pleasure, few days after beginning the work, of seeing a loaded train pass safe over. But such a bridge! Had we been minded to worship the affair, we should not have violated the Decalogue. However, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. The trains got across, and that was the thing desired; so what need we care for the looks?

The water we got in this camp was bad and caused much ill-health among the boys. But we enjoyed one real luxury on the Obion. We were there in blackberry time, and the fruit was very abundant that summer. We could go into the old "clearings" near camp and pick them by the bushel. Being a very healthful fruit, the berries not only furnished a palatable sauce for our army rations, but they acted, no doubt, as a check upon some diseases common to camp life. Some of the boys undertook to make pies of them. This plan necessitated some contrivance for baking. Necessity, the mother of invention, did not fail us here, for we found some bricks and made small ovens that served a very good purpose. Thereafter, pie was a regular diet in camp. Billy Moshier became quite famous among us for the superior excellence of his pastry. The only limit on cooking was the exceeding scarcity of saleratus, a luxury that cost a dollar a pound at Trenton, a village a few miles down the railroad.

While at this camp we suffered a sad loss in the death of Corporal John J. Loman. Loman was a model soldier. He was a young man of not many words; he seemed possessed of a quiet, manly dignity that commanded a peculiar respect from all his comrades. But death loves a shining mark, and it took John Loman. He died on the 27th of June, and was buried in a cemetery near our camp. He was our second loss by death, Laredo S. Smith having died at Lawrence, Kansas, a little more than two months before.

Our work at the Obion completed, we went on repairing the road towards the south.

HUMBOLDT.—On the eighth day of July we arrived at Humboldt, a little village at the junction of the Mobile and Ohio and the Memphis and Nashville railroads, at which place we remained in camp until the first of October.

I cannot tell just why it is, but, for some reason, our three months' stay in Humboldt has a stronger hold upon my memory than any other like period of our service. We remained there so long that the place came to seem quite like home to us. So many incidents connected with that summer come crowding upon my mind that it is not easy for me to decide what to record and what to reject.

We first went into camp about a quarter of a mile west of the village, in an apple orchard. After a few days we changed quarters into a beech grove a little nearer town. Soon after, we moved to a position about eighty rods north of the station. The most of our time at Humboldt was spent in this camp.

Company I of our regiment seized one day at Gadsden, near Humboldt, \$11,000 worth of sugar and molasses, and this, with \$60,000 worth of cotton, was stored at Humboldt under our protection. This property would have been worth some pains on the part of the Rebels to capture it; and they undertook to do so. This effort gave rise to what is still known among the boys as "The Humboldt Scare." News came to us one day that the Rebel General Jackson, with one thousand cavalry and a battery, was in the vicinity, and was about to

attack us. The quiet of camp life was suddenly disturbed by the beating of the "long roll"—the signal to fall in for battle. It was the first time we had ever heard it when it meant business. Then there was a rushing to and fro. Folks at home who have not had the house catch fire, or the daughter of the family run away with the hired man, do not know what a real excitement is compared with the stir of that day.

It was but a few minutes before the regiment was on double-quick for the village. Seeing all the troops getting into position for battle right among them, the villagers themselves became doubly excited. While our men were, like General Jackson of New Orleans' fame, building breast-works of cotton bales, and the staff officers were galloping hither and thither bearing orders, the good people were rushing from their houses into the woods hard by, and carrying with them such valuables and keepsakes as they could, in order, as far as possible, to insure their safety. Though we all expected an immediate attack, we could not help laughing heartily at way the folks acted.

When we had got into good position we waited and watched for the enemy. We strained our eyes till we seemed to change clumps of bushes and tall stubs into men of war, trying in the meantime to quiet down the nervous thumping of our hearts against our ribs. The day passed slowly away, but no sign of a Rebel horseman appeared in our front. When night came on we all felt rather glad that the whole thing had turned out to be "only a scare, after all;" of course none of us *confessed* our satisfaction at such a result.

After this we "slept on our arms" several nights,—that is, with our guns at our sides, loaded, and our accoutrements all on; but, for all this, we were not attacked.

Our service at Humboldt, besides guarding the raidroads crossing there, and doing picket duty, consisted in scouring the country in search of bridge-burners and bushwhackers. A part of the regiment, consisting of a detail of men from each company, was mounted. The horses necessary for this purpose were taken from the disloyal people in the country

round about. This mounted battalion was kept in pretty active service. Their constant scouting, and the frequent arrests of suspicious characters, had a wholesome effect, and the citizens of the vicinity were safer than they had been while marauding bands of Rebel guerrillas were prowling about the country.

After we got settled in Humboldt, somebody found, in an old building, a press and other material pertaining to a printing office. There were among our Northern soldiers men skilled in all sorts of handicraft,—and there were printers. Accordingly, Colonel Bryant detailed George Sager, of Co. H, and Albert Blodgett, of Company C, to establish and publish a newspaper. Soon “The Soldier’s Budget” appeared as a regular weekly visitor. It was a spicy little sheet, full of items of interest to the boys in camp, and even to the villagers. Moreover, it contained more editorial matter ten times over, than some local papers now published in Wisconsin do. Besides, in it were published the general orders of the various officers in command of the Post, Division and District in which the troops at Humboldt were included. Colonel Bryant commanded the Post: Gen. G. M. Dodge, the Central Division of the Mississippi: and Gen. Grant, the District of West Tennessee.

There lies before me to-night an almost-worn-out copy of “The Soldier’s Budget.” Its date is about September 1, 1862,—I cannot tell exactly, as the upper half of the page is destroyed. It is a four-column folio, and is innocent of “patent insides.” It is yellow with age, but may still be read. It contains the obituary notices of Isaac Dorward, of the Seventh Wisconsin Battery, and Samuel Watkins, of Co. H, of the Twelfth,—also various locals. Its editorials are well up to war heat, and do not speak in very loving terms concerning the Rebels. The editors, privates though they were, did not hesitate to criticise the officers for not managing the war as “The Budget” thought best. They found fault that the civilians at home who knew nothing about war, and had undergone no

hardships as soldiers in faithful service, should be commissioned to fill vacancies in the regiments in the field, instead of intelligent men being promoted from the ranks,—men who had justly earned promotion. They found fault with President Lincoln because he had not already issued an emancipation proclamation.

I shall copy two of these editorials, for they show something of the war sentiment of the camp in those days:—

“The time for negotiating peace has passed; henceforth let us *conquer* a peace. Let the blows fall thick and heavy, and *keep on falling*. Let us lay aside the ‘pomp and circumstance’ of war, pull off our coats and ‘wade in.’ Here, there, everywhere, like the lightning’s flash, quick, brilliant, terrible, and fatal, let our divisions move on, kill, confiscate or destroy, throw every sympathy to the wind that might stand in the way, and bring the traitors to a traitor’s fate by the shortest and quickest way. The blood of thousands of our friends wantonly shed by their unjustifiable revolt, the broken hearts of our kindred from the loss of loved ones, the ruin of hopes, the destruction and waste of the lives of our brave men, all call aloud for a speedy vengeance. Shall they have it? Let the crisis come, speedily if possible, let us conquer, subjugate, yea, if necessary, exterminate, but never yield the justness of our cause, or jeopardize its ultimate triumph by slackening effort, nor listening to the plea of peace, until we have the distinct assurance that it will be as enduring as the power and skill of man and the blessing of God can make it.”

Here is an appeal to the men of our regiment:

“MEN OF THE 12TH WISCONSIN—Before coming to this place, you never have had a chance to come in conflict with the traitorous foe. Now, everything looks to a speedy meeting, and then you will have an opportunity to show your gallantry. Every one of the regiments that have gone from Wisconsin has given a good account of itself when it joined in combat with the enemy. Let us emulate those regiments. The eyes of our fathers and mothers, our wives and our children are looking on our conduct. Let us give them no cause to blush for

our cowardice. We have been sent out with the blessings, the prayers, the hopes of a glorious young state. Let us show that we deserve them. When the enemy makes his appearance, be not boastful, but patient; await your orders with your eye upon his heart, single out your man, and when the word is given to fire be sure your bullet reaches it. Remember that it is no chivalrous foe that stands before you battling for rights you have withheld, but a perjured traitor, compared to whom Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold were infinitely noble. They fight with the desperation of fanaticism and ignorance; they have transgressed the rules of civilized warfare in every particular, and committed atrocities too brutal for anything but fiends. When we meet let us remember that the yell of the savage rings near our homes, that our wives and little ones are exposed to the merciless Indian reeking from the massacre of New Ulm* and other places, and that traitors instigated and 'fired the Indian as well as the southern heart,' and strike home a blow for the Union and another for our firesides."

No one can doubt that Sager and Blodgett were in a fighting mood when they wrote the above; and it is fair to presume that every man felt at the time a great deal as our editors did. The articles quoted were not written by a man safe in his study hundreds of miles from the enemy—where many *brave* articles were written—but by private soldiers at the front and who expected an attack at any hour.

There is this peculiarity about an army of Yankees: There are men in the ranks capable of doing any sort of work, whether it be to edit a paper, run a locomotive, take charge of a flouring mill captured from the enemy, or build a bridge across a river.

Our picket duty at Humboldt was rather pleasant, especially when the weather was good. The line averaged from three-quarters of a mile to a mile from town. Three

*After the massacre at New Ulm, Minnesota, in 1862, there was general fear of the Indians throughout the Northwest. "Indian scares" were common in Wisconsin in the summer of '62, as some who read these pages can testify. No doubt some of those scares seem laughable now.

men were sent out every morning, after guard mounting, to each picket post. None of the officers had any picket duty to do there; I suppose it was thought that only privates could be trusted in such important service. When the three men arrived at their post those who had been there since the morning before were relieved from duty, and they betook themselves to camp. The men on any post made whatever arrangements they chose about the time each should be on the watch. During the day it was considered sufficient if one man remained at the post, and so the other two took some care to find and bring in a supply of fruit, green corn, and such other "garden-sass" as was within reach. At night each took his turn at keeping watch while his comrades slept.

When the weather was fine, and the post was favorably located with respect to peaches, melons and green corn, our turn at picket duty was truly a gala day. Our corporals and sergeants finding this out, used now and then to beg of us the privilege of going on picket in our places; and we generously let them do so.

One day Sergeant Chauncey Richardson wished to go out to the picket line in my place. It so happened that he was sent to the post where the Memphis R. R. crossed the Forki-deer River south-west of the village. The bridge had been burned, but the bent rails and some of the charred timbers lay athwart the stream just at the surface of the water, so that a few boards thrown along on the ruins made a sort of foot-bridge. While the sergeant was on the watch during the night, he espied through the darkness two heads bobbing up and down on the other side the river, as if their owners were approaching along the railroad track.

"Halt!" shouted Sergt. Richardson. The challenge was instantly heeded, but a second or two later one of the heads disappeared in the darkness. Then came the noise of plunging and struggling through the mud and bushes in the marsh by the side of the track. It sounded to him as if a small army were trying to retreat in terror at his simple command to halt. Gradually the noise in the underbrush receded, and

at last it quite died away. But, for all that, one head was still visible on the opposite side of the river. In answer to the sergeant's challenge, "Who goes there?" he was made to understand that it was nobody but a poor negro coming into the Union lines in the hope of gaining his freedom.

Though somewhat frightened at having come into contact with real Yankee soldiers, he was persuaded to pick his way across the river. The boys on the post assured him of their friendship and he stayed with them till morning. He said his companion was a negro woman whom he fell in with on his way, and who was herself "gwan to be free." But, when she heard the challenge from the picket post, she was so frightened that she took at once to flight through the swamp.

The man gave his name as Tom Allen. He said he had come twenty or thirty miles from his master's plantation; that he had left his wife and children there, but hoped to go back and get them whenever he should get settled somewhere.

The next morning Tom came to camp with Sergeant Richardson, and it was soon settled that he should become cook for "Squad Seven." From this time on, until we came home on "veteran furlough," Tom Allen was as much a Co. E man as any of us; and I do not know that we ever had a man in the company who commanded more respect from us than he did. He must have been as much as six feet and four inches, in height, and had the build and muscle of a giant. He handled pork-barrels about as readily as the rest of us did cracker-boxes. He always bore himself in a quiet, dignified manner, and appeared to have the judgment of a man of considerable culture. He seemed hardly to belong to the same race with some of the real "darkies" about camp. He was, at that time, twenty-nine years old.

For some time after Tom began to cook for us he seemed lonesome without his wife and children. Many times he wondered what they thought had become of him. But, meeting daily with a great many buxom young wenches, his lonesomeness after a while gave way to a rather contented state of

mind, and he concluded that under such agreeable circumstances life was still well worth living. Old Tom's subsequent history will be followed in connection with that of other members of the company.

We had not only picket duty to do at Humboldt, but also to stand on camp guard; however, taking both together we were not on duty more than one day in the week. Since we had very little drilling to do, we found an abundance of leisure. We did not object to this, as the weather was warmer than any to which we had been used: we spent much of the time in trying to keep cool.

Now and then we asked for passes to go out into the country in order to commune with nature, as it were, and sample the fruits of the land. In general we found them good, especially the peaches.

I have said that Colonel Bryant had sometimes a bluff way of speaking to us boys when we went with a pass for him to countersign. One day at Humboldt I secured a pass from Captain Gillispie, and went to find the Colonel so as to get his signature. I met him on the walk from the station to camp. In a rather timid way I told him what I wished. He astonished me by looking fiercely at me and shouting out:

"Don't you know that I will not countersign a pass for any darned man in the regiment?"

I said yet more timidly that I didn't know it, or I would not have come to ask him; at which he shouted,—

"Have you got a pencil?"

I meekly answered, "Yes," and wondered why he wished to know. Next he demanded, in about the tone he was wont to use on battalion drill,—

"Give it to me, sir!"

I gave it immediately, willing to do anything to soften his seeming displeasure concerning me. Again he roared,—

"Turn around, sir!"

I did so, fairly trembling with fright and embarrassment.

Then he put my pass on my back, scribbled his name

across the face of it as we all know no other man could have done it, and then shouted louder than before—

“Take this, sir, and go to the country!”

It would be hard to say whether I was the more astonished, frightened or pleased at this peculiar interview. I tried to stammer my thanks, but before I could say anything he was well on his way down to the station.

This was one of Colonel Bryant's ways of doing things; and now, after twenty-eight years, we boys can look back at his many oddities as just so many trap doors opening into a storehouse of quaint humor, unbounded generosity, and broad sympathy. There are very few of the old boys of “The Twelfth” who cannot to-day tell of like experiences with “The Little Corporal,” as we often called him; and we still love him all the better for these little peculiarities. Men may have great respect for dignity in a superior, but dignity alone does not draw to itself much of love and affection.

In general, our camp life in Humboldt was very quiet and homelike. As we remained so long, we got boards from old buildings in the vicinity and made tables, benches, and even dining rooms,—as well as other conveniences. Here we read such books and papers as we could get, and wrote our letters home. Some of the boys wrote the very sweetest letters on those rough tables to the present mothers of my gentle readers, and thither good Chaplain Mason brought the sweet answers to those letters.

I have not mentioned the fact that it was one of the duties of the chaplain of the regiment to attend to our mail matters. Whenever a mail train arrived, he would get all the mail belonging to the whole regiment. Then, when he rode up to camp, he would give that most welcome shout, “*Mail!*”

Chaplain Mason had a peculiar way of saying that word on such occasions so that every man in the regiment could hear it, and when the men heard the ever welcome word, there would be a shout of joy in the camp. Sometimes hundreds of men would run to him and stand around his horse watching eagerly the bunches of letters handed over to the Orderly

sergeants of the various companies, whose business it was to take the mail from the chaplain.

When all had been given out, the eager crowd would dissolve, the men of the different companies following their respective sergeants to the company street. Here the Orderly would mount a box or a barrel and read off the names on the envelopes, passing each one out as its owner gladly and vigorously shouted, "*Here!*" When the last name was read, this crowd also dissolved, each person to read his own letter and meditate on what it contained of joy or sorrow, encouragement or advice given or asked, love or friendship.

Oh, those comings of the mail ! always sweet in expectation, generally so in realization; but it could not well be otherwise than that some letters brought sadness with them. Those of us who have been there have seen more than one poor fellow reading a letter that was well moistened with tears before he folded it and put it away. And we have seen some poor fellows who, for one reason or another, never got any letters; and that seemed worse than to receive now and then one that brought tears with it.

I want once more, as I have already done many times in my life, to call down the very choicest blessings of heaven upon the heads of those good men and women, and boys and girls, who wrote good letters to the boys in the war. Please read Matt. 25: 45.

SOLDIERS' LETTERS.

The Mail ! The Mail !

"And sunburned cheeks and eager eyes
Come crowding round the captain's tent;
Each outstretched hand receives the prize
For fond perusal meant.
Unless distressing news be told,
The letters naught of pain convey,
For friends at home will never scold
The lad that's far away.

The Mail ! The Mail !

"And toil-stained hands are closing there,
 How rough ! how very coarsely moulded !
 On dainty missives, fresh and fair,
 By dainty fingers folded.
 For kindly thoughts pursue the youth
 Who battles with his country's foe;
 And soiled attire nor guise uncouth
 Prevents their genial flow.

The Mail ! The Mail !

"A father's word of pride and cheer,
 A mother's admonition,
 A sister's blessing—oh, how dear !
 A brother's generous wishing.
 And many missives frank and bright—
 Each page a volume of delight—
 From early friend and neighbor boy,
 A brimming cup of joy.

The Mail ! The Mail !

"And stillness rules the boisterous throng,
 And 'silence half an hour prevails' —
 The heaven of those who wait so long
 The coming of the mails.
 Each reads his own, and these alone,
 No soldier seeks to play the spy;
 And letters wheresoever thrown
 Are safe from every eye."

A bit of romance is connected with a letter that one of our boys got once upon a time. It seems that a year or two before the war, he had, as boys are very apt to do, got sight of a bewitching combination of bright eyes, rosy cheeks and sweet smiles; and he had, in consequence, got to appearing dreamy, absent-minded and sentimental, and to showing other certain signs of being in — *love*, — a condition every true man falls into sooner or later.

One day in March, 1860, he wrote a letter to the little witch who had charmed him into such a blissful state, and that letter, it seems, contained a question, the answer to which would have power either to lift him up to the seventh heaven of delight or plunge him down deep into misery. He put the

letter into the office, and then, half in hope, half in fear, awaited an answer; but none came. I can see him, in fancy, going day after day for the answer, and, after finding none, wandering dreamily, sadly, homeward, wondering which to blame,—*her* or Uncle Sam.

Well, time passed on, weeks passed into months—and no answer. I think I will now copy a part of a letter written by that same little witch of a girl more than thirty years afterward, in which *she* tells about the epistle containing that important question:—

“It was written in March, 1860, and I received it in January, ’62. The funny part of it was, in August, ’61, Trume brought a load of his cousins, and other friends, up to where I lived, and I joined the party, and we were together for a week picking blackberries, and he did not have the courage to ask me if I ever received his letter. Of course I was entirely ignorant of his having written *such* a letter, so we picked berries together, climbed over rough places, walked and talked, and chatted together, thoroughly enjoying ourselves, until the week had come to an end and we must separate and go home. He thinking that I had been offended at his presumption,—and I thinking—well, I sincerely wished he were not so bashful.

“He went home, and in the first letter I got from him he told me he had enlisted—because I had advised him to do so. I was proud of him, and letters full of encouragement went to him often.

“To make a long story short, a little girl found *that letter* where it had been mailed nearly two years before, and she took it to her auntie, an intimate friend of mine, who also knew the writer of the letter. As the child had torn the envelope open, she read the letter and then sent it to me.

“I *answered it* satisfactorily to both of us, and you know the rest. It had been lost in moving the postoffice from the old building into a new one; but it came to light after all that time and served its purpose.

“When my letter reached him he was sick in the hospital,

and *such* a letter as the poor fellow wrote me then! He thought no one could be more foolish than a bashful man can be."

I have no doubt our sick comrade called down blessings upon the head of that little girl.

Sometimes the chaplain preached to us of a Sunday, but not very often. When he did so, he had a good congregation of the boys sitting around him on the ground. Because of ill-health, he resigned his position on the 14th of August, '63. After this we were nearly a year without a chaplain. July 2, '64, Henry J. Walker, of Co. A, was appointed to fill the vacancy, and he served till the end of the war.

William De Loss Love, in his history of "Wisconsin in the War," says of our regiment, "There was in the regiment considerable religious interest. Prayer meetings were held regularly, and in Co. A there were fifty who openly professed to be Christians. Their captain was a Christian minister."

The men of the regiment who were interested in religious matters united themselves, somewhat informally, into a religious association soon after the regiment was organized. After this, whenever we were settled in any place for some length of time, this society held meetings regularly for religious worship. Sometimes there was much interest in these meetings, and they were the means of several conversions.

One of the most faithful and consistent Christian men in our regiment was Deacon James M. Sexton, of our own company. His influence was steadily on the side of right in all moral questions. Sometimes the presence of the godly man was an almost unwelcome check upon the boys when some questionable fun was afoot among them.

The Deacon did not often reprove by *word* being a very mild and modest man; his disapproving *look* often took the real zest out of some of our ill-advised fun, so that we felt that we might have had more real enjoyment in refraining from such actions.

None of us boys can ever fully comprehend the good influence of such a man among us until we are able to open our

eyes understandingly upon all the mysteries of the Kingdom of God among men.

Blessed be the memory of good Deacon Sexton !

There are many events connected with our camp life in Humboldt that come to my mind as I write. I would like to record them, but I am aware that my space is rather limited. One daily incident I will mention. At eight o'clock each morning the "Surgeon's Call" was sounded by a single drummer. Directly afterward, all the sick men not in the hospital were making their way up to the surgeon's tent. When there, each man received the doctor's attention and whatever medicine his case seemed to require, after which all dispersed to their respective quarters.

This gathering of the sick was quite an interesting spectacle—to those who were "pretty well, thank you."

Inasmuch as diarrhœa was a very prevalent disease, most of the fellows who were sick about the tents came to be pretty lank ; they presented in particular an appearance of *goneness* in the region of the stomach. This vacancy in front gave the body a sort of stooping attitude, and when a poor fellow got up on his trembling legs with a staff in his right hand to cane himself along withal, and his left hand resting tenderly and caressingly upon the pit of his distressed stomach, his woe-begone expression of countenance giving ample evidence of the painful state of affairs within his anatomy, he was, indeed, a pitiable sight to behold. Thirty or forty of such sick men slowly moving from various parts of the camp toward a common center in front of the surgeon's tent would call for sympathy from anyone whose heart was not stone. But then we got so used to it that we did not think much of it, until some day when our own bowels kicked up a rumpus and we, too, were forced to join the solemn procession at "Surgeons' Call."

I have heard it rumored in camp that now and then a fellow would get a long cane, put on a distressed look, and hobble painfully up to the doctor's in order to get excused from duty when the disturbance in his stomach was only a hungry

craving for pork and beans. I suppose, if such a thing was ever true, it must have been because he honestly mistook the nature of his inmost feelings ; not because he wanted to shirk duty!

But, for all this, many a brave boy worn out with fatigue and becoming a victim to that disease so common in camp on account of improper food, having stuck to his regular duty, refusing to give up and call himself sick, keeping up at least the appearance of cheerfulness, has at last been obliged to go to the doctor for medicine. Day by day his form has become thinner and his legs weaker, until they have refused to carry him. Then, in order that he might be more comfortable, his comrades have helped him up to the hospital, and seen him put to bed on a clean, white cot ; they have hoped that he will then pick up and get along all right ; they have gone day after day to see him, and found that for all the care given him he has grown still weaker, his voice faint. Then there has come a morning when they have gone up and found him very white and still—no pain ; rest—peace. Dear old comrades, how *real* this all seems !

Army doctors used quinine as a medicine so commonly that Surgeon's Call came to be known as "Quinine Call." The doctors did not take time to ask the patient many questions as to his ailments; they generally took a hasty look at his tongue, felt his pulse, and then ordered the hospital steward, or some other assistant, to prepare the medicine.

So much faith did some surgeons seem to have in their ability to find out by a glance at his tongue, the state of health of every one who came to them for help, that some good jokes upon the doctors came to be told among the men. One poor fellow who had marched till his feet were all blistered so that walking was a torture, happening to see his regimental surgeon passing by, asked for a chance to ride in an ambulance, telling the good doctor how his feet troubled him. That worthy healer of diseases got down from his horse and mechanically said to the man, "Stick out your tongue." Taking a hasty glance at the unruly member.

the learned M. D. said, "Your tongue is all right; you can walk."

One bright moonlight evening the men in one of our tents went to bed rather early, but they lay talking some time upon various topics. But one by one they dropped asleep, and all was still. One of them began at once to dream, and he had a vision of an army coming to attack us. The excitement of the moment aroused him partially, and he arose from his bunk, crossed the tent, stooped down and looked out the tent door and down across the parade ground toward the station. It happened that just at that time the nine o'clock relief of the camp guard was marching along the parade ground. Our somewhat excited comrade, seeing the bayonets of the squad shining bright in the moonlight, in his overwrought imagination multiplied the fifteen or twenty bayonets by a thousand, and he was then sure the enemy was upon us in great numbers. He arose to his feet as well as his trembling legs would let him and said in a suppressed, but greatly agitated, tone, "My God! we're all surrounded!"

None of the boys were very sound asleep as yet, and they all heard the startling announcement. It brought them all to a sitting posture at once. And then there was a hurried search for trousers, and a seizing of guns; such was the confusion that every one laid hold of his bunk-mate's clothes instead of his own, and then did not know what was the proper thing under the circumstances to do first,—to load his gun or dress himself. For a few seconds there was a lively crowd in that tent. But it all at once occurred to one of the men that, for a time of being charged upon and surrounded by a large force of the enemy, it was tolerably quiet outside the tent; and so he asked, "Well, what's up, any how? What's all this fuss about?"

The exceeding quietness that seemed to reign in camp did appear a little inconsistent with a tumultuous charge of the enemy, but no one seemed able to answer the question. Then some one ventured to look out of the tent and across

the parade ground. All was quiet everywhere, the camp lying white and still in the bright moonlight.

No one seemed to know just what had caused such a stir, still most of the boys remembered having heard the agitated announcement about our being "all surrounded." It was asked who ever said such a thing. One or two men had recognized the voice, and so told who it was that declared that we were so penned in. Then all asked, "Where is —— now?" No one could tell. His bunk was empty and he himself did not seem to be in the tent. Just then our missing comrade came crawling from under one of the bunks. Of course he was asked all sorts of questions about the matter. He was a little embarrassed at first, but finally explained his part of the rather exciting incident.

He said that he had dropped asleep and dreamed of an attack. Just then two oxen came across the parade ground and went bellowing along through our company street. His dream transformed the noise made by the oxen into the yelling of a charging line of Rebels. Running across the tent and looking out, he observed the line of guards on their march, and thought surely they were a heavy column of the enemy. Then he made the startling announcement to the men in the tent that they were "all surrounded." "But why did you crawl under the bunks?" asked one of the boys. "Why," said he, "I thought, rather impulsively, that if the enemy were so close upon us, and in such large numbers, there would be little use in our making any defense,—being so taken by surprise, and not being dressed; and so I thought to make myself safe from the first onslaught by hiding, and I expected when that was over to come out and give myself up as prisoner."

His comrades received the explanation with some subdued laughter, and then there followed a running conversation on the subject, till a voice from the next tent said, "Oh, you fellows, shut up and go to sleep! The idea of being scared half to death by a couple of bellowing oxen!"

Up to this time they thought no one outside their own tent

knew of the incident. They that knew if the story of the scare should get out, there would be no end of fun made of them. And so they formed a sort of secret society, every man pledging himself not to tell a word about the affair outside the tent. This done, they all went to sleep in a sort of nervous state for fear that the Rebels *might still* attack them before morning.

Do the ladies who read this story believe that nobody in that tent gossiped—told the secret they had pledged to keep? If so, just change your minds; it was known next day by everybody in the company, and they all for a long time found infinite amusement in saying something to the men of that particular tent about being “all surrounded.”

While at Humboldt, Samuel D. Burhans, of Delton, came to our company as a new recruit. Sam was of a lively turn, and he entered at once upon his camp duties for all he was worth. When he went on picket for the first time he received the instructions so well known to all old soldiers: “If you see any object approaching the post, shout out the order, *halt!* If it does not stop, give the order again; if not then, give the order the third time. If it does not halt by this time, fire at it.”

Sam went on duty at night determined to carry out his instructions to the letter—if he had a chance. He had not been long on the watch when he saw a white object coming along the road toward him. “Halt!” he shouted, in a tone of considerable authority. All the same, whatever it was that he saw through the darkness still came leisurely towards him. Two more “Halts” rang out in pretty quick succession on the still night air and were followed by a *bang!* that awoke the echoes and the sleeping birds for a mile in every direction. Upon this, the white object seemed to turn and move quietly back in the direction whence it came till it disappeared.

Sam speculated considerably as to what it was he shot at. The mystery was solved a day or two later, when an old

spotted ox was found dead a short distance down the road from where Sam stood; he had, indeed, shot to some purpose.

I have before said that at Humboldt a detail of men of our regiment was mounted for the purpose of doing duty as cavalry scouts. This detail consisted of ten men from each company, making in all one hundred, over whom Captain Maxson, of Co. A, was appointed commander. They did not serve more than two or three weeks, I think, in that capacity.

When it was decided to form this company of mounted infantry, it was something of a question as to where the necessary horses were to be gotten. But Colonel Bryant, acting under orders from Gen. Grant, at Corinth, detailed Lieutenant Linnell, of our company, to take a squad of men and scour the surrounding country in search of horses. The lieutenant had a horse furnished him for this duty, but the men went out on foot; they did not come back afoot, however. They secured in all about eighty horses. The lieutenant gave the people from whom they took the horses receipts for them. If they were able to prove themselves loyal to the government, they could get for these receipts vouchers from the quarter-master, which would ultimately enable them to get pay for their horses from the government.

Lieutenant Linnell writes, under date of May 14, 1890: "We had some queer experiences in getting those horses. At one place the lady of the house, whose husband was probably in the Rebel army, was very kind to us,—in fact was getting dinner for our party, and was quite entertaining in her conversation, and by various attentions. I thought such good will rather peculiar. About the time we were seated at the table, one of our boys learned from a negro that some fine horses were being run off while we were feasting. Well, we cut our dinner pretty short, went in pursuit, and soon overhauled the whole of them; and then came back by way of the house to bid our kind hostess farewell. I think she was the maddest woman I saw during the war."

One of the men detailed from our company for service in

this cavalry company was William Fisher. The horse assigned to Fisher was a large and powerful one, and inclined to be vicious. One day, while Captain Maxson was forming a squad for a scout, this horse became unmanageable, and finally reared up and fell over backwards. Fisher was not a very good horseman, and, not being able to save himself, his horse fell upon him and hurt him so badly that he lived but a short time. His death occurred September 14th. By Will Fisher's untimely death we lost another of our very best men. He was a quiet, pleasant young man, and was always ready for duty.

During the latter part of our stay at Humboldt, scattering bands of Rebels used to attack the trains on the road to Corinth. It, therefore, became necessary to send an armed guard with each train. Our regiment was called upon to send these guard details over the road. The distance from Humboldt to Corinth is about 80 miles. We went down one day and back the next. (I wonder if any one remembers the rats where we used to sleep over night at Corinth.) This trip afforded us—when it came our turn to go—a delightful bit of variation from the monotony of our camp life at Humboldt; and we felt the duty to be a rare treat. But there were times when there was more danger than fun, for the Rebels often relieved the monotony of *their* camp life by being on hand to fire at the train. This never happened when I went down to Corinth, but I have heard some of the boys tell of its being done. I do not recollect that any of our men were ever hit by these shots. When the attack was made upon Corinth, October 2, the train guards came near being captured.

During our stay at Humboldt, Captain Gillespie went home on furlough. While there he secured a number of recruits for our company, the following being the names and dates of enlistment :

August 30, Jas. A. Cope, Elias Stevens, Edwin M. and Ferdinand Truell, all of Linden, Juneau County, and Robt. Bond, of Dellona; August 14, Nathan D. and William H.

Harrison, of New Buffalo, and Samuel D. Burhans, of Delton. Also, on October 1, Oran M. Wharry, of Dellona, enlisted, and he was assigned to our company. S. D. Burhans, as has already been stated, joined us at Humboldt, but the others came to us a little later—at Bolivar, Tennessee. There was also another addition to our company at Humboldt in the person of James Price. Price was an octoroon, and had been, I think, a slave in the vicinity.

Up to October 1, '62, the following named men had been discharged from our company because of disability of one kind or another: John Bromley, June 21; Francis Brown, April 18; John W. Bullis, May 1; A. E. Gloyd, April 18; Chas. Gloyd, January 2; James A. Edwards, June 11; J. G. Hubbell, September 9; Amos J. Jameson, April 24; James C. Knapp, August 3; James Slater, January 1; Joseph Waddell, May 15; William L. Watson, August 17; Charles M. Ward, July 5, all in '62; Erastus Cosper, November, 15, 1861.


Enos Johnston died of disease, on the 27th day of August. He was a very quiet man, saying so little that none of the boys seemed to get very well acquainted with him; but he was always a faithful soldier till disease and death relieved him from duty.

Up to this time the company had lost in various ways twenty men; and this loss had been, in part, balanced by eleven recruits.

And thus ends the first year of our service.

CHAPTER XII.

WE JOIN THE MAIN ARMY.

O far in our service it had not been our fortune to be attached to any of the main divisions of the army. At no time had we been associated with more than three or four regiments. Our being thus on detached service, as it were, was a means of keeping us clear from such heavy fighting as most of our troops had already passed through. In the latter part of September, however, circumstances combined to remove us from our easy service and quiet life at Humboldt to the more arduous duties and constant excitement of a large army.

In September, Colonel Bryant went home on furlough, leaving the command of the regiment and the Post to Major Strong. On the nineteenth of September occurred the battle of Iuka, twenty miles east of Corinth. This was the first battle of a campaign by which the Rebel generals Price, Van Dorn and Viliipigue hoped to regain possession of Corinth and force the Union army back into Kentucky. In this battle they were defeated, but they made a fierce attack on Corinth on the second day of October. The next day the fight was a most stubborn conflict for the possession of the city and surrounding forts; but the Rebels, in spite of their splendid fighting, were obliged to acknowledge themselves defeated, and to withdraw to a position near Holly Springs. In their retreat they were hotly pursued, there being some severe fighting on the 4th and 5th of October, before Van Dorn and Price could get out of the way. The fighting on the 5th was about Pocahontas, near where the Rebels crossed the Hatchie river, and is known as "The Battle on the Hatchie."

While the enemy was getting ready to attack Corinth, Gen. Grant sent a dispatch to the commander of the Post at Humboldt asking how many men could be spared for the defense

of Corinth. Major Strong replied that the 12th Wisconsin, 1,000 strong, could be gotten ready in thirty minutes.* Orders came to take the cars that night for Bolivar; we did so, and the next morning we were there. We left the cars and marched to the eastern part of the town, where we lay all day within hearing of the booming of the cannon at the Hatchie. Why we were kept there, instead of being marched directly to the battle-field, I do not know,—unless it was to keep Sunday. That night, however, we were put in lively motion toward the front, marching the thirty miles in about ten hours. When we arrived, at sunrise, where the fighting of the day before had taken place, the Rebels were in full retreat toward the south. After a rest of a day we marched back with Gen. Hurlbut's army to Bolivar. Here we went into camp and remained until November 3, having been assigned to the 3rd Division of the 17th Army Corps.

On Sunday night, while on the march from Bolivar to the Hatchie, we were halted for a short rest by the roadside. The boys were so tired that they lay down and fell asleep at once. During our sleep a carriage came driving along the road from the direction of Bolivar. When in the midst of the sleeping men by the roadside, it stopped, and a little man of a sandy complexion, and dressed in a colonel's uniform, dismounted, peered through the darkness at the forms of the sleeping men, and shouted in a voice that had no uncertain ring about it,—“ Boys, what in *hades* are you doing here?”

Such a voice would awaken the seven sleepers, and it brought every man of us to his feet, when such a shout went up from the camp as made the heart of Colonel Bryant truly glad. Major Strong tried to stop the racket, but his authority did not count when it was known that the colonel was with us again, and the boys cheered to their hearts' content. He had come back to Humboldt from Madison, and, finding us gone, had followed us, overtaking us there in the woods.

Our stay at Bolivar, of nearly a month, was not very eventful. We had little to do excepting camp duty. It was

*I don't think the Major *counted* us.

here that we were joined by Captain Gillispie and the recruits I have already named—the Truell brothers, the Harrison brothers, Cope, Stevens, Bond and Wharry. Bond was father-in-law to our Alvaro N. Griffin; Wharry was brother to our Will Wharry.

Cope really deserves a paragraph by himself. He was a bouncing recruit. His height was six feet and five and a half inches. But, for all of his unusual tallness, he did not feel it necessary to draw in his ribs and stomach and make himself a sort of skeleton. He just took on flesh and rejoiced in latitude as well as longitude. Moreover, his good nature was quite as extensive in every direction as his body. Cope could generally get enough to eat, for the government was, as a rule, liberal in the matter of rations; but Uncle Sam, not expecting many recruits cut out after so large a pattern, did not send down clothing big enough for such as Cope, consequently he stuck some distance out of his uniform at every extremity. But whether in his uniform or out, Cope was every inch of him a good soldier. And I may say that all the above named recruits very soon came to be as efficient soldiers as the best we had in our company. They were given a right hearty welcome by all of our boys.

It was, no doubt, a wise plan adopted by Uncle Sam, of sending many newly enlisted men to fill up the vacant places in the ranks of his veteran regiments; for their association with the soldiers who had seen considerable service, soon made them familiar with all the duties of camp life. It is evident that where all were raw recruits, as in a new regiment, much more time was necessary to get such familiarity.

There being but little to do at Bolivar, outside of guarding the camp Captain Gillispie took occasion to renew our acquaintance with military tactics by putting us each day through an exercise on the drill-ground. This was mostly for the benefit of our new recruits. We had a fine large parade ground in front of camp, and so we quite enjoyed our hour in the ranks.

We had in our company a comrade who was so liberal and



JAMES A. COPE,
COMPANY E.

broad in his very nature, good humored and jolly, withal, that even his physical make-up betokened his generous heart ; he *toed out* at an angle of 45° . In walking, his broad smile and his wide-sweeping pedal extremities showed him to be no narrow-minded weakling ; he made a path wide enough for two. But when he was in the ranks, this broad-gauged walking sometimes sadly interfered with the heels and shins of the men who marched in front of him, in the rear of him, to the right of him and to the left of him. Because he *toed out* so, he came by common consent to be called “Sprangle-foot.” He accepted the name with the same good nature that gave it, and swung his feet wider than ever.

One day while on drill, Captain Gillispie, having marched us some forty rods from camp, formed us in lines facing the tents. He then gave the order, “Forward, *march!*” Bidding us “Guide, *right,*” he ordered “Double quick, *march.*” Next came the order, “Charge, *bayonets!*”

Now, anyone who has tried it knows that it is not easy to march on double-quick very far at a charge bayonet, and keep a good line. But we were doing our best on this occasion. All were looking—or trying to do so, at least—toward the front with one eye, and toward the right with the other. Close attention to this sort of thing tended to draw our minds from the keeping of our muskets at the proper angle, and, with the extra weight of the fixed bayonets, they naturally dropped lower and lower as we went on. I hardly need say that “Spranglefoot” found this sort of exercise a trying one. What with his trying to keep in line, looking out for his feet, and holding his musket in the right position, to say nothing of his sweating and panting, he had, like the rest of us, too much on hand at one time. So his musket dropped lower and lower, he being quite unconscious of the fact, so intent was he in “guiding right.”

At last, the point of “Spranglefoot’s” bayonet got so low that it stuck into the ground. Oh, “*what* a fall was there, my countrymen!” The impetus of our comrade urged him forward, and his musket turned a somersault and carried him

over the circumference of which it formed the moving radius. He struck on his shoulders and came to a halt on his back, his feet pointing, the one toward the right of camp, the other toward the left. But that was not all; on his way over, his extremities flew about in all directions, upsetting men to his right and left, and, in fact, so demoralizing the ranks as to bring the gallant charge to an inglorious but an uproariously funny end. After a hearty laugh, in which we were led by "Spranglefoot" himself, we re-formed and went on with the drill.

While we were in camp at Bolivar the regimental Religious Association men found themselves without a meeting house. But some of them sought out a quiet place in a ravine a short distance north of camp, where they built a primitive sort of tabernacle of leafy boughs held up by a few posts and poles. Into this they rolled some logs for seats, and here they worshipped God as acceptably, and with, do doubt, as much religious enjoyment as do some of them now in cushioned pews.

I remember going there to a meeting one night. (I ought to have gone oftener.) There were no candles burning, but the moon gave just light enough to make each worshipper dimly visible. A gentle breeze lightly stirred the leaves, and brought with it a delicious coolness after a rather warm day. As the old prayer meeting tunes arose from the lips of the men, and were borne on the night air out among the trees and down the ravine, a peculiar solemnity seemed to pervade the place, moving one to serious thoughts and good resolutions.

In such a place, and at such a time, Coronation, Balerna, and Ortonville had a peculiar power that trained choirs cannot give to them. The prayers were fervent and strong in faith, and the testimonies of the Christian soldiers gathered there were worth more to those who listened than so many studied sermons on hard problems in theology. And never until the books are opened at the last great day, shall the hallowed influences of those simple services in the woods be fully understood. As I write to-day of those meetings, there

comes to me again and again the first line of Bryant's beautiful and noble Forest Hymn, "The Groves were God's first Temples."

I do not recollect any other incident connected with our stay at Bolivar that is worth recording, excepting, perhaps, that our regiment with a few other troops, went out on some sort of expedition, the object of which I have forgotten. I think we were gone about two days. We belonged to "The Army of the Mississippi," and were under the command of General Grant. We had heard much of him ever since the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, and, after our joining his command at Bolivar, we had frequent opportunities of seeing him.

At that time General Grant was planning a great campaign, which was no less than a movement down through Mississippi to capture Vicksburg, the key to the river above New Orleans. On the 3d of November the army began its southward march. The next day it encamped in the vicinity of Grand Junction and La Grange.

The general advance southward from this place was not made until the 28th of November, but we were not idle in the meantime. On the 8th of the month Gen. McPherson with a large force, of which our regiment formed the advance, went on a reconnoissance in the direction of the Coldwater river. After a march of about twenty-five miles, we went into camp for the night. The general impression among us the next morning was that we should, during the day, encounter the enemy. After getting under way, our cavalry scouts ascertained that a considerable detachment of Rebel horsemen was in the vicinity. I think the organization was known as "Jackson's Cavalry."

Our advance that day was slow and cautious. In the afternoon a battery was ordered forward and stationed on a hill by the roadside, where the guns were in excellent position to repel an attack from the enemy in our front. Our regiment was ordered to hurry forward to the support of the

battery. Everything seemed to indicate that the officers expected an immediate engagement.

It may be well for me to pause just here and tell what is meant by "supporting a battery." A battery of light artillery consists of six guns. Accompanying each gun-wagon there is a wagon carrying ammunition, called a *caisson*. When in position for action, the gun-wagons—or gun carriages—are placed in line along the brow of a hill, or in some other advantageous position, the guns pointed to the front, the hind wheels—the ones on which the guns are placed—being detached from the front wheels. The six *caissons*, with ammunition, are placed each in the rear of the gun carriage to which it belongs. The cannoneers take position at the guns, ready to load and fire, the men whose duty it is to bring the ammunition from the *caisson* take their proper places, while the drivers dismount and hold the horses. The troops supporting the battery may lie on the ground just in the rear of the guns, or, if ordered to do so, a few yards in front of them. It is the business of these men to hold themselves in readiness to defend the battery against any charge that may be made against it, and if the most of the horses are killed, and there seems great danger of the guns being captured by the enemy, to assist in running them off by hand.

On this occasion we lay upon the ground in front of the guns expectantly scanning the woods beyond the field that sloped downward from where we lay. For a short time all was quiet, and we all had a good opportunity to prepare our minds for battle. Our meditations were brought to a sudden close by sharp firing about a mile to our right front. It continued a few minutes and then ceased. We remained in our position some time, but no enemy came. It turned out that there were not many Rebels in our front, after all, and that the little skirmish we heard had routed them. The fighting had been between four hundred of the enemy's cavalry and a detachment of our cavalry assisted by the 3d Iowa Infantry. The result of the skirmish was a loss to the Rebels

of sixteen men killed and over one hundred and fifty prisoners, several of whom were severely wounded.

The desired information concerning the enemy in that vicinity having been obtained, the expedition returned on the 10th of the month, to La Grange. If I remember rightly, we made one other expedition in the direction of the Coldwater river during the month of November, but I do not recall any of the details of the movement.

Our stay at La Grange was pleasant. Our camp was in the edge of a forest of fine timber. In general, the weather was good—much like our “Indian Summer.” We had but little duty to do besides going on camp guard. I recollect that while in camp there Colonel Bryant, for some reason or other, ordered that no man—not even an officer—be allowed to go out of camp without a pass. The camp guards were strictly charged to see that the order was fully respected. One night, just after sundown, the colonel walked slowly along the path that led up to the road passing the camp. When he reached the guard line he received from the sentinel there on duty a peremptory order to “*halt!*” As the challenge seemed to mean business, the colonel came to a standstill. When he asked the guard what he meant by thus stopping the colonel of the regiment and not allowing him to go out of camp, that good soldier replied that he was simply obeying orders, and he assured the colonel that he should continue to act up to his instructions.

The colonel smiled good-naturedly, and then, turning his face toward camp, shouted so that all in the regiment could hear him, “*Adjutant! adjutant! bring me a pass! this darned guard won't let me out!*” Then a shout went up from the camp, every man laughing his hearty appreciation of the joke on the colonel. But no one in the regiment enjoyed the matter better than the colonel himself. He knew the guard had done right, and he said to himself, no doubt, “Here is a good soldier; he will do for promotion.”

A part of the time at La Grange we had flour issued to us instead of hard-tack. Our ordinary cooking consisted in fry-

ing a bit of bacon and making some coffee, with now and then the boiling of a camp-kettle full of beans. Our getting flour necessitated a new item in our cooking arrangements. There seemed no way of getting our flour ready for dinner except by making it into pancakes. And, oh, those pancakes! Could you but see them, dear daughters of veterans, you would not much wonder that your fathers still grumble, now and then, about their stomachs.

We used to mix the batter with not much notion of how so to temper it as to make the cakes light and spongy. When cooked they were anything but that; still, they were a welcome change from the flinty hard-tack.

We had only one frying-pan to a squad of from fifteen to twenty men, and so there was a necessity for a fellow who was hungry to speak early for that single cooking utensil. When it was found that Jim or Bill was to use it first to cook his particular pancake, or "slap-jack," as we more commonly called them, Tom or Joe got the promise of Bill or Jim to let him have it next in order so as to cook his. And then Ed or Dan got the same promise from Tom or Joe, and so on through the squad, according to the promptness with which each "spoke for" it. By the time the last one of the squad got hold of the frying-pan, it was apt to be considerably past noon. But there was another thing to hurry a fellow up in getting a chance to cook his slap-jack besides the likelihood of being late at dinner, and that was the tendency the batter sometimes had of giving out before the last man could get the frying-pan.

One cake each made a ration for dinner, but then that cake was the full size of the pan, and was very thick. How do you suppose we turned them, girls? Do you think we had a supply of little shovels of the sort you use in upsetting the little buckwheat cakes you cook of a winter's morning? No, indeed. We just loosened the thing all around with a case-knife, seized the handle and then with a dexterous turn of the wrist flopped it over without spilling a drop of the batter.

Sometimes we did this successfully; at other times the cake dropped into the ashes.

Toward the close of the month Gen. Grant reviewed all his troops. I think it was when he reviewed our Division that we had our first opportunity of seeing him; but we saw him often afterwards. He was a plain-looking man with a business-like bearing, seemingly absorbed in thought. He was of medium height, thick-set, his body erect, but his head inclined slightly forward after the manner of deep thinkers. His beard was brown and cut so short as to appear stumpy. Gen. Grant was already becoming a marked character, and it was plain for us boys to see that he was to rise to eminence.

The plan of the coming campaign was to cut the Confederacy in two. New Orleans had already been taken, and the Union armies were endeavoring to move northward from there. It seemed as if the railroad leading from Cairo to New Orleans might be gotten possession of, and then Vicksburg captured; and this would open up the Mississippi river. Below Memphis there were only two strong points to be captured from the Rebels—Vicksburg and Port Hudson. Vicksburg was regarded by the Southerners as a veritable Gibraltar.

On the 28th of November the general movement toward the south along the line of the Cairo and New Orleans Railroad was begun. On the night of the 29th we camped at the pretty village of Holly Springs, about twenty-five miles south of La Grange.

I must relate an incident in connection with our regiment's going into camp at Holly Springs. It was after dark when we marched from the road into a grove of large oaks where we were to spend the night. Many large bunches of leaves lay on the ground among the trees, where they had been drifted by the wind. Matches applied to these leaves gave a number of bright fires, and the grove was brilliantly lighted. The unusual noise scared out of one of the leaf-piles a fat sow and half-a-dozen good-sized shoats.

Could anything be more delightful than this prospect for

fresh meat for supper ! Every man knew that his chances for such a supper would be assured by being himself the captor of one of those swine, and so the chase began at once, —several hundred men after seven or eight pigs. The swine dodged this way and that, a dozen men after each. Sometimes the whole dozen made a grab for the same pig at the same time. The result was, a dozen men all in a heap, the pig slipping out from under the pile and protesting in most vigorous swine language against such treatment, while a dozen other men gave him chase with something the same result as before.

The evening air was fairly loaded down with the squealing of pigs and the shouting of men. But, one by one, the unfortunate young porkers were gathered in and their squealing silenced forever. Yet the old sow seemed to defy her would-be captors. She ran this way and that through the darkness, now dodging one side then the other, and more than once running between the legs of some fellow just about to lay hold upon her, when quite to her astonishment, no doubt, as well as to the surprise of the boys, she ran headlong into an old well not far from where she was started out of her quiet rest. Poor old swine ! this was not her greatest misfortune ; a plan for her resurrection was quickly devised, and she soon suffered the sorrowful fate of her pigs. The savory smell that pervaded camp told the sad story of what became of them all—a good supper at the expense of the extermination of a whole pig family.

The next day we moved on toward the south. The advance came in contact with a few Rebels and drove them back with slight loss to either side. At night we went into camp at Waterford, near Lumpkin's Mills, and about nine miles south of Holly Springs ; there we remained in camp till the 10th of December. The country adjacent to Lumpkin's Mills is favorable to agriculture,—an undulating upland, and very pleasant in appearance ; but our camp was in an open field that got muddy on the slightest provocation, and, as it

was a very rainy time, we had a good chance to find out how sticky red clay is when wet.

Considerable of our subsistence came from the country, through the efforts of regular foraging parties. Gen. Grant made Holly Springs a great depot of supplies, bringing together there an immense amount of provisions and ammunition, intending to make that the base from which to draw such things as were necessary in our march southward. There will soon be something further to say concerning Holly Springs as our supply depot.

I must relate one little incident, which, though not concerning any of Company E, directly, afforded every man in the regiment a hearty laugh; and it will no doubt make the reader of these pages smile.

The enemy in his retreat before us southward from Holly Springs had left some ammunition in the woods near our camp at Lumpkin's Mills, and our boys found it. In the pile there were several conical shells for large field pieces, and some of these were brought up to camp. One of our companies had a young negro boy cooking for them. He must have been about fourteen years old, and he was a typical negro. His lips were thick, and his head was of the receding sort that ran backward and upward to about two stories in height. His color was of the blackest, his eyes and teeth were of the whitest, and his mirth and jollity so constant that he had come to wear a perpetual grin. His name was Cæsar.

One day, while his beans were cooking for dinner, Cæsar thought that it would add greatly to his pleasure to see "one 'o dem tings bust." Accordingly, he set it up on end by his fire, got a large coal and put it on top of the business end of it, then went down upon his hands and knees and began to *blow*. In due course of time things got warm in the top of that shell, and Cæsar's company, as well as the rest of the the regiment, thought the enemy had opened fire and sent a bomb shell, right into camp. As soon as they could collect their somewhat scattered senses, the men discovered the cause

of alarm. But where was Cæsar! Dead! blown all to atoms? Oh, no! But his curiosity had been satisfied. Because of some unaccountable chance—not reason—the pieces of the shell had flown in every direction excepting in Cæsar's. Yet the flash of the powder had burned off his eyebrows, his bangs, and so on up to the crown of his long head. His face had been badly burned and he was a sight to behold, yet he survived the shock. It was a long time before his eye brows and bangs ventured out again. As long as Cæsar staid with the regiment he was asked a hundred—or fewer—times a day how he like to see shells *bust*, and as often, he broadened his perpetual grin just a little, but said nothing—preferring, I suppose, to keep that bit of information to himself.

Gen. Van Dorn with the Rebel army had fortified himself on the Tallahatchie river, about seven miles south of Lumpkin's Mills. About the same time that Gen. Grant moved south from La Grange and Grand Junction, Gen. A. P. Hovey marched from Helena, Arkansas, intending to co-operate with Grant by striking Van Dorn's flank on the Tallahatchie. This movement caused the Rebels to retreat to the south of Oxford, closely followed by Grant. Having rendered this aid, Hovey returned to Helena.

We left Lumpkin's Mills on the 10th of December, passed through Waterford, Abbeville and Oxford, and camped at Yocona Creek, about thirty-five miles south of Holly Springs, on the 12th. About the 20th of December we were in camp at Water Valley eight or ten miles south of Yocona, and a little more than forty miles south of Holly Springs, Gen. Grant having his head-quarters at Oxford.

Here our whole army was brought to a pretty sudden right-about-face. Gen. Van Dorn, knowing of the immense store of supplies at Holly Springs, and in consideration of the distance between that important place and the main army, made a quick movement around to the north, and, on the morning of December 20, he made a successful attack on Holly Springs and captured not only the supplies but 1,800 men and 150

commissioned officers. The prisoners were at once paroled, and the rations, clothing and ammunition were destroyed.

In order to give the reader some notion of the loss the government sustained in this capture of Holly Springs, I copy an account of the affair from Harpers Pictorial History of the War, taken by the Harpers' from "The Richmond Dispatch" bearing date of January 15th, 1863:

"The surprised camp surrendered 1800 men and 150 commissioned officers, who were immediately paroled. And then commenced the work of destruction. The extensive buildings of the Mississippi Central Depot—the station-house, the engine-house, and immense store-houses—were filled with supplies of clothing and commissary stores. Outside the depot the pile of barrels of flour was estimated to be half a mile in length, one hundred and fifty feet wide, and fifteen feet high. Turpentine was thrown over this, and the whole amount destroyed. Up town, the court house and public buildings, livery-stables and all capacious establishments were filled ceiling-high with medical and ordnance stores. These were all fired, and the explosion of one of the buildings, in which were stored one hundred barrels of powder, knocked down nearly all the houses on the south side of the square. Surely such a scene of devastation was never before presented to the eye of man. Glance at the gigantic estimate:—

1,809,000 fixed cartridges and other ordnance stores, valued at \$1,500,000, including 5,000 rifles and 2,000 revolvers.

100,000 suits of clothing and other quartermaster's stores, valued at \$500,000; 5,000 barrels of flour and other commissary stores, valued at \$500,000.

\$1,000,000 worth of medical stores, for which invoices to that amount were exhibited, and 1,000 bales of cotton, and \$600,000 worth of sutlers' stores."

If these figures are correct, the capture of Holly Springs was a fearful loss to Gen. Grant.

Grant thought that Colonel Murphy, of the 8th Wisconsin, the commander of the post, might have made some show of

defence and kept the enemy back till the reinforcements he knew were coming, could reach the place. In fact, Gen. Grant called the untimely surrender a disgraceful one, and dismissed Murphy from the service.

It was the intention of the enemy to burn all the bridges clear back to Columbus, Kentucky, and so overrun the country that the Union army would have to give up all it had gained since the capture, during the previous winter, of Forts Donelson and Henry. But the Rebels found themselves unable to do all that.

Gen. Grant saw that it would be impossible successfully to guard so long a line of road, so he gave up this southern expedition and began to prepare for the capture of Vicksburg, during the coming summer, by using the Mississippi for the transportation of men and supplies. A big river cannot be cut off by burning a bridge or tearing up rails and ties; and it does not take much of an army of men to keep guard over it, as a railroad in an enemy's country always does.

About the time of the capture of Holly Springs, we were pretty nearly out of rations, and, as it became necessary to make a sudden start to march toward the north, we were sadly put to it for something to eat. The quartermaster decided that the mules must share their rations with us, and so corn in the ear was issued to us as the best that could be done under the circumstances; and the trouble was that there was not enough corn for full rations for either us or the mules. We marched two days with scarcely anything to eat. When we crossed the Tallahatchie river, at Abbeville, and found our wagon train and jolly Robert Bond with a camp kettle full of cold rice, we scraped that old kettle clean in a jiffy. Though I always abhorred boiled rice, I thought at that time it was the best food I had ever tasted. Such hunger as ours made all food delicious.

On the 27th of December we went into camp again near Lumpkin's Mills, but a mile or two north of our old camp ground in the vicinity; there we remained till the 8th of January.

As may be supposed, the great loss of provisions at Holly Springs left us on short rations. For a time we were obliged to depend almost entirely upon what we could get by foraging. A pretty good supply of meat could thus be procured, but no bread. Yet, as there was an abundance of corn in the country, and a mill was close at hand, men were detailed to take charge of the mill and grind the loads of corn brought in by our foragers.

As I have already said, one of the interesting facts about our Union armies was, that whatever work seemed necessary to be done, from handling a spade up to the most skilled labor, men could be found somewhere in the ranks equal to the emergency; and so we found millers. But I do not suppose that Lumpkin, whoever he was, ever intended his mills to grind choice meal for table use. I am of opinion, judging from the produce we lived on for a couple of weeks, that he meant they should simply bruise the corn a bit, so that cattle and swine could get away with it a little more easily than they could if fed to them in the ear. However that may be, our meal was coarse, very coarse; and, as we bravely swallowed it, the acute-angled grains and bits of cob of which it was composed so scratched our gullets that eating, even when down-right hungry, came to be a mixture of pain and pleasure. And then the general effect upon our digestive apparatus when our stomachs undertook to finish up the job of grinding the mill-stones had begun, was very marked. It is my opinion that the alimentary canal of more than one poor fellow hasn't yet got rid of the soreness caused by the meal our fellows ground at Lumpkin's Mills.

Our cookery at this time was simple. Old Tom would boil a big camp-kettle full of pudding, and fry a lot of meat. Then we would sit on our heels around the kettle and spoon out all we dared undertake to finish grinding, put some pork gravy on it to lubricate it for as easy a passage as possible, and then down with it. We kept a kettle of the pudding sitting in the middle of the tent, and ate at such intervals as we could stand it. This pudding washed down with corn

coffee, made what may well be called a corn diet. Inasmuch as the meal was furnished in large rations, and we had nothing else to do, we reduced materially the supply of corn in northern Mississippi, while in camp at Lumpkin's Mills.

All in all, this camp was not a pleasant one, and we were not at all sorry when, on the 8th of January, we were ordered to march northward to Moscow, Tennessee; a station on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, about ten miles west of La Grange and thirty-eight miles east of Memphis. We arrived at Moscow on the 11th of January, just a year after the day of our leaving camp Randall and good old Wisconsin.

As before stated, the next object of Gen. Grant was to approach Vicksburg by way of the "Father of Waters." Such a campaign necessarily required much preparation, as it was not to be completed until the next Fourth of July. A large portion of the army was sent on to Memphis, where Gen. Grant established his headquarters. Many small detachments of troops were placed along the railroads in our possession, in order to guard them from recapture by the enemy. It was the fortune of our regiment to be thus detached to do duty along the road toward Memphis for the remainder of the winter; and so it came about that our connection with the main army was severed, and that we entered again upon a quiet routine of camp and picket duty.

It had been nearly three and a half months since we left Humboldt and became a part of the main army under Gen. Grant. Though now and then within shot of the enemy, and hearing once in a while the big guns go off, we had not during the time been under fire; and, what is quite remarkable, the company lost no one by death, and only two—William Rolison, October 26, and James M. Solomon, November 17--by discharge. This fact would seem to show that constant marching and exposure to bad weather is no more unhealthful than an inactive life in a permanent camp.

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM MOSCOW TO MEMPHIS.

WE remained at Moscow from the 11th till the 15th of January, when we marched on toward Memphis to Lafayette, finally going into camp on the 20th, at a station called Collierville twenty-three miles from Memphis. This march from Moscow to Collierville covered a distance of only fifteen miles, yet it was in some respects one of the most disagreeable tramps of any we ever made. When we started out, the weather was warm—almost sultry. Then a heavy rain came on that flooded the roads in low places and ran in torrents down every ravine. Next, the rain changed into snow, and we arose one morning to find excellent sleighing. But the snow soon changed to slush and mud. After this the snow, slush, and mud froze stiff, and then there was cold comfort all round, for our moist garments froze stiff, too. A bit of “commissary” got loose in camp one night, and that added not a little to the general discomfort. I do not think any of our boys who were on that march recall it with any degree of satisfaction.

I will record one incident that occurred at Lafayette, and then pass on. The slush and mud had frozen, and the weather continued cold,—a dull, murky sky and a chilling wind making the afternoon particularly disagreeable. Where we went into camp for the night there was no decent fuel to be got, and we actually suffered from the cold as we gathered around our weak little fires, and listened to our chattering teeth.

Ed. Robinson got tired of the music his teeth made, and determined to put a stop to their clatter. So he took our axe—a dull one, of course,—and began operations upon a big white-oak tree that stood close by. Ed. worked with a right good will, and it was not long before he had the blood cours-

ing at a lively rate through his anatomy. His teeth quit their chattering, and he seemed the happiest man in the company.

Soon after he got well warmed up to his work, the old tree began to totter and sway, and then came down with a great crash. Ed. then took position on the log, about eight feet from the stump, and began to chop it off. By this time he was in a sweat, and the rest of the boys, seeing the comfortable result of his exercise, began to beg Comrade Robinson to let them take a turn at chopping. He, being of a generous nature, allowed them a chance to do some of the work. After the log had been cut into three or four eight-foot pieces, the great blocks were split up, a larger fire built, and the wood piled on. The result was a big fire that lighted up our camp and made things torrid for twenty feet in every direction,—and a lot of thawed-out soldiers.

We sat around this great fire and grew merry over our very truthful stories, and we concluded that on the whole the world was not quite so dreary and uncomfortable a place after all. I bless to-day the good nature and good sense of some of our boys who, when things got blue in camp, were in the habit of doing something to clear up the atmosphere and let the bright sunshine of merriment and good cheer quicken us with new life and courage.

More than once in the toil and perplexity of the work of life, when things have begun to look blue and discouraging, I have thought of Ed. Robinson's big camp fire—how it was the result of a little cheerful and extra effort when discomfort seemed to have got command of the camp—and then I have tried to put forth a cheerful, extra effort, and I have found that it has always let in more or less of sunshine.

For two reasons I am glad that Ed. chopped down the tree and built the big fire at Lafayette: first, it thawed me out; and second, his doing so taught me a lesson that has always been worth something to me.

As I have before stated, we got to Collierville and went into camp near the station on January 20. Our camp there

was not in a pleasant place, and the rainy, sometimes snowy, weather did not help it any. We were chiefly occupied in doing picket duty. This was given a little spice of excitement by the shooting of two men at different times, while on picket post, by some sneak of a Rebel lurking about in the vicinity. I think neither of the shots proved fatal, but for all that we did not feel very comfortable while on picket; for, since that fellow was liable to be hanging around any post at any time of night, we felt rather uncertain of our lives all the time we were on guard.

We had orders when on picket to conceal ourselves in some convenient spot and not to move any more than possible while on the watch; but some of the nights were disagreeably cold, and it came almost to be a question with us as to whether we would rather freeze or be shot. Some of the time we risked the being shot, by walking our beats on quick time in order to keep from freezing.

While at Collierville, we managed to live on the fat (meat) of the land. We had, too, a *variety* of meats. One of the boys cut an oak tree about six inches in diameter, trimmed it by cutting the limbs off about a foot from the trunk, and then leaned it up against a large tree in our company street. Every day one or more hogs, sheep, or calves would be brought in by the pickets, or by some of the other boys, and the carcasses would be hung upon one of the stubs of limbs of the young oak I have mentioned. The most of the time we had plenty of several varieties of meat hung thereon, and every body in the company helped himself to as much as he pleased of that he liked best. The young oak, so loaded down, came to be called "The tree of life." In some respects it was so.

Charley Fields and Rufus Johnson used frequently to go gunning for "gutter snipes." In one of their expeditions they came to an old log house in the woods. The people who lived there assured the boys that they were "right poor," and had scarcely anything to live on, and they implored the boys to spare what little they had. Appearances indicated

that the poor folks had told the truth, and this fact made them safe so far as Charley and Rufe were concerned; for they were not the boys to forage in such a place as that. So, after a short visit, they passed on, and not without success. On their way back, they hung one of the pigs they had captured on the limb of a tree just in front of the old log house; and they did this sort of thing more than once. They said they did it in order to equalize to a certain extent the wealth of the country. Certain it is, they kept that poor family pretty well supplied with meat as long as we remained at Collierville, which was until the 6th of February, when we moved to Camp Butler, near Germantown station, and nine miles nearer Memphis than we were at Collierville.

We remained in Camp Butler until the 14th of the March following, and did the same sort of duty as at Collierville—guarding the railroad and doing picket duty. Our camp was in a pleasant spot near the railroad, and, as the weather was growing spring-like, and, there was less rain, we enjoyed our stay there very much.

Our picketing was done on a little different plan from that described at Humboldt. From five to ten men, according to its importance, were sent to each post, and these men were under charge of a corporal or sergeant. At one or two places in front of each post a man was stationed to keep close watch all the time. This man was called a *vidette*. The day and night were divided into convenient periods, and each man took his turn at *vidette*, the officer in charge of the post attending to the changing of the men on duty.

Since it was not in the fruit-bearing season of the year, our picket duty was not quite so enjoyable as it had been at Humboldt, still the service was light enough, and would have been exceedingly dull but for the spice of excitement furnished by our Rebel sneak who had taken upon himself the shooting of our *videttes*. I do not recollect that any one was shot while on picket duty about Camp Butler, however.

I was myself nearly scared out of my wits one night on the picket lines. I was put out on *vidette* at eleven o'clock.

My post was by the side of an old rail fence in a field that had the preceding summer grown up to tall weeds. By the side of the fence there was a bunch of small bushes, and I was on my knees just under cover of those bushes. A few feet from me there stood an old oak tree, dead, and its hanging limbs were slightly swayed by the light breeze. It was a dark night, and the place was solemn and lonely. I sat with my musket cocked and my finger pressed against the trigger ready to fire instantly at anything I might chance to see moving. My eyes were put to a tense strain as I tried to pierce as far as possible into the darkness that hung like a pall over the old field, and my heart beat against my ribs with considerable violence as I thought what a capital time that would be for a sneak of a Reb to shoot a poor picket.

Just about the witching hour of midnight, when I was in the highest possible state of tension, a rail dropped off the fence about ten feet from me. When it struck the ground I came the nearest I ever did to jumping out of my skin. I was sure the picket-shooter was almost near enough to me to touch me with his gun. I shut down my teeth with a determination to get the first shot. I waited a second—two seconds—a minute—two minutes,—waited till the corporal brought a man to relieve me at one o'clock, but did not hear another sound. It seems that rails do, now and then, fall off fences of their own accord, and that particular rail did so just at a most impressive time.

During the daytime the boys off duty on the post had a great deal of leisure time on their hands to kill in one way or another. Some played cards a great deal; some read such books as they could get, or the papers sent them from home; no little time was spent telling stories, and the picket post was the scene of many political and religious discussions.

One day a squad of our company was stationed near the railroad track about a mile west of camp. Corporal Jim McVey was in charge of the post, and he ordered us, when we went to the place in the morning, to load our guns—every man of us. The day was warm and pleasant, and we had an

easy time of it, having to keep out only one *vidette*. During daylight there was no danger from our enemy, the picket-shooter, but as soon as darkness came on we all began to feel that "discretion is the better part of valor." We kept up a very small fire, but sat around it in such a way as nearly to hide it from view.

At seven o'clock Corporal McVey relieved the guard who had been out on *vidette*, a few rods from us down in the woods, with a new man, and we gathered close around the fire and began to talk in whispers so as not to attract any attention. In a few minutes we were startled by hearing what sounded like a pistol shot in the vicinity of the *vidette* post. This report was a signal for every one of us to leave that little camp fire, and we did it, not standing at all upon the order of our going. Every man betook himself to the shadowy protection of the bush nearest at hand. This sudden dispersion occupied about two seconds, and then all was as still as the grave. Soon there came a sound from the *vidette* post as of the ramming down of a cartridge, and the deliberate chucking of the ramrod on top of the bullet to make sure it was well down upon the powder. We listened to this in silence, and wondered what was going on down there.

A minute later the irrepressible Ed. Bennett uttered an exclamation in a very loud whisper that set us all to laughing, after which we came, one after another, from our hiding places and began in low whispers to discuss the situation. Of course it was the business of Corporal McVey to visit the post and ascertain the cause of the commotion. While he was gone, we all blessed our stars that we were not corporals.

Soon Jim came back using language regarding the affair that was more vigorous than elegant. It seems that this particular man had not obeyed orders in the morning concerning the loading of his gun, and so, after being put on the outpost, though it was after dark, he had put a cap on his gun and snapped it in order to be sure the tube would be open for priming, after which he proceeded to load his piece. The

explosion of his gun-cap sounded to us so like a pistol shot that we felt sure he had been fired at. A shot at night on a picket post always makes a great stir in camp, but this was not heard in camp. We boys on the post heard it, however, and *stirred*. A humorous feature of the matter was the surprise of the *vidette* that we should make such an ado over his cracking a gun-cap.

One night—that of February 11—there came up a shower of rain, and the men of one of our picket posts decided to hurry into an old house near by, in order to keep dry. Among these men was Sam Burhans. He ran to get his gun, which was standing against a tree. He caught it by the muzzle and pulled it toward him. Something raised the hammer, and Sam all unexpectedly stirred up an excitement on the picket line. The gun went off and so shattered Sam's thumb that it had to be amputated next morning. He let the doctor cut it off without his taking chloroform, thereby showing the grit he had in him.

A little incident occurred one morning at Camp Butler that came near being a serious one for me. I was on camp-guard, and was walking a beat that led me under a very tall oak tree. A large broken limb hung from the top of the tree and swung creaking back and forth in the morning breeze. Once as I was passing under the tree, the limb loosened and fell, and it came my way. It struck me on my arm, but in such a way as partly to glance away from me. As it was, it crushed me to the ground before I could understand what had happened. My arm was badly bruised, and I felt "considerably shook up like," but my hurt proved to be nothing serious. I think if it had struck me fairly on my head it would have killed me. How often death comes very near to us and a kind Providence averts the blow.

I think I neglected to say in the proper place that when our regiment was organized at Madison we had a fine brass band of twenty pieces. We very much enjoyed their music, and we felt not a little proud of our band, especially when we heard it praised by men of other regiments. But, by order

of the government, the members of the band were, on the 18th of August, '62, mustered out of the service. As the instruments belonged to the state, instead of to the men constituting the band, they were kept with the regiment. During the following winter, men of some musical ability were detailed from the various companies of the regiment to learn to play these instruments. Two of these men, Tom Squires and James M. Gulic, were taken from our company. Ed. Bulow, who had belonged to the old band, but who, when the men were mustered out, was transferred to Company B, was made leader and instructor of this new band.

I must record the fact that those men who were detailed to make musicians of themselves took hold of the matter in right good earnest. They practiced and practiced. In short, it got so that we had no rest from their everlasting tooting. They were bidden and ordered and begged to "dry up!" but they kept right on tooting.

In due course of time they were brought out to do duty on dress parade. Oh, what music! It fairly fretted and teased the atmosphere about us, and took the most of the dignity out of the occasion. But they stuck to the business with a commendable zeal. Dress parade over, every man of them went to practicing with a new vigor. The result of all this energy was that, almost before we were aware of the fact, we had a band of which we had no occasion to feel ashamed. They made too good music, in fact, for us to be allowed to keep them, for in the summer of '64 Gen. Howard made them his headquarter band; and after this we scarcely ever heard them play.

At Camp Butler our boys took to playing ball. A sad thing happened one day on the ball-ground; Luther Bangs, a most excellent young man of Company G, dropped dead while playing. I suppose his death was caused by heart failure.

A pleasant event in connection with Camp Butler was a visit from Mrs. Governor Harvey. The last letter this noble woman received from her husband was dated at Pittsburg

Landing, April 17, 1862. It consisted of only three sentences and was as follows :* “Yesterday was *the day* of my life. Thank God for the impulse that brought me here. I am well, and have done more good by coming than I can well tell you.”

Love, in his “Wisconsin in the War,” says,—“That letter and the death of her husband became an inspiration to Mrs. Harvey. She asked of Governor Salomon permission to become the agent of the state to visit hospitals in the western department, and early in the autumn of ’62 she set out for St. Louis. She went timidly; hospitals and the whole medical department were as yet very imperfect; she had a task to comprehend even the necessities of the case. She visited many general hospitals along the Mississippi river, and post hospitals of Wisconsin troops. The heat was oppressive; noxious and contagious diseases prevailed; some surgeons were appalled; some attendants shrunk from the care of the sick and the removal of the dead. But her forwardness, activity, ingenuity and yearning over the sick and dying emboldened and incited many for their proper work. Late in the spring of ’63, when near Vicksburg, she herself was taken sick, and was obliged to return home. She had, however, become convinced of the necessity of establishing general hospitals in the northern states.”

Mrs. Harvey afterward succeeded in establishing what was known as “Harvey Hospital,” at Madison. To this place she had many men moved who would surely have died if left in the South; but who, under good care and the bracing breezes of Lake Monona, got well and went back to their regiments.

After the war she succeeded in getting the Harvey Hospital transformed into a Soldiers’ Orphans’ Home, and she became its matron. Here as early as 1866 more than two hundred soldiers’ orphans were enjoying a good home and the benefit of one of the best schools in the state.

It was while Mrs. Harvey was visiting hospitals that she

*See page 115.

came to see us. We felt greatly honored by her presence in camp, for we knew of her as an angel of mercy, and we blessed her in our hearts over and over again.

Our company was fortunate in having an artist among its members. Mr. John Gaddis could do very creditable sketching; he also did painting in water colors. While we were in camp at Collierville and Camp Butler, he made several pictures of various scenes in camp and on the picket line. I have some of those pictures now, and they are worth more to me, soiled and yellow with age as they are, than a hundred more pretentious ones in gilt frames. Several others have some of his pictures.*

I will mention one other thing concerning Camp Butler, and then pass on: It was a place to be remembered on account of the swarms of — of — well, to speak plainly, “gray-backs,” that would insist upon sleeping with us. No, not exactly *sleeping* with us, for they seemed never to sleep. They just kept going all the time. But they went to bed with us and they got up with us, and they stuck to us closer than brothers. Their favorite place of rendezvous when not on active duty was in the seams of our trousers. One of the commonest sights about camp was a fellow sitting on the farther side of a tree from camp, his unmentionables wrong side out, and he looking with a skillful, well-trained eye from one end of the seams to the other in search of white specks that had legs on them and moved. Having found one, he skillfully put one thumb-nail on each side of the disturber of his peace and then, after “cracking” him as our mothers used to do on the fine-tooth comb, he would go on looking for more—always with fair success.

Nothing but boiling our clothing seemed to kill the gray-backs or their nits, and as there were times when we had not the conveniences for this method of putting them to death, the vermin now and then got the start of us. If a person got

*Recently—Dec. 28, '92—while visiting Colonel Bryant in the Madison post-office, I saw three or four handsomely framed pictures of army scenes, made by Comrade Gaddis, hanging near the colonel's desk. He prizes them very highly.

entirely clear of them one day, there was no telling how many might be nestling in the nooks and corners of his trousers the next day. A good healthy gray-back could in a short time so line the seams of one's trousers with nits that the population thereof would increase amazingly before a fellow could get an inkling of what was taking place about him.

On the 14th of March we marched to Memphis, and went into camp about a mile east of the city. Large numbers of troops were encamped in and about town, and we were once more a part of the main army. The coming summer was to be given to the taking of Vicksburg and the opening of the Mississippi river, and preparations were being made for the campaign.

Our camp life while at Memphis was enjoyable. Our tents were pitched in a very pleasant location, the weather was fine, and our duties were light. Besides, we enjoyed many privileges because of our close proximity to the city. We frequently went to church on a Sunday, and now and then to the theatre. Also, a traveling company of play actors and circus performers set up their tent near our camp, and we patronized them pretty liberally. They gave a performance daily for some time, and always to large audiences. After going in several times on tickets that cost half a dollar each, some of us undertook now and then to see the show without money and without price by crawling under the canvas after the performance had begun. This trick was soon discovered, and one of the men connected with the circus undertook to keep watch of affairs and prevent such climbing up some other way into the show. But we were too many for him, so he succeeded in securing a detail of soldiers to stand guard around the tent. This plan did not entirely shut us out, for most of the boys on guard observed the Golden Rule. They knew that when off duty they would want to get in themselves in the same way, and so, when we prepared for a dive under the canvas, they walked the other way and could not see us. Altogether, those show people afforded us a great deal of entertainment.

During the war it became a custom for some of those who sympathized with the South to undertake to smuggle goods contraband of war through our lines for the benefit of the Rebels. Much of this sort of thing was done at Memphis. Very many stories might be told of such smuggling, but I shall mention only one or two. It was the order on picket to let no suspicious looking person pass the line without being searched, and we were bidden to keep a sharp lookout on everybody and everything on the roads leading from town.

One morning, a dray from the city drove out to the picket lines, having nothing aboard but a dead mule. As there seemed to be nothing contraband about a dead mule, the driver was not challenged. But, while the team was passing the picket post, one of the boys playfully ran his bayonet into the deceased animal on the dray. Quite to his surprise his bayonet struck something that did not belong to that mule's anatomy. A halt was called and the corpse was subjected to a post-mortem examination, the result being that the drayman was sent back to town under arrest, for the true inwardness of his dead mule was found to consist of various articles intended to give the enemy aid and comfort. This was truly an ingenious trick, but it did not work in his case.

Our Corporal Dyer was as good a soldier as ever fought under the Stars and Stripes. He never left a duty undone if he could help it. One morning when he was in charge of a picket post on one of the main roads leading from the city, a carriage occupied by two ladies drove up and desired to pass through the lines. Dyer looked at them rather sharply and concluded that they had a somewhat suspicious appearance. His judgment told him that they should be searched, but he most certainly did not like the idea of entering upon the investigation of their drapery himself. Still, being the man in charge of the post, it was his business to conduct the inspection. It is said that he screwed up his courage and did it despite the protests of the ladies; but it is my opinion that he handled them in a gingerly sort of way, meanwhile calling inwardly upon the gods not to send another woman

along that road until after he had been relieved from duty. While at Memphis it was thought best, in order to avoid the danger of small-pox, to have all the men of the regiment vaccinated; and so our surgeons went about the matter systematically, and the result was that a few days later half of us felt like carrying our arms in slings. On that day of our vaccination we shed our first blood in our country's service.

It was at Memphis, too, where Dyer and Alf. Starks cooked a dozen eggs for their dinner in a frying-pan full of bacon grease; but, because of the tripod's coming into contact with the frying-pan, both bacon grease and eggs were upset into the sand. Also, at Memphis, as at all our camping places, a hundred curious and interesting things happened that I should like to mention did I not feel that both time and space are somewhat limited.

About the same time that Gen. Grant began his southward movement from La Grange, in November, '62, Gen. Sherman was preparing for an expedition down the river to Vicksburg. He left Memphis on the 20th of December, and a week later was making a determined assault upon the defences north of Vicksburg. Not knowing of the surrender of Holly Springs, and the consequent failure of General Grant's plan of reaching Vicksburg by a movement down through Mississippi, Sherman expected Grant to join him in the assault. But as Grant did not come, and the works defending the city were stronger than he thought, Gen. Sherman gave up the taking of Vicksburg by this plan, and withdrew his troops to the west side of the Mississippi.

In the meantime Gen. Grant had moved with the bulk of his army to Memphis. On the 2nd of February he arrived opposite Vicksburg in person, and from this time on till the following spring there was much preliminary activity, all having for a direct object the capture of Vicksburg and the opening of the Mississippi river. All this may be read in detail from any good history of the war,—the canal, the running of the batteries at Vicksburg, the ludicrous career of

the "dummy gunboat" and the consequent blowing up of the Indianola and the destruction of the Queen of the West below Vicksburg,—these and many other items in the history of the military operations against Vicksburg in the early part of '63, are very interesting, but they did not much concern our regiment lying in camp at Memphis.

In the latter part of April a very bold expedition was planned for Colonel Grierson, of the 6th Illinois cavalry. He was to take command of the Sixth and Seventh Illinois and Second Iowa cavalry regiments, in all 1,700 men, start from La Grange, Tennessee, and ride as rapidly as possible down through central Mississippi to Baton Rouge destroying railroad bridges and whatever else he could that was of value to the Rebels. It was an expedition requiring the most daring courage, but Colonel Grierson was equal to the occasion. He left La Grange on the morning of the 17th of April, and, after a most exciting and perilous ride, he arrived sixteen days later in Baton Rouge, having in that time made a march of 800 miles.

In order to draw the attention of the Rebels in northern Mississippi from Colonel Grierson at his setting out on this hazardous undertaking, Colonel Bryant, of our regiment, led an expedition from Memphis, on April 18, against the Rebel Gen. Chalmers, near Hernando, a village about thirty miles south of Memphis. I do not recall just what troops went with us on this occasion, but I think there must have been from 2,000 to 3,000 in all. We were to co-operate with another force under General Smith that moved out from La Grange to attack Chalmers in front while we attacked him in the rear.

On the first day out we captured several of the pickets of the Rebel army, and at Hernando met the enemy in force. After some sharp skirmishing, in which seven officers and sixty men fell into our hands as prisoners, the Rebels retreated. We lost but one man, taken prisoner.

The next day we marched south of Hernando to the Cold-water river, skirmishing on the way with the cavalry of the enemy. Here the Rebels were found strongly posted behind

breastworks of logs, and guarding the ferry across the Cold-water. Companies C, E and H were advanced, with other troops, to a position near the enemy.

The tall grass and underbrush were so thick that we could see little or nothing of what was in front of us. But the balls that whizzed through the bushes about us told that there were not a few muskets in front, and pretty close at hand.

Although we had been in the service more than a year and a half, this was the first time that our company was ever under fire at short range. But for all that, we had done much faithful service since we enlisted. It was simply our good fortune that we had never before been put in the battle front.

This, then, was something of a test of our mettle. While marching down into the marsh near the river, we saw several dead and wounded men who had been brought up from the front, and the sight of them told us the sort of work going on down there. I suppose that most men on going into battle, and when face to face with the probability that many must be killed, have a feeling that very likely they will be among the number unhurt. Still, it is not always so; it is sometimes the case that a man has a presentiment that he is to lose his life. Indeed, it was so on this occasion. As a battery that was with us was moving down the hill toward the low ground, one of the men said he would be killed in this engagement with the enemy. The boys laughed at him for indulging any such fears, and begged him not to think of such a thing. Still he assured them he was not to come back alive, and he gave some directions concerning the disposition of his effects. The man *was* killed, and his comrades were left to wonder what it was that made him seem to know his sad fate.

While we were lying in the tall grass and bushes listening to the bullets pass by, but not seeing whence they came, we heard a sudden cry of pain from among the men of our own company. We knew, instinctively, that one of those wicked bullets from across the river had done its cruel work among us, but none of us not near him could tell who it was that was hurt. Word soon passed along the line that Charley Fos-

binder had been shot in the arm and side. We could not get up and go to see the poor fellow, and when he was borne away to an ambulance we did not know that we ever should see him again. But so it is in battle; one's dearest friend may be shot down by his side and taken away to die in a hospital, and one not have a chance to take him by the hand and say "Good-bye, comrade."

The help Colonel Bryant expected from General Smith did not come, and so we were withdrawn to a position near Hernando. After maneuvering in the face of the enemy until the 24th of the month, the expedition returned to Memphis. Its object had been fully accomplished in holding the enemy from interfering with the beginning of the gallant Colonel Grierson's raid.

I include just here a short extract from a letter from Charley Fosbinder—the same old Charley—written in the summer of '89, twenty-six years after the skirmish on the Coldwater:

"On the 18th of April ('63), about ten o'clock in the forenoon, I came off picket to find most of the regiment gone down toward Hernando, Miss., to look after some Rebels who were doing mischief in that section. I bantered some of the boys who had been on picket with me to follow the regiment, for, if any fun was to be had, I wanted my share of it; but none of the fellows wanted to go. So I filled my gun, cartridge-box, haversack and canteen and started off alone. I caught up with the regiment sometime in the afternoon, having, probably, through fear of being gobbled, marched faster than they. The captain reprimanded me for my rashness, or foolishness, as he termed it, and that was all the punishment I got at the time; but you remember what I got on that, to me, memorable Sabbath, April 19, '63. You know something of the ride of two and a half days I had in an ambulance back to camp, and the time I had to save my arm, which was not set for good until eighteen days after it was wounded. My father came down to Memphis after me, and, as soon as I was able to go, he got a furlough of twenty days for me, and

we started for home. The trip, in my weak state, nearly used me up, but I got home alive, and *such a meeting can never be forgotten!*

"I remained at home until in the fall, when I reported at Madison and applied for a discharge, as I felt sure I was not going to be able to do any more service in the field. But the surgeon said that I could not do anything at home, and that I would better serve out my time. He said that he would give me some light duty in the hospital there; so I stayed, and had charge of one of the wards until my term of service had expired.

"While there, and about a year after I was wounded, the doctors cut open my arm and took out several pieces of bone, making, with those that had come out before, seventeen in all. My arm is now one and a half inches shorter than the other, and, though not of much account for work, it is worth a dozen arms cut off. I came home in the fall of '64."

We, who were at Memphis, remember very kindly the visit of Mr. Fosbinder when he came after his wounded boy. The old man is still living (spring of 1890), and is hale and hearty for a man eighty-two years old. He declares stoutly that Dyer and Starkey did *not* lead him out to our camp.

I have said that after our campaign in northern Mississippi was given up, after the capture of Holly Springs, General Grant's army was brought to Memphis, and then it was sent on to the vicinity of Vicksburg, regiment by regiment. Much was being done by Grant, Sherman, McClernand, McPherson and others of the land forces, and Porter, Ellet and others of the navy, in preparation for the taking of that great stronghold during the summer of '63; but, in the meantime, as has been seen, we of the Twelfth had been having a tolerably quiet time of it at Collierville, Camp Butler and Memphis. But on the 11th of May, we, too, were on the move for Vicksburg, being passengers on that great steamer, "The Continental."

Since our arrival at Moscow, January 11, just four months before taking the steamer for Vicksburg, we had two men

wounded,—S. D. Burhans, accidentally, February 11, and C. W. Fosbinder, April 19, in action at Coldwater. Henry Rockwell died at La Grange, of disease, February 23, '63, and Sergeant C. K. Richardson was discharged March 18, by reason of disability.

Henry Rockwell was one of our younger boys. He was rather quiet, yet full of good humor. He was, until his sickness and death, faithful in all his soldierly duties, and was afterward greatly missed in the company. Sergeant Richardson was not strong physically, and the exposure of camp life told on his health. He was an intelligent man, well read on all the leading questions of the day, and was a pleasing conversationalist. His duties as a soldier were all done conscientiously, and he was one of the men over whom camp influences had no evil effect. He still lives (1890) in Spencer, Wisconsin, but is somewhat broken down in health.

CHAPTER XIV.

OUR PART IN THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

THE 11th of May was spent by our brigade in getting ourselves loaded on the boats bound for Vicksburg.

For months the military operations on the Mississippi river had been centering about that Rebel stronghold. In our seeking for war news, we had asked first of all "What is the prospect for taking Vicksburg?" And now that we were really embarking for the immediate vicinity of that "Gibraltar of the Mississippi," we felt a pleasureable excitement of expectation clear to the tips of our fingers and toes.

We did not swing out into the stream until about dark—and then it was not *dark*, for the moon, just at the full, flooded the world with that glorious light that is peculiarly her own. The scene—the great calm river, more like a long winding lake than a stream; the fleet of boats moving forward with that light puff, puff, of the river steamer, and leaving the long triangular wake in the rear of each; the clouds of black smoke rolling backward from the tall pipes; the long, low banks stretching away on either side; the music now and then from some regimental band filling all the air above the water with melody, and then floating away over the dark woodlands of both Mississippi and Arkansas; the cheers, laughter and song of the men;—this scene was, indeed, both an enlivening and a quieting one. Enlivening to those whose spirits moved them to gayety, and quieting to others who preferred to sit and gaze upon the long, silvery track of the moon's rays on the glassy surface of the river, to count the bright stars mirrored in the calm depths below, or to watch the long roll of the waves set in motion by the great side wheels of the steamer.

There were men among us—mostly the elderly men—who sat still and gazed upon all that was calm and glorious about

them on this moonlight ride and thought things too sacred for common speech; and there were others—mostly the younger men—who, under the witching influence of the scene, grew hilarious with fun and jollity.

One of the jolly boys of this occasion was our irrepressible Charley Briggs. Charley was, indeed, on the rampage that night. He explored our steamer, "The Continental," from stem to stern, and from pilot house to boiler room. When most of us had got our beds made on the deck and many were sleeping the sleep of the just in the quiet moonlight, Charley Briggs was just getting up to the topmost round of merriment. At this time he was my own bunk-mate, but, though I got our blankets spread out on the hurricane deck* and crawled into them myself, he did not keep me company. Just as I had got fairly on the edge of the Land of Nod, he came running to me saying, "See here, get me your plate! quick! quick!!" More asleep than awake, I found my haversack and got out for him the old peice of tin that was, by courtesy to the same, called a plate.

Away Charley scampered, not stopping to answer my questions as to what he wanted of my plate. In less than a minute he came running back whispering very loudly, "Get out your haversack! quick! quick!!" I did it, and he handed me my plate loaded with *butter*, an article I could remember having seen in the North, and which I believed was somehow or other the product of our old brindled cow.

This particular butter had yielded its consistency to the climate, and was in just the condition to be dipped up; hence, about as much of it stuck to the bottom of the plate as was scooped up on top of it. Because of this, it was not in very good shape to be put into my dinner-bag, but in it went, all the same. Then Charley wanted another plate. The boys in the vicinity who were awake, and who found out what the plates were wanted for, were not at all slow to make the supply of them fully equal to the demand.

Well, my little bunk-mate made several running trips

*The upper deck of a steamboat.

toward the stern of the boat, each time returning with a plate of butter, when he said, "It's all played out, boys, not a grease spot left!" But for all that he cantered back again.

The next thing we heard was the clatter of his heels on the deck and, in a stage whisper, "Say, get out your haversack! quick! quick!" Grown used to obedience, I produced the dinner-bag, when he proceeded to push down into the butter inside a couple of dozen of pickles he had brought hugged up in his arms. This done, off he went again. It was not long before all the haversacks in that immediate vicinity had pickles in them as well as butter.

At last Charley came back laughing as if he would split. I said, "What in the world is the matter?" He began, "Oh dear me! Ha! ha! ha! Oh! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha!" And then he lay down on the deck and, kicking up his heels, rolled and roared till he seemed fairly to run down for want of breath. When he got up again I said, "But, Charley, what's up, anyhow?" And he began again, "Oh, a couple of fellows of Co. F,—ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! he! he! he!" and down he went on the deck again, rolling and tumbling much as before; and then he got up again, and again I besought him to tell me what was the matter. After repeated beginnings, "A couple of fellows of Co. F," followed by repeated fits of laughter accompanied by rollings on the deck, during which performance even his heels seemed to "*te he!*" he became by sheer exhaustion able to tell his story, which was this:

A couple of fellows of Co. F. lay sleeping under the same blanket a little ways toward the stern of the boat. After the pickles had been sufficiently lowered in the large barrel, two of the boys undertook to carry the thing, and all left in it, forward, where what remained could be the more easily distributed among the comrades. When they had got the barrel nearly to where they wanted it, the slopping back and forth of the vinegar inside caused them to stumble, lose their hold on the barrel, and then to fall and empty the whole thing upon the "two fellows of Co. F," who, drenched to the skin by the deluge of vinegar and pickles, climbed out of their

blankets in a dazed condition, tried to wipe the acid out of their eyes, and could not for the life of them decide what had happened to them. The two fellows who caused this vinegar deluge rolled the empty cask into the river and shouted, "Man overboard!" During the ensuing excitement, they made away with the last pickle and put on an innocent look.

To this day I do not know where the pickles and butter came from. All I can say is, ask Charley Briggs. But I do know that for two weeks after that we had the nastiest, greasiest, sourest haversacks I ever saw, and the rustiest knives and forks, and the dirtiest butter.

The next day an incident occurred that kept our ride from dullness. In the afternoon we met a gun-boat. The officers on board of her told us that the shore on the Mississippi side was lined with Rebels whose intention it was to fire upon transports passing by. They then turned about and went back ahead of us, shelling the woods on that side. This had the effect to make the Johnnies scamper back out of sight without firing a shot at us. And so we passed on our way unmolested.

The following morning, May 13, we awoke to find our boat lying tied up at Milliken's Bend. Soon after, we dropped down to Young's Point, about six or seven miles above Vicksburg, and not far from the canal Gen. Grant had cut across the point opposite the city hoping water enough would flow through it to enable him to run gun-boats and transports through. All around us were signs of war,—gun-boats on the river, batteries on land, and troops moving in every direction. Every energy was to be employed in opening the Mississippi river, and Vicksburg was the particular obstruction. Gen. Sherman said after the war that, "The possession of the Mississippi is the possession of America."

Napoleon, in the beginning of the present century, anxious to transfer the province of Louisiana to the United States, lest it should fall into British possession, remarked that whatever nation held the Valley of the Mississippi, would eventually become the most powerful on earth.

We landed at Young's Point in full sight of Vicksburg,

after which we marched across the Point, a distance of three or four miles, and went into camp opposite the lower Vicksburg batteries. On the 14th we marched about five miles farther down toward Carthage, and camped in an open field near where our men were at work establishing a new landing place. I think it must have been about half-way from Warrenton to Carthage, and about twelve miles below Vicksburg. Here we remained in camp until the 18th,—about five days. Many of the boys will recollect this camp as the place where we fished for lobsters, or crawfish, in a brook that flowed near us. These were about six inches in length of body, and were so abundant as to furnish for those who relished them quite a change of diet. Also, at this camp some of our company had the good fortune to find a bee-tree, and so a few had a diet of honey to sweeten things up with. Besides all this, more than one fellow had his eyes swelled shut for the next two or three days. There are thorns among the roses and stings in the honey.

The weather at this time was hot, sultry and showery, and the roads were muddy on the low lands near the river; and it is no wonder that we were heartily glad when the steamer, *Forest Queen*, on the 18th, just a week after we left Memphis, took us down the river to Grand Gulf, on the Mississippi side, and about twenty-five miles below Vicksburg. Grand Gulf was a little village just below the mouth of the Big Black River, and is one of the few places where the banks of the Mississippi are high and bluffy. On top of the bluffs, in a very pleasant place, we went into camp, to remain until the 9th of June.

And now I will leave the regiment in a nice warm place, and try to give something of a notion of the condition of things about Vicksburg, and the plan of operations against that stronghold.

Considerable of Gen. Grant's army had been sent down the river from Memphis during the winter, and on the 2d of February he had gone to the vicinity of Vicksburg himself. The city stands on a bend of the river in such a position that its

batteries commanded it for some miles both above and below. The bluffs approach the river at the bend, and the town is built from the foot of these bluffs up the steep sides to the top and over on the level ground beyond. All along the river side of the hills for a distance of several miles the Rebels had built heavy forts and armed them with siege guns. They had good reason to feel safe, so far as an attack from the river side was concerned. Elevated as they were, they had a birdseye view of all of Gen. Grant's operations on the opposite side of the river.

Grant knew the strength of their position and did not undertake to plan a direct attack. It was his desire to get in some way upon the high ground in the rear of the city. He tried several plans, all having this object more or less in view, and all proved failures. For the study of these plans the reader is referred to any comprehensive history of the war.

At last he determined to run gunboats and transports by the Vicksburg batteries, use the gunboats in driving the Rebel forces away from the river and to protect his transports, march a large army down the west side of the river and convey them across to the east side on board his transports, and then set out by a circuitous route for the rear of the city, which he would capture either by assault or siege—as circumstances should dictate.

All this was carried out pretty much as he planned to do. On the night of April 16, a month before our arrival at Grand Gulf, Commodore Porter prepared eight gunboats, all iron-clads but one, and three transports laden with army supplies, to run the batteries. Bales of hay and of cotton were piled around the edges of the decks of the steamers for their protection. They all got by the city excepting one, the *Henry Clay*, one of the transports, which was sunk. One of the other steamers, the *Forest Queen*, was somewhat disabled, but it was soon repaired. This experiment having proved successful, on the night of April 22, six more transports and twelve barges, laden with hay and other forage, were run by the batteries, only one transport being sunk.

It was the intention to take Grand Gulf and then convey the troops across the river to that place; accordingly, an attack was made upon the batteries there on the 29th of April, but it was found too difficult to capture. The next day McClernand's troops marched down the river to a point opposite Bruinsburg, and from there his men were taken across the river without resistance by the enemy. McPherson's corps followed, and then an advance was made toward the rear of Vicksburg. In quick succession followed the battles of Port Gibson, May 1st, the enemy evacuating Grand Gulf in consequence; Raymond, on the 12th; Jackson, on the 14th; Champion Hills, on the 16th; Big Black River Bridge, on the 17th; all of these battles being marked victories for our army.

The result was that Gen. Pemberton and his Confederate forces straggled in a discouraged sort of way inside the fortifications at Vicksburg on the night of the 17th. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, as able a commander as the Rebels ever had, was kept from joining his forces to those of Pemberton. Gen. Grant followed closely upon Pemberton and completely invested the city within a day or two, General Sherman occupying the right of the line on the river just above the city, Gen. McPherson the center, and Gen. McClernand the left, reaching nearly to the river below town.

Gen. Grant thought best, on the 19th, to make an assault on the enemy's works, but his effort, though a determined one, was not successful. Still, he could not give up the notion of taking the city by assault; accordingly, on the 22nd he ordered a general attack along the whole line. This, also, was a stubbornly contested struggle, but again Gen. Grant had to withdraw without success.

After this he settled down to a regular siege. He endeavored each day to push some part of his army nearer to the works of the enemy. The gunboats on the river above were so stationed as to keep up a galling fire upon the city. In fact, everything possible was done to make it uncomfortable for the folks shut up inside. In the meantime, Gen. Johnston

was not idle; he exerted himself to harass the Union forces from the rear, determined, if possible, to raise the siege.

This was the condition of things about Vicksburg at the close of May, '63, and while our regiment was at Grand Gulf. Let us now return in our story, and see what our boys were doing there.

From where we were, we could hear the heavy firing in the series of battles mentioned above. Of course we could get no very clear account of what was being accomplished, yet we were desirous of hearing all the news we could from the front, whether much to be depended on or not. The rumors we heard day by day kept us in a state of considerable excitement all the time. By going to the highest point on the bluffs near us, we could see the most of the time a cloud of smoke hanging over Vicksburg, and could also see now and then a puff of smoke caused by the bursting high in air of one of the shells sent up from our mortar boats lying on the opposite side of the river from the city. We could hear much of the time the distant boom of the cannon. Conversation did not lag with us in those days, for, what with telling the latest news we had heard, and speculating upon the outcome of the siege, we always had something to say.

We had at Grand Gulf very hot weather—as hot as we ever experienced while in the service; and so we kept tolerably quiet in camp. For shelter from the sun and rain, we built, of bark we took off some large trees near camp, something in the way of barracks. We girdled the trees near the ground and then again up as high as we could reach. After splitting the bark from the upper cut down to the lower, we could peel it off very easily. This being nailed to posts set in the ground, made a pretty good house wall. After enclosing the four sides, and making a roof of a particularly fine piece of bark, we had a passable house—good enough for soldiers, anyhow. Before we left Grand Gulf we had quite a village built of bark.

While there, we did considerable foraging on the country. It came to be the fashion among the boys to keep cows. When a detail of men went out foraging, as many as could do

so captured cows and led them to camp. There the bossies were "staked out," as they sometimes are in these days on the village green. After that there was milk in the coffee of the cow-catcher, and in that of all his friends. Some horses were brought in, also, and they proved very convenient for us to do our running around with. One day a squad of Co. F brought in a cannon they found out on the battle-field near Port Gibson. It was a fine 24-pounder, and it was their purpose to get it in good order and swear it into the service of our regiment.

The most of the duty we had to do at Grand Gulf was to go on picket now and then; and it was easy, quiet duty, too—except for our battles with the mosquitoes. As it was in plum time, we got an abundance of that fruit from the neighboring thickets. Speaking of our picket duty reminds me of a little incident on a reserve post on one of the main roads leading back from the river, which illustrates a grain of humor in the character of our Lieutenant Thayer. The lieutenant was in command of the picket post that morning, and was pretty good-natured. A young colored boy came from towards camp and was going to his home on one of the plantations near by. He seemed to be one of a company of colored folks, but for some reason he was a good distance behind, the others having gone on out of sight. He came scurrying along at a lively pace so as to catch up with the crowd. He was of about the timid age, and he seemed afraid when he reached the picket post. Lieutenant Thayer said, "Where are you going, sir?" to which he gave a half-scared answer, "Ise gwine home, I is!" Thayer asked him various questions, much to the amusement of the boys and greatly to the discomfiture of the darkey, who was evidently in a great hurry to catch up with his company. Thayer told him that he was afraid that the guard out there in front, pointing to the *vidette* at a turn in the road about thirty rods away, would not let him pass, and asked the poor fellow what he would do about that. Quite frightened, he did not know what to say. Finally the lieutenant said he thought he would have to give him a

pass, so that the guard would let him by. The darkey's grinning showed his great satisfaction at the lieutenant's goodness. Thayer then took an old envelope and wrote on it:—"Arrest this darkey and send him back to the reserve post. Thayer."

The little fellow took the paper and set out at a 2:40 pace before the lieutenant could finish his instructions about how he should give the guard his pass, and stand with his hat off until he was told he could go on.

Thayer anticipated some fun at the darkey's expense and smiled broadly as the little fellow approached the *vidette*. But, when he saw the object of his intended sport veer off to the opposite side of the road from where the *vidette* stood, and double his speed as he passed him and darted out of sight, the guard looking astonished at the time he made, then the corners of our lieutenant's mouth drew down and his looks said, "Sold by a darkey, as I live!"

As early in the war as this the negroes came everywhere to know that its result would be big with importance to them. They seemed almost instinctively to understand that if the North should be successful they would be made free; if the South, the chains of slavery would be riveted upon them all the more closely. Naturally, then, they fled by the thousand to the Union camps, having faith that "Linkum's sogers" would, in some way, help them to freedom and protect them in it.

Several hundreds of these poor people had gathered at Grand Gulf, and they had been formed into a large camp on a bluff overlooking the river and were fed on government rations. They had made the first motion toward freedom, and Uncle Sam had of necessity taken them in charge to keep them from starving to death. But, for all that, a great unsolved problem presented itself to them. This question was, "What next?" and though some of them thought of nothing but to revel in their newly-gotten freedom, a great many of them understood that this question was one of great consequence to them. And if *we* felt in an uneasy, speculative state concerning the outcome of the siege of Vicksburg, the dwellers in

the camp on the other hill had double reason for uneasy speculation concerning the outcome of their bold campaign for freedom.

Not used to camp life, and having no one to control them, the condition of some of them became wretched. Crowded together, with no sanitary regulations, they sickened in large numbers and died off like sheep. When death is a constant visitor either in home or camp the very atmosphere becomes freighted with gloom; so it was in this camp of contrabands, and the condition of things was a pitiable one.

Two or three guards were sent up there daily to see that order was maintained in camp. It came my turn to spend one twenty-four hours there, and no day in my service has been more firmly fixed in my memory than that one. In one part of the camp a large space had been set apart for a burial ground, and during that day several of the poor creatures were laid away in the only freedom that Mother Earth had to give her dark-skinned children—a rest in her own loving bosom. This was all Mother Earth could do, but the Father of us all can do more; he can give their emancipated souls the freedom of all heaven, where they will shine as white and as bright as the purest angel there.

As I stood during the day and watched a little group coming from this or that part of camp and slowly bearing all that remained of some one who was just as dear to them as our friends are to us, saw them halt at a shallow grave, heard the sad prayer of some one of them who had access to the Throne, listened to the plaintive song, sung only as the down-trodden and oppressed can sing, watched them tenderly lower the uncoffined body into its final resting place, heard the moaning and sobbing as the grave was filled and the little mound rounded up, and saw the group sadly move back to care for others who were dying, I was strangely wrought upon by the simple, touching scene.

It was their custom to hold prayer meetings every evening. As soon as the twilight became dusky, a large company of

them gathered silently about the corner of the camp in which I stood, where they seated themselves on the ground under a group of trees. A man who seemed to be something of a leader among them, began to sing a plaintive, camp-meeting melody; he was joined by the audience, and the place became tremulous with a strangely pathetic music. I beg you not to think of it as being like the jargons of the burnt-cork minstrels who sing for money. I cannot describe the pathos of the melody nor the sweet tenderness of the words as they arose on the night air, and—who does not believe it?—were wafted like sweet incense up to the God who loves his black children as well as those who are white.

After the singing came earnest, pleading prayers to the Father in heaven “to set his people free; to bless Gen. Grant, and ‘Massa Linkum,’ and Massa Linkum’s sogers;” and they did not close without a plea that God would lead sinners to the Cross of Christ.

Then came the “testimonies” of those who were, in this time of trial, clinging to that Cross for help and guidance. Then more singing, more prayers and testimonies, until the evening was far spent, when they dropped off one by one to their various sleeping places.

Never shall I forget the prayer-meeting on the bluff by the Mississippi river. No light,—none was needed—they could not read the Scripture,—the breeze coming down the broad river just stirring the leaves of the trees—a hushed stillness all around—the ground covered with dusky forms, some of them motionless, others swaying back and forth—the plaintive music—the prayer, eloquent in its intensity—the “christian experience”—the low moaning now and then of the worshippers—all impressed themselves on my young mind. As I leaned against a tree and saw, and heard, and felt, my own heart, which had so far resisted the prayers of many dear friends for my conversion, was strangely softened; and now after all these years, some things I heard from the lips of those poor half-freed slaves, seem sweet and encouraging to me; they have helped me through some trials in my past life.

Before leaving that camp on the hill, I want to ask my readers what it was that gave those poor people, who could not even read, such richness of imagery and wealth of language in prayer and in testimony. It was wonderful.

Day by day we listened to the boom of cannon from Vicksburg, and wondered whether we, too, should not be ordered up to take part in the siege. The question was answered on the 9th of June by our being ordered aboard the steamer "Cheesman," bound up the river. We left Grand Gulf at nine o'clock in the evening, and the next morning we disembarked at Warrenton, seven miles below the besieged city. We remained there one day, came near being washed away by a deluge of rain that night, and on the morning of the 11th of June we marched over a very rough road, up hill and down, to join our division, under Gen. Lauman, in the works in the rear of Vicksburg. We were near the extreme left, only Gen. Herron's division between us and the river below the city. Our camp was made in one of the deep ravines that chop up the region. Most of the regiments occupied similar positions—for the sake of protection against the shot and shell of the enemy. The protection thus afforded was ample enough to put us practically out of danger while off duty.

The advance line—what we were in the habit of calling "the picket-line"—was nearly half a mile in front of us, along a broken and wooded ridge of land, and directly facing the Rebel lines in plain sight on the opposite bank of a deep ravine between us and them, through which a little creek made its way down towards the great river. And, at last, we were in the great siege.

We were put upon duty at once. Toward night of the day on which we reached the lines, our company was sent to the rifle-pits at the front. These pits were dug on the highest places of the ridge extending along on our side of the creek I have mentioned above, the main object in their construction being so to locate them as to have the works of the enemy in full view, and so to build them as to afford the best possible protection to our men from the Rebel bullets. In front of

our division the pits were from four to six rods apart, and in each there were from six to ten men on duty at all times.

I have said that from the most of these rifle pits the Rebel line across the valley was in full sight. There were no trees on their side, but there was considerable timber on ours, both shrubs and trees. Because of this, our line of works was more or less concealed from the view of the enemy. We spent most of our time firing across the valley, and they over yonder busied themselves in the same way. It goes without saying that we did not expose ourselves to the view of the other fellows any more than was absolutely necessary, and it was indeed rare that we ever saw a head above the long line of yellow clay on the other side. To all appearances the works of the Rebels were deserted; but a view behind the scenes would have revealed a great active army beyond them. The same on our side.

Some of my readers may wonder what we shot at, when nothing was to be seen. Well, we shot at various things. If a head did happen to show above the works we lost no time in sending a little leaden messenger over there as close as possible to the ears thereof to whisper a word of caution, the result being that the owner of said head always took it down unhesitatingly. So on our side. It must not be forgotten that now and then the little leaden messengers carried death with them rather than whispers of caution. If heads were not visible, and they seldom were, we fired at the upper part of their works, knowing that many heads were close to that line. Bullets thus aimed were not altogether harmless either to the enemy or to us; for there was an almost continual rain of them. None of us could very well take aim at the top of the works on the other side without getting at least one eye above our own defenses; and there was always a spice of uncertainty as to what might result from even a momentary exposure of that blessed organ of sight. More than one brave fellow was shot in the head while in the act of thus firing over the works.

Some times we fired toward Vicksburg at an angle of forty-

five degrees with the horizon, knowing that the bullets carried potential destruction over into the city. Now and then an old horse or mule, turned out between the lines to shift for himself, became an imaginary enemy and a target for the bullets of both sides. The result was inevitable death to the poor animal, and, if when thus stricken down he happened to be drinking at the creek in the valley below us, his carcass gave a peculiar flavor to the water we had to use. (Oh, that *nasty* water!) In fact, we fired at all sorts of marks; anything to keep up the leaden hail and the noise of battle.

We did not all of us keep firing at the same time. We used to take turns, from three to half-a-dozen in each rifle pit keeping the racket a-going, the others reading, sleeping or amusing themselves in various ways. My gentle readers cannot see, I presume, how we could sleep when army muskets were being shot off a few feet from our heads at the rate of three or four a minute throughout the day. But we did sleep soundly—after getting used to it. There was more than the muskets, however, to keep up the noise. Back of us, but near at hand, planted in every advantageous position, there were heavy siege guns. At frequent intervals one of these would send a big shell tearing through the air over our heads into the Rebel forts beyond. One of those shells made a terrific noise on leaving the gun, kept up an unearthly screeching while on the way, and ended up by an explosion within the lines of the enemy. Compared with this cannonading, our musket-firing sounded much like the popping of corn.

Shells from the same gun made the same sort of racket while in the air, but different from those sent out by other cannon. We had siege guns enough in our immediate vicinity to give us a variety of such music. I know of nothing better calculated to strike terror to the hearts of those unused to them, than the indescribable noises produced by the shell of a huge siege gun, as it tears its way along not very far above the heads of men in front. When one of them came over unexpectedly, and pretty well down towards the

ground, we used to duck our heads so instantly as to feel our caps drop down upon our crowns directly afterward.

I have heard our boys undertake to translate shell language. One rendered it, "Where is ye?" Where is ye? Where is ye?" Another, "I'se a-comin! I'se a-comin! I'se a-comin!" A darkey read it, "Wha's dat nigger? Wha's dat nigger? Wha's dat nigger?"

After being sometime in the siege, we slept undisturbed in spite of all the noises about us. The strange part of it all is, that the first night or two after the surrender we could not sleep because of the very stillness. It is not always noise that disturbs and distracts us; it is quite as often the unusual,—even unusual quiet.

While in the pits, the danger from stray balls was not very great, and if we lay down to rest in the bottom of them we were in comparative safety. If a pit was in the shade, as some of them were, the day spent there was not an uncomfortable one; but some were dug in places where the rays of old Sol poured down without let or hindrance. And that was in Mississippi and in June and July.

While on duty we used to amuse ourselves in various ways. I have said we read the papers, and slept a part of the time. Many of the boys came from the very nature of the case to be inveterate smokers. The narcotic properties of tobacco seemed to have so soothing an effect upon the nervous system that the weed was in general demand. Card-playing had many attractions for most of the men, and I must charge the reader that, if he wishes to conjure up in his mind the picture of a picket post in the army, he must have a part of the men there playing "seven-up." Now and then we used to elevate a cap on the top of a stick so that it would fairly show above the works. This trick commonly succeeded in drawing the Rebel fire, and generally we got a bullet or two through the cap to teach us to be careful of our tiles when our heads were inside them.

While we were tolerably safe in the pit, there was some danger in going to and returning from them. Whenever there

was an exposed ridge to cross we fairly scampered over, not standing at all upon the order of our going. Some gentlemen came down from Wisconsin to see how a siege was carried on. While being shown about they were told that there was some danger from Rebel bullets while crossing these ridges. It was amusing to us to see the alertness they manifested in dodging imaginary bullets and bomb-shells while making 2:40 time for the shelter of the valleys beyond. Such motions as they made did not comport well with the dignity that naturally attaches to a silk hat.

Sometimes while passing to or from the works we became the objects of special Rebel attention, and the enemy scattered his shot and shell about our way right liberally. If we could not readily reach shelter at such a time, we lay down, flattened out as thin as we were able, and tremblingly waited for the firing to cease.

It was said one day that when some negro cooks were caught in such a shower of lead and iron the night before, they so flattened themselves out on the ground that one of the boys coming along mistook them for rubber blankets, and picked one of them up to carry to camp. But I do not more than half believe the story.

During the siege, there was all along the lines a constant effort to advance our rifle pits nearer to the works of the enemy. This could not well be done in the daytime, for it would not do for us to expose ourselves to the fire of the Rebel sharpshooters; hence, when plans for such an advance had been made, the work was undertaken under cover of darkness. We would quietly leave our pits, go as still as possible to the place of the proposed new rifle-pits, put a part of the men a little in advance as sentinels, and then go to work. A short time would suffice us to dig a pit. Sometimes three or four would be constructed in a night by the same squad of men. At daylight the enemy would, quite to his surprise, find our lines nearer, and our firing a little sharper and more accurate. Having once established ourselves in a new post, it was scarcely possible for them to dislodge us. If they found out

at any time that we were advancing our lines, they would direct their fire upon us and run us in. But the pits would be completed the next night, and, once completed, we had a permanent advantage over them.

Now and then they would sally forth in the night to attack our outposts, when a sharp skirmish would ensue, they being generally driven back. On account of the deep ravine in our own front, such an attempt was not made upon the pickets of our company; it sometimes happened further to the right.

Our firing was not kept up very briskly at night, but in the daytime it was not uncommon for a man to use up from fifty to one hundred cartridges. Now and then our batteries kept at it all night. About daylight was a favorite time for heavy cannonading. Two or three times there was in the night some pretty severe fighting between the lines to our right.

As a rule, we went on picket every other day, about half the company being detailed each morning. Our days in camp were pretty quiet. We were sleepy, and then there was no particular pleasure in wandering about the hills under fire. Our camp was not very healthful. One great lack was good water. We undertook to dig a well, but we got no good water in that way. For some reason our rations were more than sufficient for us. At the time of the surrender our company had a cord of boxes of hard tack ahead of our necessities. The very thought of such a thing would have caused the mouth of many a poor fellow shut up in Vicksburg to water with intense desire to help us eat it.

I have said that in our own front the lines were a quarter of a mile apart. But toward the right the distance became less. In fact, in some places they came quite together, so that their men and ours were but a few yards apart. In order to get so close to their works, our men were obliged to approach by ditches dug diagonally to the Rebel lines. Of course the men of the two armies could easily converse when so close together. Their talk must at times have been interesting. The confederates had a sort of bomb-shell called a hand-grenade. These were about two and a half inches through,

and were intended to be thrown, when closely besieged, into our works by hand, the fuse being first cut at a desired length and lighted. They used to send these grenades over among our men, sometimes with fatal results; but the little shells were often picked up instantly and tossed back to those that sent them, there to play mischief among their friends. We saw very little of this close work, having little time or inclination to visit the lines where it was done.

In front of McPherson's command, and close by the road leading out to Jackson, the Rebels had a large fort named after Gen. Beauregard. It was decided by our officers to undermine that fort, load it with powder, and blow it up. Our miners approached by deep, diagonal ditches and went under it. The Rebels understood what was being done, and undertook so to countermine that the explosion would break out at the sides and not tear the fort in pieces. Their miners and ours came so close together that they could hear the noise of one another's picks, and they were like to meet, but our men turned in other directions and so avoided them. After the mine was completed and a great quantity of powder had been carried in, a fuse was arranged, and on the 22nd of June the fort was blown into the air. An attempt was made immediately afterwards to get possession of the lines there, but it was unsuccessful.

While we on land were doing everything possible to make Gen. Pemberton willing to surrender Vicksburg, our gunboats on the river were also doing their share. They kept up a steady shower of shot and shell upon the beleagured city. Looking to the northwest of us, over toward the river beyond town, we could see, at short intervals during the night, what looked much like a twinkling star rising from the horizon—up—up—till about 45° above, when the little twinkler disappeared in a great flash of light that instantly vanished into darkness and was followed by an explosion that set all the night air into vibration. The twinkling star was the burning end of the fuse of a great mortar shell sent up from our mortar boats; the flash of light was caused by an explosion that sent great

pieces of the broken shell down into the city. And there were women and children below as well as soldiers.

The mortar guns kept up their firing during the day as well as at night, but we could not trace the course of the shells by the little twinkler. In place of the flash of light at the explosion, we saw a puff of white smoke that quickly dissolved itself into the blue of the sky beyond.

There was no safety in any house in Vicksburg, and, in order to escape destruction from the iron hail, the people of the city who could do so dug great holes in the hillsides and moved into them. It is said that some of those dug-outs were made quite home-like. But, for all their precautions, I do not suppose many days passed when some citizens were not killed. Some one was one day looking into the city with a strong glass. He saw a lady walking down a street and leading a little girl. A shell, or a piece of one, struck the child killing her instantly. Poor people ! they were learning by sad experience something of the horrors of war.

While Gen. Pemberton was holding out as well as he could, Joseph E. Johnston was hoping to do something either to raise the siege or help Pemberton tear himself out the clutches of Gen. Grant. Johnston hovered about on the east side of the Big Black river, but he hardly dared cross for fear of failing to get back again. His being in our rear made it necessary for us to maintain a strong picket line in that direction, as well as fight in front. Pemberton and Johnston managed to keep up some communication by sending couriers through the thickets and swamps along the Yazoo, yet they could not form any plan by which they could hope to save either Vicksburg or Pemberton. But there is no doubt that Pemberton, in order to induce both soldiers and citizens to hold out as long as possible, gave encouragement that Johnston would yet do something to help them.

In the meantime the people inside were getting hungry, and their larders had come to be much like "Old Mother Hubbard's." Mule-meat came to be considered a luxury. In fact, starvation stared many of the citizens in the

face. Flour was held at "\$1,000 per barrel, meal at \$140 per bushel, molasses at \$10 per gallon, and beef at \$2.50 per pound." For people who had little or no money, the prospect was not very encouraging. The army was also very poorly fed and they could not have held out from day to day with very good courage. This was about the condition of things with the enemy at the end of June, but so far as our army was concerned it was well-fed and in good condition, and was improving in fighting ability every day.

Before proceeding to give an account of the surrender, I will mention an incident or two that come to my mind as I think over the events of those few weeks spent in the siege of Vicksburg.

One night, I think it was the 30th of June, Lieutenant Linnell, had charge of our part of the picket line, and he thought it practicable and wise to move our outposts across the deep ravine in our front and establish them on top of the opposite bank, and at least half way up to the Rebel lines. It was a bold plan, but the lieutenant was willing to undertake its execution. The night was dark, a circumstance greatly in our favor. About nine or ten o'clock we took several spades and some rails on our shoulders, and started out. We filed down into the ravine and up on the other side. Lieutenant Linnell posted some sentinels well up toward the Rebel lines to keep watch while the rest of us did the digging. We were very still, scarcely speaking even in a whisper, and handling our spades rather gingerly for fear of making racket enough to be heard by the sentinels of the enemy. But, for all this, we made pretty good progress. The ravine had a trend from near the Rebel line at our right towards our picket posts and then at our left it curved slightly back toward the Rebel lines again. We knew that if the enemy understood our position it would be very easy to send a hundred men down the ravine until they should get between us and our lines, when they could climb the hill to where we were at work and invite us to go up with them inside their lines and partake of their mule-meat with them, which we preferred not to do.

I think Linnell was fully aware of the danger we were in, but he had a cool head and quick judgment. He was a man who seemed to see at once what was best to be done, and who gave his directions in few words but just to the point. He was a good man for an emergency.

While we were digging away, hardly allowing ourselves the privilege of a full breath for fear the enemy might hear it, we heard a rushing noise in the bushes on the bank below us. We intuitively dropped our spades and grasped our muskets, sure that the Rebels were surrounding and cutting us off from our lines.

The noise in the bushes came louder and louder, but as we listened with bated breath it seemed to be made by only one person; yet, whoever that person was, he was climbing the bank right towards us and in a great hurry. A tree top lay in his way, but he redoubled his energy and came up through it puffing like a porpoise because of his exertion. We did not think a squad of Rebels would come in that way, and so we felt easier. When the cause of all this disturbance did come in sight, it proved to be a Co. D man whom Lieutenant Linnell had stationed further up the bank as a sentinel. Linnell asked him what was the trouble. He began, "Oh—Lieu—lieu—lieuten—lieutenant—I saw—saw—Lieutenant, I saw—I saw—I saw—a whole lot—I saw a whole lot of Rebels a-comin'—a-comin' over the work right down this—down this way—I did!"

As soon as he succeeded in puffing out this interesting bit of information, the lieutenant briefly suggested that we get out of that. We acted upon the suggestion in a hurry, our chief desire being to get down through the ravine before that "whole lot of Rebels" should get between us and our posts. We got back safe neither seeing nor hearing said Rebels.

About two hours after that, while I was on the watch at our pit, I heard footsteps coming along the path that led up from the ravine. My thoughts reverted to that "whole lot of Rebels," and I drew up my musket to fire at the first one that should come in sight. While in that attitude, I heard a



LIEUT. L. T. LINNELL,

Co. E.

low whistle; as I listened I recognized a quiet little tune that did not seem at all warlike. Just then, who should appear but our comrade George Marshall! He had three or four spades in his arms, which he threw down with a sense of relief; and then he sat down. I said, "Marshall, where in the world have you been, and where did those spades come from?" "Where have I been?" said he, "I was sentinel over there to keep watch while you chaps were digging them pits! Guess ye must have got scart out and run. I didn't know ye was gone till just now I thought I'd come down and see what made ye keep so still, and I found ye all gone. I thought I'd pick up the spades ye run away and left."

And there honest George Marshall had been alone for two hours, close up to the Rebel lines, keeping an imaginary guard over us digging rifle pits!

I think those outposts were completed the next night and occupied, but they were not much used, as the surrender took place three or four days afterward.

A sad event occurred on the 28th of June,—the death, by disease, of our comrade Harlan Squires,* a good boy and a most faithful and efficient soldier. He was buried the next day on a little knoll near our camp. The untimely death of this young comrade brought a feeling of sadness into our camp that could not easily be thrown off.

The 3d of July, '63, was a day long to be remembered by all who were concerned in the siege of Vicksburg. It was hot and sultry, as the most of our days there were. We boys in the pits were employed in various ways. Where I was on duty three or four were blazing away at the rebel works; about as many were using the bottom of the rifle-pit for a card-table; two or three were going into the depths of their haversacks after bits of hard-tack with which to stay their stomachs till time to go to camp; one or two tired fellows had dropped to sleep and were, perhaps, dreaming of mother, Mary or Alice; just at one end of the pit one of the boys was lying on his back and reading the home newspaper

*For further reference to Harlan, see Chapter IX.

his father had sent him; and another had his portfolio spread out on his knees and was writing to his mother all about the siege, his health, giving his opinion about how much longer the war would last, and telling how much he wanted to see his little brothers and sisters again.

Suddenly Henry Marston cried out, "Joe, come here with your gun, *quick*,—mine isn't loaded! Look at that Johnny right on top of the works! What does he mean by getting up there in that way! There's another, and *another*! Why, the whole Rebel army is coming up! What in the name of Gen. Grant is going to happen now!" Hank's animated remarks brought every man to his feet, and, sure enough, the whole Rebel line was swarming with men in gray who seemed to have nothing to do but gaze towards us.

Soldiers are talkative, and soon a loud dialogue began that ran somewhat as follows:

"I say, Johnnies, what's up?"

"Nothing as we know of, Yanks."

"What are you standing up there for?"

"'Cause you are."

"How's the thermometer over there on your side?"

"Up to the top notch and still arisin'. Say, got any coffee to swap for terbacker?"

"Lots of it; come over and trade."

"Come over yourself and see how you like it."

"You're too close shut up; 'fraid we'd smother."

While such talk was going on, some of the men on both sides were venturing out in front of their works to pick the blackberries that hung in the most tempting profusion on the bushes that grew on both sides of the ravine. Inside the lines we had picked them clean, and they constituted, by the way, a very agreeable part of our bill of fare. Between the Rebel works and ours we dared not go in the day time, and at night we were apt to get more scratches than berries; and so they hung there day after day just out of our reach, teaching us a lesson of self-denial that we were under the circumstances obliged to learn. As to the Confederates, it was no

doubt the first taste of the fruit they had been able to get that season, and, in their half-starved condition, it must have been delicious to them.

Presently, a fellow belonging to the Eleventh Wisconsin, and who was visiting us that day, said, "I'm going down into the ravine and shake hands with them Rebs!" To the suggestion that they might take him he replied, "Who's afraid of that! I ain't!" and then he started on a run down the hill. When he got across the creek below, a Johnny saw him and came to meet him. Both armies watched the performance with much interest. Soon they approached each other with outstretched hands which they clasped in a hearty *shake*. This was a signal for hundreds of men from both sides to rush down, and then the hand-shaking became general. Men who but ten minutes before were firing bullets at one another's heads, and taking the best possible aim, were shaking hands as cordially as if they were brethren.

While giving the best of attention to the berries around them, they entered into lively conversation. They asked us how we liked the southern climate, and our boys assured them that we were all delighted with it. They wanted to know whether our men kept their health in such hot weather, to which question we replied that we never felt so well before in all our lives. We also spoke of the probable outcome of the siege; they did not seem hopeful. They told us they had breakfasted on mule-meat. But for all that, some of them said they were glad that Pemberton intended to hold out just as long as possible; others cursed him for it. The war was discussed in general. We even touched upon State Sovereignty and the Tariff. One poor fellow sitting upon a log and listening to the talk drawled out in a doleful sort of way, "*I want to see my ma!*" The men of one side told those on the other when particularly good shots had been made, and with what results.

No one seemed to know just what was the cause of this strange freak of ours, but one of the Rebels "lowed" that there were several men killed in a skirmish between the lines the

night before, and that a flag of truce was out up toward the railroad while the dead were being buried. So far as we could find out, we were there by common consent; and so we gave ourselves entirely to eating berries and talking about the war and the weather.

While thus enjoying our visit, a colonel came down from the Vicksburg side and in no very mild terms ordered his men to go back to their works. They reluctantly obeyed, and we, not caring to be there after our newly-made acquaintances should get back to their guns, made good time in the direction of our pits. A few of our boys lingered behind for just a few more of the berries, but when some one shouted to them that hostilities would, no doubt, be resumed the minute the Rebels got back, they fairly scrambled up the hill and tumbled over into the pits.

The last man was no sooner out of sight than firing was resumed, and everything went on pretty much as before. Not long afterward official news came to us that Gen. Pemberton was asking of Gen. Grant terms of surrender, and we were told not to fire any more until the matter had been settled. Were we glad? Judging from the "pigeon-wing" cut by Hank Marston when the prospect of surrender was made known to us, he, at least, was too happy to contain himself; and I doubt not we all felt just as glad as he did, even though we could not kick up our heels as high.

We all know the story now, for it has gone into history. Pemberton wanted three officers of each army appointed to meet and arrange terms of surrender. Gen. Grant said that he would meet Pemberton personally and hear what he proposed to do. The two men met under a huge oak between the lines near the Jackson road. Grant smoked his cigar and quietly told Pemberton that the surrender must be unconditional. To this the Rebel general demurred, saying that he was able to continue the siege indefinitely, and that he would rather fight it out than surrender on such terms. Grant replied, "Then, sir, you may continue the defense. My army

has never been in better condition than now for the prosecution of the siege."

Pemberton retired with the understanding that he was to communicate with his officers and report the next morning. In the meantime we were in suspense. A little firing was done, but not much. That night Gen. Grant wrote to Pemberton what terms he would allow him in case he should see fit to surrender, and told him he could have until ten o'clock the next day to decide what to do.

The next day was the 4th of July. In the morning some of our batteries fired a national salute, and it *sounded* as if the siege was going forward again. But they fired only blank cartridges. In the meantime we anxiously awaited Pemberton's decision. It came a few minutes before ten o'clock, in the shape of a white flag stuck upon one of their forts.

I cannot undertake to give any notion of the hilarious joy that reigned in our camps that day. We were, indeed, happy and jubilant, and we sought to show our satisfaction in every possible way. But we were as yet in ignorance of the great victory over Lee's army at Gettysburg, gained the day before while we were awaiting Pemberton's decision to surrender, and we did not know of the victory gained that same day by our forces at Helena, Arkansas. Had we known of these things, our cup of joy would surely have overflowed.

A great Fourth of July, that! It was the turning point of the war. Four days later, Port Hudson, below Vicksburg, surrendered, the Mississippi was open to our boats, and the Confederacy was cut in two. Gen. Lee said after his terrible defeat at Gettysburg that the entire success of the Union army was only a question of time.

A glorious Fourth of July was that of '63!

I would like to give some details just here concerning the losses of each army during the siege and the battles immediately preceding it, and the Rebel loss at the surrender, but space forbids. These facts may be learned from our war histories. Suffice it to say that among the great sieges of modern

times that of Vicksburg occupies no mean place, and its history will be studied by great soldiers in the centuries to come.

As soon as the white flag had been displayed, the Rebel troops marched outside their works, stacked their arms, hung their accoutrements upon them, and then retired to their camps as prisoners of war. Altogether there were about 27,000 of them—including fifteen generals. They also surrendered about one hundred and twenty-eight pieces of artillery, eighty siege guns, and arms and munitions for 60,000 men. The prisoners were at once paroled and allowed to go to their homes. This means that they took an oath not to enter upon active service again until informed that they had been exchanged.

Our boys, knowing how hungry they were, invited some of them down to camp to get some hard-tack. They came gladly without a second invitation, and we gave away all our surplus rations. It did us good to see them eat. They had plenty of tobacco, and, as there had been something of a tobacco famine in our camp, they were able to make such of our boys as used the weed happy. It was, indeed, touching to see their eagerness to get a drink of coffee after we had given them our rations of it. Their happiness in once more getting something good to eat went far toward making up for the humiliation of their unconditional surrender. I do not recall anything during the war with much greater pleasure than the satisfaction of those poor fellows as they feasted on our hard-tack and coffee.

As we and they visited together that day we talked of many questions connected with the war. I recollect one young man of more than ordinary intelligence who maintained earnestly the rightfulness of their cause, and professed full faith in their final success. All our conversations with them were courteous on both sides, and very enjoyable.

After the surrender, Gen. Grant sent John A. Logan and his division into the city to garrison the place. We all wanted to go to town but were not allowed to do so. The night of the 4th our regiment was put on guard just outside the Rebel



CAPT. H. P. BIRD,
COMPANY F.

works. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and many of us did not sleep at all, preferring to talk with our prisoners. We exchanged various things with them as souvenirs. Postage stamps were in general demand for this purpose. They wanted to exchange money, but we could not feel interest enough in such keepsakes to give a ten-dollar greenback for one of their confederate X's. They seemed at a loss to know why we should not be as willing to exchange as they were. But there is just where the weakness of the so-called Confederacy became apparent; our money had *value*—theirs had not.

And so we have come to the end of the siege of Vicksburg.

Our company was fortunate enough not to have a man killed or wounded; and the casualties of our entire regiment did not reach a dozen in number. The only loss our company sustained by either death or discharge was that of Harlan Squires, died June 28.

Among the wounded of our regiment was Lieutenant Harlan P. Bird, of Co. G, a sketch of whose life is given in the biographical portion of this book. Lieutenant Bird was a good soldier, and one of our most efficient officers. He was wounded June 18.

CHAPTER XV.

JACKSON; AND VICKSBURG AFTER THE SIEGE.

BEING on duty every alternate day since we joined the besieging army had made us pretty tired, and we hoped after the surrender to get a bit of needed rest. But in this we were disappointed, for we were ordered on the very next day, July 5, with other troops, to join Gen. Sherman in an expedition to Jackson, the capital of the state, whence Gen. Johnston had retired after Vicksburg fell into our hands. We had been up on guard all the night before, and, as the weather was excessively hot, some of our men, being quite worn out, were obliged to drop out of the ranks and return to camp. That first day's march was a hard one for all of us. Just before sundown we were ordered to go into camp by the roadside, and never was the prospect of a good night's rest more welcome to us.

Imagine our intense disgust when, just as we were getting well settled, the order came to fall in and march eight miles further. Of course we understood that the necessities of war must sometimes rise above the comfort and even the lives of soldiers; but that fact could not rest our tired legs or keep us from being sleepy.

As we started forward to complete the day's march, we noticed a heavy cloud rising in the west. The descending sun passed behind this cloud, and darkness soon settled down over us. A low rumble of thunder told us a storm was coming, and come it did. The rain came down in torrents, and it was as dark as when Tam O'Shanter rode home by Kirk Alloway. We splashed along in the muddy road, making very slow progress. We were soon as wet as drowned rats. We could not see the road; we could follow the crowd only by the plashing of the feet in the road ahead of us. In the meantime the weather changed and it became uncomfortably cool.

When, toward morning, we bivouacked by the roadside we actually suffered from the cold, for our wet clothing chilled us. It so happened that we remained there during the most of the following day, and my recollection is that I shivered the most of the time, for all of its being the 6th day of July.

Our advance reached Jackson on the 9th, and by the 12th Gen. Sherman had invested the city, his lines reaching from the river above town to the river below. In the meantime our cavalry troops were destroying railroads and other property to the north and the south of Jackson. Our army was nearly 50,000 strong, and when the hundred guns we had with us had been planted on the surrounding hills within easy range of the city, Johnston had little chance to keep the place from falling into Sherman's possession. Our ammunition train did not arrive until the 16th, and this delay gave Johnston time to retreat. He evacuated the place on the night of the 16th, burned the bridges on Pearl river, and marched eastward toward Meridian, one hundred miles away.

While the lines of our army were being closed in on the 12th, a very unfortunate mistake occurred on the part of Gen. Lauman, our division commander. Gen. Ord directed him to move his troops forward in the line so as to connect with Hovey's division. Either misunderstanding or misinterpreting his orders, Lauman ordered our brigade to charge the enemy's position. The result was a loss of five hundred men, two hundred being captured with the colors of the 28th and 41st Illinois and the 53d Indiana, Judge Gresham's regiment.

Our regiment was not in this disastrous charge, for the reason that five of the companies, Co. E among them, were guarding a wagon train that had not yet reached Jackson. It was, indeed, fortunate for us that we were not at hand, for the fight was not only a fearfully destructive one but it was useless, and ended in defeat. Gen. Lauman wept when he looked upon the broken fragments of his old brigade. After the charge Gen. Ord relieved him from the command. We had always thought very much of Gen. Lauman, and we deeply regretted his removal and consequent disgrace.

At this time Colonel Bryant was in command of our brigade, which consisted of the 28th and 41st Illinois, the 53d Indiana and our own regiment. The Wisconsin troops participating in this "Jackson Expedition" consisted of the 12th, 23d, 29th, and 33d Infantry, the 1st Battery and the 2nd Cavalry.

After Johnston's evacuation of Jackson we remained there in camp until about the 20th of July, when we returned to Vicksburg, arriving there on the 23d. Nothing worthy of particular mention took place during our stay there or on the return march. The Jackson campaign, coming as it did immediately after our hard work in the siege, and being at a time of year when the heat was very oppressive, also, being in itself a hard campaign, left us in a tired and worn-out condition, and we welcomed the rest that seemed awaiting us.

We found that in our absence our camp had been moved to the top of a wooded ridge called Magnolia Hill, where the air was much fresher and sweeter than it had been down in the valley where we lived during the siege. Several of our boys were in ill-health, some having the ague, some various forms of rheumatism, and others chronic diarrhœa. A day or two after our return we had a chance to draw some very much needed clothing, and this helped to refresh us. A clean shirt is not only a means of grace, but it is good for a man physically.

I must mention one of the curious incidents of camp life that took place on the 25th of that July. In the morning at seven o'clock we were ordered to strike tents and get ready to march. We did so, and were soon on the road. We marched nearly to the city, halted for a few minutes, and then were led back to the camp we left in the morning. We were ordered to pitch our tents and make ourselves at home, which we did. But none of us knew the wherefore of such a movement, and we were never able to find it out. Such unaccountable movements were not uncommon. But, while we privates did not know the reason for them, it does not follow that there were none. Though we did not know why, our officers did. It was our business simply to obey, not to question why.

At noon on the 29th we broke camp again and marched inside the fortifications to stay. We were located on a dry, treeless slope towards the west, and at a point about opposite to our position on the picket line during the siege. Our new camp was not an attractive one. Not even a spear of green grass grew on that hot, dusty slope where the Rebels had camped during the siege and trampled everything into the pulverized soil.

I can not find words to convey to the reader much of an idea of the discomfort of that camp. Whoever wishes to know a little about it may take a small tent, pitch it in the middle of the street where there are no trees, fix for himself a bunk made of crooked sticks, get the thermometer up to a hundred degrees in the shade, and then stay in his tent in the road two weeks, living in the meantime on crackers, coffee and fat bacon. It will be truer to life if he can manage to have *La Grippe* while lying out there on his little bunk; or, let him shake every other day with the ague.

The wearing effects of the summer's service began to tell seriously on the men, and many were taken sick. Our hospital was full, and there were sick men in the tents. Every day an ambulance drove around to the hospital to take the dead to their burial. Those who were ill and seemed daily to be growing weaker silently watched that army hearse and wondered how many days it would be before it would come after them.

Many of the officers of our regiment got furloughs about that time and went home to freshen up a bit. I think that our two lieutenants, Linnell and Thayer, were among those who went. Four others of the company also went on furlough, leaving us on the 2nd day of August. They were Sergeant Stutson, A. J. Sexton, Truman Hurlbut and Mr. Cotton. We were all glad to see them go; not a few of us wished we could go, too. Some of the sick men were sent to northern hospitals; and a few, among them Henry Bennett, W. H. Squires, James M. Clement and James Cope, were sent to a general hospital in the city. A few days later

Wesley Harbaugh, Charles Headstream and George Marshall also were sent to the hospitals in town. W. H. Bowman and William Dunham were detailed to serve as nurses in one of these hospitals.

On the 30th of July we were paid off. This circumstance made us happy, yet there was very little good use to which we could put our money. Perhaps this was why so many put it to a bad use. Gambling is peculiarly an army vice. I do not think many men who are full of business play much at games of chance. If they do, they soon quit being full of business. Gambling is, in short, a vice of idlers. In the camp of which I have been speaking in no very complimentary terms we had nothing to do. I do not recollect that we went even on camp guard. So the circumstances were favorable for men with a bit of money in their pockets to gamble.

The favorite game was Chuck o' Luck, though some preferred Poker. I do not profess to know just why it is, but when men gamble they seem to shrink somewhat from public view. It was so even in the army, and those of our men who formed the habit sought some sort of seclusion. A high ridge of land extended along the west side of our camp. At one point there was an indentation, or "pocket," of low ground containing an acre or two. This became a popular resort for those given to games of chance of all kinds. By common consent the place came to be called "Poker Hollow."

It was no vicious tendency that led so many into gambling; the habit was merely an idle one and indulged in without much thought as to its moral, or immoral, influence. But, however innocent the intention, some poor fellows lost every cent of their pay in a very short time, and I am of opinion that their families at home sadly needed the money.

Co. E had one inveterate gambler in the person of Jim Price, who had enlisted with us at Humboldt, Tennessee. Brought up as a slave, he had no notion of the value of money. To him a dollar was a mere toy fit for nothing but to give him a bit of amusement. Jim gambled for the fun of it—as long as the dollars held out. When he found himself

“strapped,” he borrowed a dollar for a fresh venture, and commonly made that bring him other dollars. He possessed a peculiar shrewdness that made him generally successful as a gambler. I remember hearing Jim tell a little story illustrative of his “luck” in his line of business. He said he was over in “Poker Hollow” one afternoon just to look on, being entirely out of money himself. While watching the money change hands, Jim was seized with a sudden desire to take part in the proceedings. He said he borrowed twenty-five cents of some one standing near and began in a small way to bet on the three-spot or the five-spot, just as he felt moved to do. He was lucky, and in a few minutes he had dollars to bet, instead of cents. Everything seemed to turn in his favor. It was but a short time before he “broke the bank,” and the fellows against whom he had been playing got up and went to camp. Jim found himself with a big pile of bills on hand, and he sat down alone to count his newly gotten wealth. It amounted to something over \$700. He pulled a piece of stringy bark off a bush, tied one end of it around his roll of bills and the other around his finger, and then started for camp, swinging his money to and fro as he went. On the way he came across two other fellows running a Chuck o’ Luck bank. Though it was after sun-down, he thought he might as well stop a few minutes and “break” them, too. He did stop a few minutes—and went to camp without a dollar.*

Some men were sharp enough, after winning a large amount of money, to put the bulk of it where they could not easily get at it to fritter away again. Some sent it home, but the habitual gambler did not take much care of money so easily gotten.

For several days we had rumors in camp that we were to be sent to Natchez. We did not much like the notion, for we had already found as warm weather as we cared for; we

*Comrade Beardsley tells me that not long since he saw a newspaper item giving an account of the shooting, over a gambling table, of a man named Jim Price, a mulatto, who claimed to have belonged to the 12th Wisconsin Infantry. It may have been our Jim.

would have shouted, though, over the news that we were to be sent back to Memphis. But on the 15th of August we were ordered to break camp and march to the river preparatory to taking passage for Natchez. Though we did not rejoice over being sent down stream, we were glad enough to leave that hot, dusty, sultry, sickly camp.

After the wagons belonging to our regiment had been loaded with our camp equipage, and the men formed in line, those who were sick were told that they must manage in one way or another to get over to the river without help. Some of the poor fellows had not walked ten rods a day since they came into that camp, and they did not think themselves able to do so. No wonder some of them declared that it was simply impossible for them to walk or even *crawl* two miles that day to the boat. But, for all their protests, they were left to their own resources; and there seemed no other way to do than to begin the journey by some sort of locomotion. And so this invalid corps set out for the river.

I wish I could draw a picture true to life of the procession after it got well under way; I would have it engraved and put into this book. But my hand lacks the cunning to reproduce what memory presents to me; and I wish, failing in this, I could put the picture into words so graphic as to make it stand out in plain sight on the printed page. Had Comrade Bennett, grizzled and gray as he is now, and as knowing in the art of photography, been there, he would have caught the scene in his magic camera for us to look upon, and pass on to the contemplation of our children and our children's children.

These men walked with staffs—some with one, some with two; some staffs were long, others short. Most of them went stooped over as if about to fall to the front. Some who walked with one staff carried the disengaged hand caressingly across that part of their anatomy that hearty people call the stomach; with them the stomach seemed only a recollection,—the place where it used to be having become an aching void. Many of them wore an expression of countenance similar to

that on the face just above the cross-bones on the labels of bottles containing poison.

After proceeding a few rods the leader of the squad lay down to rest, and soon the next man followed his example, the rearward ones passing a little ways in advance and lying down one by one to gather strength for another effort,—others still passing on to lie down a few minutes when they could go no further. And so they went on, something after the fashion of boys playing leap-frog, slowly and toilsomely approaching the river, which they reached as the sun came close down to the western horizon.

Along the steamboat landing there were several sutler shops, and a chance for those who were sick to get something more palatable with which to tempt their appetites than army rations. There was fresh fruit to be had, and the sight of it made some of those poor, tired fellows believe they were hungry, a question upon which they had been for some time rather skeptical. Two cadaverous looking chaps apparently in the last stages of chronic diarrhœa bought ten large peaches each. One said, "Now, Jim, the chances are that we must die, anyhow, before many days. Let's have one good time of it before we go. If these peaches kill us, it will be only hurrying up a little what's surely got to come before long."

"All right, Bill," said the other, "I'm with ye,—here goes!"

They ate the peaches, tradition says all of them, and then awaited the result. They began to improve from that hour, and were soon well. Such men needed fruit and vegetables rather than hard-tack and bacon and quinine.

In due time we were on the boats, and just as darkness settled down over river, and city, and land, our fleet dropped out into the current, headed down-stream, and we thus began a delightful ride. The air over the river was much sweeter and fresher than we had ever known it in the camp we had just left. There was a gentle breeze passing over the water, just enough to fan our brows with delicious coolness.

We enjoyed a refreshing sleep on the way, and awoke to find ourselves nearing the landing at "Natchez under the Hill."

This short chapter covers only forty days of our history. There is not much in it that is agreeable to dwell upon in memory. It may be that some of the boys have pleasanter recollections of the period that I do, for I was one of the sick ones who took part in that novel procession from the camp to the river. Though several of the men were taken sick, none died during this period. One, Clarence C. Vanderpoel, son of our Captain Vanderpoel who resigned at Fort Riley, Kansas, was, on July 20, discharged because of disability. When we left the state, and for some time thereafter, he was company clerk. Afterwards, and up to the time of his discharge, he was a detailed clerk in our division commissary department.

CHAPTER XVI.

SOLDIERING IN AND ABOUT NATCHEZ.

NATCHEZ is situated sixty miles in a straight line south of Vicksburg, but I suppose that by way of the river it is more than twice as far. Natchez, like ancient Gaul, is divided into parts; but into two parts instead of three. There is a "Natchez under the Hill," and a "Natchez upon the Hill." The former then consisted of a long row of ware houses next to the dock, and an accompaniment of other ancient buildings, in a few of which people seemed to live. I dare not guess the uses of some of them. It is said that once upon a time "Natchez under the Hill" did not bear a very savory reputation. The worst element of the rivermen was quite at home there, but all good people who landed there hurried up the hill. The upper town was reached by a road built on an inclined plane parallel to the river and up the slope of the very steep 60-foot bank, the distance from the beginning of the ascent to the place where it reached the plateau above being nearly a quarter of mile.

"Natchez upon the Hill" was a beautiful little city,—one of the pleasantest we ever visited in the South. Its streets were clean and shady, its dwellings tasty, and some of them elegant.

I said at the close of the preceding chapter that on the morning of the 16th of August, '63, our boat was fastened at the dock of the lower Natchez. It was not long before we were surrounded by row-boats loaded with the good things of the field and the garden, the proprietor of each little cargo—in most cases a darkey—endeavoring in true Yankee style to sell us more of his eatables than any of the others.

There were melons—great big ones—in abundance; there were peaches and apples; and there were tomatoes, and

cucumbers, and sweet potatoes. All these,—but the most marketable of all were the water-melons. Some of the boys devoured melons with a recklessness that seemed to set all probable and possible consequences at defiance. We who were sick, out of respect to our condition, tried to be moderate, but the trial cost us a world of self-denial; some, quite overcome by their long pent up, but now liberated, appetites, ate until the aching void within them was all gone—all but the *ache*.

Toward noon of that day we disembarked, our baggage was loaded on the wagons and the regiment marched away to a camp about two miles from the landing, and a short distance outside the city limits. The procession of the sick was formed something after the manner of the day before at Vicksburg, but they made better progress. There was something about pretty Natchez to take their attention off their aches and pains; there was much in the fresh air they had breathed since leaving Vicksburg to give a bit of new life; and then there is no doubt that a taste of watermelons and peaches had done something towards making them think life yet worth living.

But the principal reason why these men walked so far was because they were obliged to do so. It is so everywhere and always,—people can do a great deal more than they think they can. There are thousands of persons calling themselves invalids to-day who would get well if they were obliged to do so. They are sick *notionally*, and they cause their patient, long-suffering friends a world of trouble. They perplex the doctor, yet their cases wonderfully increase his income. When the Sunday School plans a picnic or an excursion that gives promise of great enjoyment, such invalids will rally so as to take it in—especially the dinner; and if, perchance, the house they inhabit takes fire they develop remarkable agility in getting out of danger.

In general, we poor mortals can do what we think we can; and when the occasion demands we can often do much more than that. We sick folks got to camp that afternoon, and

were in much better condition than before leaving Vicksburg. We were hungry, too, and we dined handsomely on a bit of potato, a peach or two, or an apple.

Our camp was on high ground, and, though one hundred and seventy-five miles in a straight line from the Gulf, some of the knowing ones among us declared that they could now and then get a sniff of the sea breeze. One thing is certain, our health and spirits began to amend, and life came to be thoroughly enjoyable. We had an opportunity to get fruit and vegetables so long as our money held out, and a certain sort of an opportunity even after that; and we never neglected opportunities. Eatables were brought out to us for sale, and the roadside near camp came to be a lively market place. Melons in particular were in demand. They came from the country back from the river, in ancient, high-boxed wagons drawn by the very oddest of teams and engineered by some of the quaintest of darkeys. When these sons of Africa came fully to understand the great demand for their wares in camp, with a shrewdness that would do credit to a genuine son of New England, they put up the prices. So long as prices were reasonable our men bought what they wanted and paid for it; but when things went up to exorbitant figures they began to set their shrewdness over against that of the darkeys. One of the boys near the front of a wagon would engage the proprietor in a discussion concerning the price of some melon he wanted. While all attention was drawn to this particular melon, two or three fellows standing up on the hind wheels of the wagon would be dextrously passing the best they could reach down into the crowd. Sometimes Sambo would discover the trick and would enter a protest, but it did no good.

After this he was more vigilant, but in one way or another his melons disappeared faster than the money came in. Sometimes he determined to do a bold thing in defense of his rights, and would seek "de Cunnel," and enter a complaint; but "Cunnel" Bryant was in pretty close touch with his boys, and he liked a melon now and then himself.

After a few days the Colonel put up a scale of fair prices, above which venders were not allowed to sell anything; if any one undertook to do so, it was pretty well understood that his load was subject to the shrewdness of any stray Yankees that might be in camp, and some of them were most always on hand on such an occasion.

Just a little south of our camp was what had been the home of General Quitman, who had gained some distinction in the Mexican war. There was the typical large dwelling house of the southern gentleman, two stories in height, square, and with wide verandas extending across all four sides. Near by was the large kitchen building where the good things were prepared for "Massa's table." A few rods to the rear were the little houses in which the negroes lived, each having attached to it a small garden patch. All these, with the stables, hen-houses, and various other buildings, made the place look like a village. The whole was shaded by magnificent trees of nature's own planting. Near the house was the little family cemetery, in which lay the remains of the General. Around the buildings the little white children and the piccaninnies played indiscriminately, and apparently quite oblivious of the color line. They learned to draw it later.

The Quitmans, like most southern people of their rank who lived out of town, kept up a garden of several acres. It contained all sorts of things from onions and potatoes to pine-apples, pomegranates, figs and large pecan-nut trees. In that climate a garden means more than it does in Wisconsin, especially when one or more negroes give their entire time to the care of it. We used to like to walk in that garden. Its close proximity to our camp enabled us now and then to get a taste of something delicious.

Our Colonel did something a Sunday or two after our arrival in Natchez that was quite characteristic of the man. About five o'clock in the afternoon the various companies had orders to fall in and march up to his tent. We all wondered what was the occasion of this rather unusual proceeding. When in close order in front of the Colonel, he said, "Boys,

the chaplain is sick to-day and cannot preach to you, and I'm going to conduct the services." He looked very serious, and we began to make guesses as to whether the discourse would be written or extemporaneous, and what would be the text. Taking a newspaper from his pocket, he added, "I don't know much about Bible doctrines, but I will read to you an oration delivered last 4th of July by Major E. A. Calkins, of the Third Wisconsin Cavalry, and you see if it is not as good as one of the chaplain's sermons."

The Colonel began to read, and as he went on he warmed up to the subject, and I believe he got into his discourse something of the fire and energy that Calkins himself put into it. It was a fine oration, and when we broke ranks we wished the Colonel would make regular appointments.

I think it was about the 1st day of September that we had orders to cross the river and make an expedition to Harrisonburg, on Black river, in Louisiana, and thirty miles west of Natchez. We started in the afternoon and went into camp at night on the banks of Lake Concordia, a small body of water four or five miles from the Mississippi. I think the lake is a part of the old bed of the river.

The land on the low grounds of Louisiana are rich, being made up of alluvial soil the Father of Waters is constantly bringing down from the north. There was a great plantation lying on the borders of Lake Concordia, where there was the largest cotton we ever saw growing in the South. There was something else on that plantation—,an immense crop of fowls. There were hen-coops and hen-coops, and when we went to take a look at them the fowls scattered in every direction—and so did we. It was growing dark, and they felt a little bewildered as they ran here and there against things.

Oh, *what* a catch was that! There was music in the air as the boys went to camp. Hundreds of the terrified chickens took to the cornfield, but they were hotly pursued, and despairing squalls from all parts of the field told how fruitless

had been their endeavors to escape, and how fruitful had been the endeavors of the boys not to let them get away.

There was a feast in camp that night; savory smells pervaded the atmosphere and feathers covered the ground. The boys ate their fill and slept as if they had dined virtuously. Our bivouac on Lake Concordia was long remembered on account of the feast of chickens. I suppose there was much indignation and some mourning on that plantation on account of it.

There were fishes in that lake. After all was quiet at night we could hear a constant plashing of water as they jumped above the surface to catch the small flies and other insects that were flitting about. We saw very many signs of fish in all the waters we passed on this trip, from which we concluded that Louisiana is well supplied with one sort of food at least. We saw but few alligators anywhere along the Mississippi, and they were mostly small ones.

As we marched along through the low lands during the next day we were greatly interested in the semi-tropical vegetation, many plants being quite new to us. We camped that night at the junction of the Tensas and the Washita rivers, the two forming the Black, a tributary of the Red river. The next day we crossed over to Trinity, where we remained until near night, the boys in the meantime looking about for this or that to eke out Uncle Sam's rations withal. During the afternoon we had orders to march in the direction of Harrisonburg, ten or twelve miles to the northwest on the Washita river. We camped in a swampy place rather late at night, and depended mostly for our supper upon a flock of twenty-four sheep our Quarter-master was fortunate enough to get into a corner.

The following day, while marching on toward Harrisonburg, there came news from some of our scouts that the enemy's cavalry were maneuvering to attack us in the rear. Not being in a favorable position for defense, we turned right about and made pretty good time for a mile or two until we came to a corn field near where it was expected the

cavalry meant to intercept our march. We were quickly formed in line along the fence, having the field in our front. Here we lay in waiting for the enemy, intending to surprise him with no small shower of lead. As he did not at once put in an appearance, we went into the cornfield and in a few minutes laid the whole crop low in order to get a better chance at that cavalry when it should come; but it did not come at all.

In the meantime we heard some heavy artillery firing in the direction of Harrisonburg, and were quite puzzled as to the meaning of it. Having become doubtful of an attack by the cavalry as we had expected, we resumed our march. When we arrived at Harrisonburg we found it just evacuated by the enemy. The guns at the fort had been destroyed, a part of them spiked, the others burst. It was the noise consequent on the bursting of these guns that we had on our march mistaken for artillery firing. Having found that the enemy had done so well for us what we went out to do, we returned to Natchez, having been gone about a week.

After our return our camp was changed to a position just in front of the Quitman mansion, and a little more conveniently near the large garden I have mentioned. Circumstances seemed to indicate a stay of some time in Natchez, and so we took some pains to arrange things in and about our tents for convenience in house-keeping. We skirmished around for boards with which to build tables alongside our tents at which to write our letters and eat our rations; we put up bunks in our tents by driving four crotched sticks into the ground to do duty as bed-posts, laying in them two sticks for the bed rails, and then putting boards or sticks on these to take the place of slats, springs, and mattress, and on these we spread our blankets — putting our knapsacks at the head for pillows — and went to bed; we put some tall crotches or posts into the ground in front of our tents, put poles across, and then covered this frame-work with branches of trees, calling the

bowers thus formed piazzas, verandas, or porches, as best pleased our fancy.

Our tents were arranged in regular order, those of each company being pitched on the two sides of what was known as the "company street." At our right we always had Company H, at our left Company K. After our camp had been established a few days in any place, the grass would be worn away till scarcely a spear of it would be left growing among the tents, in the streets or on the parade ground. Of course where there were so many men doing all their housekeeping in so small a space, a system of sanitary regulations became necessary. Accordingly, "cess-pools" were dug below each company street, generally in such shape that the top could be covered with a wide board, and into these all slops and scraps of food from the tables must be thrown. Every morning the streets and parade grounds were swept—not even a bit of paper being allowed to remain on the ground. All the refuse matter thus obtained was shoveled into wagons and hauled away. If some families you have known, dear reader, would keep themselves and their homes as clean as we were obliged to keep our permanent camps in the army, there would be less of diphtheria, typhoid fever and awfully bad smells in their immediate neighborhood.

Our stay at Natchez extended from the 16th of August, '63, until the 23rd of January, '64, excepting that we were on the 22d of November sent to Vicksburg, returning to Natchez December 5. During this time the health of our men was good, and, but for the being away from our homes, we enjoyed ourselves very much, indeed. Our various duties consisted in standing camp guard, going on picket, working on some heavy fortifications being built near the river, going with the teams after wood when the weather became cold, and now and then a bit of fatigue duty about camp. We came on detail for one or another of these things every third or fourth day.

Our camp life at Natchez was rather quiet and uneventful. The time off duty was spent in lounging about camp, card-

playing, reading such books and papers as could be got, writing letters home, strolling into the adjoining country, going to the city, making up sleep after being on guard, sitting long at table after meals discussing all sorts of questions, and in such other ways as circumstances suggested. There were times when our life seemed dull, and we longed for change of some sort. Sometimes we felt lonesome even in a crowd. But, if I recollect rightly, these feelings were the exception rather than the rule. A private soldier has no responsibility or care to make him nervous and wakeful, and there is no wonder that he sometimes goes to the opposite extreme and feels a little dull. Once in a while a fellow in camp grumbled, growled, found fault, and made himself unhappy generally; but he affected no one particularly but himself, for the most of the boys just let him growl if he wanted to.

For some reason, I can not tell just what, our regiment was never on very good terms with the 28th Illinois, of our brigade. All the compliments they ever bestowed upon us were of the left-handed variety. Sometimes they shouted their dislike, at others they wrote mean little things about us on the fences and gate-posts around camp. I hardly need say that we undertook to pay them off in their own coin. If, during some quiet moonlight evening, some little noise of any sort was heard over in their camp, and one of us would shout, "Oh, you 'Suckers' over there, dry up!" it seemed as if every last man in the regiment would lift up his voice in angry reply. At first they tried to get even with us by calling us "Badgers," but that did not work; for while they had a mind to regard the name of Suckers as a term of reproach, we Wisconsin boys always took the name of Badgers as a highly complimentary one.

We were on good terms with the 32d Illinois, also in our brigade, but the little darkey cooks of their regiment lived in a state of war against those of ours. I recollect that one day one on each side got to throwing stones at each other across the little ravine that separated our camps, and they threw to hit. This skirmish attracted the attention of all the available

forces on both sides, and the engagement became general. They fought with a zeal worthy a great cause, and did not cease till some of them were pretty badly hurt.

It was not long after our going into camp at Natchez that one of the messes of our company engaged as cook a young colored woman named Maggie. I don't know where she came from, but it is certain that she came to stay. Another woman came with her. I do not know what her name was or whether, indeed, she had any; but she came, by common consent, to be known as "Broad-track,"—probably because of her peculiar gait. She was fat, and rather coarse in every way. The boys did not take kindly to her, and after a time she left us. But Maggie was a bright, quick-witted woman, and always had a ready answer when any joke was attempted at her expense. Though she was as black as a well polished shoe, she was good looking, her features being regular and well formed. She was straight and shapely, and was in all respects what the boys called "a clipper." Unlike our Tom Allen with his quiet dignity, Maggie was always bubbling over with jollity and merriment. All in all, she was a source of much amusement among the boys, and they came to think a great deal of her. And be it said to their honor that, though joking her in all sorts of ways for the fun of hearing her quick and apt repartee, they yet treated her with a peculiar respect that is always and everywhere due to womanhood.

Old Tom smiled at Maggie's chin music, but did not have much to say himself. However, it was but natural that, while about their cooking and washing, they should begin to get acquainted; and it was not at all surprising that they became very friendly, insomuch that Tom proposed that, for the sake of convenience, etc., etc., they do their cooking over the same fire, to which plan Maggie very willingly and sensibly agreed.

Then Tom gallantly undertook to do the heavier part of the work, such as the bringing of water, the lifting of heavy kettles, and the carrying of big sticks of wood. Of course, Maggie repaid his courtesy by doing for Tom the finer part of

his cooking. In fact, they instituted a very fair system of division of labor, and greatly to their mutual advantage.

As this sort of thing went on, Maggie and Tom were becoming exceedingly well acquainted. We noticed that for one reason or another Tom had ceased altogether to speak of his wife and little ones, who were, no doubt, patiently and hopefully waiting for him to come back after them. I do not recollect that our boys joked our two cooks very much about their pleasant partnership; they just watched developments—and waited.

One day Tom was noticed to be taking down his tent, which he had made out of an old piece of canvas he had picked up somewhere about camp. This done, he tore down his bunk, also.

Some of the men said, "What's up, Tom, going to leave us?"

"Oh, no," he answered, "just going to fix things over a little."

He did "fix things over." He made his bunk just twice as wide as it had been, and then pitched his tent again with unusual care.

"What are you doing with your bunk, Tom?" asked one of the boys. "Isn't it wide enough for you!"

"Never you mind about the bunk," he replied. "I'll fix that all right."

And he did fix it all right, at least to his own satisfaction; and this simple arrangement completed the co-partnership between Tom and Maggie. The men of the company tacitly recognized the new firm, and everything moved on pretty much as before.

I am afraid that just here some pretty reader will elevate her nose and call our good old Tom a vile wretch for thus forgetting his wife and children and entering into an unnatural, illegal relation with Maggie; and will declare that both of them ought to have been kicked out of camp. But you must remember, dear reader, that Tom got his first wife in something of the same way, excepting, perhaps, that on that

occasion he had to get the consent of his master to the union. Or, it may be that that same Christian master *ordered* the two to live together in order to rear up children for him to sell for money. At any rate, Tom Allen had never been allowed to think that the marriage relation could ever have any sacredness for such as he. In forming this relation with Maggie he had done just what white, cultured, Christian people had taught him was the proper thing to do ; and how could he, a descendant of not-very-far-back Pagan ancestors of the coast of Africa, dispute his betters as to questions of morals? He could not, therefore did not; but made Maggie his wife in the way that white Christian people had declared to be the proper way "for niggers."

And, fair reader, have you not heard that in the so-called best society of our cities there are men who are, outwardly, at least, honored in many ways, but whose lives are all stained and blotched with social impurity? Men whose very breath is pestilential? Do you not know of some one in your own little village who seems to taint the very atmosphere with impurity? Men, too, who have had all the advantage of good training, both intellectual and moral?

If you have ever heard of such persons, let me tell you that our Tom was a moral giant by the side of them; and our Maggie was a paragon of virtue in comparison with some who would call her a "black wench."

On the 21st day of November we got orders to move to Vicksburg. We packed up on the morning of the 22d, went aboard the "Chouteau," and were soon on our way up the river. We expected to be fired upon from the shore at Waterproof, a short distance above Natchez. The 53d Indiana, which was aboard the "Empress," landed and took fifteen prisoners, but had no fighting. About ten miles above Grand Gulf a band of Rebels was about to fire into the "Empress," but they were discovered a little too soon. A few shells sent among them from our boats made them take to their heels. Our boats made a landing there, and again the 53d Indiana went in pursuit, taking five prisoners. On

the evening of the 23d we arrived at Vicksburg. As it rained hard, we remained all night on the boats.

On the 24th we landed and marched out near the old Rebel lines, where we encamped till the morning of the 27th. While there we were paid off. We heard all sorts of rumors as to what was to be done with us—enough to keep us all the time on the *qui vive*. But on the morning of the 27th we broke camp and marched to a place near Big Black River Bridge, where we remained until December 4th. The weather was pretty cold, and some of the boys got brick from old chimneys and built fireplaces in their tents, thus greatly increasing their comfort. Colonel Bryant took passage for Wisconsin to do some recruiting for the regiment. Clement A. Boughton, of our company, who had been acting as Colonel's orderly, went with him to enlist recruits for Co. E.

On the morning of the 4th we had orders to march to Vicksburg, taking only our blankets and rations. We took the boats in waiting for us; and when we swung out into the river there was quite a fleet with us—seven boats in all. There were aboard, besides our regiment, the 32d Illinois, a part of the 2d Illinois Battery, and some cavalry. We were in ignorance concerning our destination, though we had all sorts of rumors on which to base our guesses. One of these many rumors was that we were to land at Rodney, twenty miles below Grand Gulf, and then march to Natchez, and on the way to surprise and capture a camp of about 2,500 conscript Rebels. But we went directly to Natchez before we landed at all, arriving there about dark. We heard that there were 6,000 Rebels in the vicinity threatening attack.

About midnight we left the boats, marched through town and formed line of battle just in the suburbs of the city. Proudfit, who had been commissioned Lieutenant Colonel,* told us that without doubt we should be attacked before daylight. He said that he did not need to make us a speech in order to

*Adjutant Proudfit was, while we were at Vicksburg, July 30, commissioned Lieutenant Colonel—having been chosen for the position almost unanimously by the officers of the regiment, and that when all the Captains out-ranked him. This was a highly-deserved honor to a first-class officer.

get us to fight; that if attacked we would do our duty. He then told us we could go to sleep upon our arms.

But daybreak came and no enemy came with it. About ten o'clock we marched back into town; we then counter-marched, went out on the Washington road, by our bivouac of the night before, and out into the country. After marching about three miles we turned to the south. Soon after, Gen. Gresham, the present Judge W. Q. Gresham, who was in command, halted the troops and gave them a short talk. He said that the enemy was near us in force—that he probably out-numbered us; but that he purposed to get him between us and Natchez; that if this could be done, we must either whip the Rebels or go to Richmond. He asked whether or not we were ready to undertake such a movement and make a success of it. We shouted "yes" with all our might, and then began a lively march. We camped after dark that night with the enemy still in advance of us, the commander being the famous Wirt Adams. Early the next morning we pressed on, coming at one time within skirmishing distance with their rear guard. But, as most of them were mounted, they escaped us, and we returned to Natchez, where we arrived about noon of the 8th. The weather had turned cold, and it was rainy much of the time. With but little clothing and bedding, and no tents, it is easy to see that we were not very comfortable.

The country through which we had passed on this expedition was very pleasant, and the large plantations and good houses betokened prosperity.

Being without tents, we went into quarters in a rather filthy old shed in which cotton was wont to be stored. There is nothing pleasant for me to record concerning our stay in that old pen. We were speculating all the time as to what movement next awaited us. In the meantime we were having nothing to do but run about town. In order to put something of a check upon our freedom, our officers ordered about half a dozen roll-calls a day, at which we must be present to answer to our names.

In those days the Rebels were doing their best to make the navigation of the Mississippi unpleasant. They planted small batteries here and there, and then amused themselves by firing into passing boats. One boat that came to Natchez while we were there had had the Captain and four other men killed, and several wounded; another had two women killed and some men wounded.

On the 12th of December our things that were left in the camp in the rear of Vicksburg were brought to us, and we were glad enough to get them. On the 14th we received thirteen new wedge tents, about eight feet square on the ground, and eight feet high. We went into camp just out of town and about half a mile west from where we were before going to Vicksburg. We took some pains to fix up this camp, and were soon very comfortable. Many of the boys bought cotton cloth and sewed a strip two or three feet wide around the bottom of their tents, thus raising them just so much higher, and materially increasing the room in them. Nearly all got old brick and built fireplaces, which added not a little to their comfort in camp.

It will be remembered by the older people that it was the winter of '63-4, the winter we were at Natchez, that brought us the "Cold New Year's." Of course it was not so cold in Natchez as it was in Wisconsin, but it was chilly enough down there to make us shiver. Had we not built fireplaces in our tents we surely should have suffered. We had considerable cold rain that winter, and that added to our general discomfort. A detail went from camp each day with several mule teams to the woods for fuel, and we used this freely during the cold weather.

Several of the boys who had been home on furlough, came back bringing in their care boxes of goodies from some of the people there to their friends in the company. Could those home friends have seen the boys open their boxes at Natchez, they would have been amply repaid for having sent them. It was quite the custom of the boys to desire the home folks to send them well made boots to wear in place of the

coarse army brogans. The fellow who was fortunate enough to get such a pair of boots was a little apt to be envied by those of us who never got any.

During the month of December we went out on an expedition of three or four days, but nothing occurred worthy of note ; we did not find the enemy in force, but we captured half a dozen straggling Rebels.

RE-ENLISTING.

In order to counteract the losses to our army from various causes, all possible efforts were being made in the North to enlist recruits. Our own regiment and company received its due share of these new men. But Uncle Sam began to think it would be wise to get as many as possible of his already veteran soldiers to re-enlist for a longer term. Uncle Sam is, on the whole, a long-headed and wise old chap, and he was particularly so in this matter. He knew that the men who had served two years or more as soldiers would be much more desirable recruits than those just fresh from civil life; for all the time spent in drilling new regiments of men would be saved if the old regiments could be induced to stay in the service. Accordingly, he agreed to pay a bounty of \$402 to every man who had already been in the service two years or longer, if he would re-enlist for "three years or during the war." More than this, he would also give the re-enlisted man a furlough of at least thirty days in his own state, and would thereafter call him a "Veteran," as a token of special honor.

As soon as our good Uncle Sam's plans in this respect became known to us, we began to discuss the matter pro and con—the most of us *con*. And it is no wonder, for we had already begun to count upon our fingers the few months to pass before our three years of service would expire and we could go to our homes. We had become pretty well acquainted with the hardships and privations of a soldier's life in war times, and it seemed harder to re-enlist than it had been to enter the service at the first. Whatever of novelty

the idea of becoming soldiers had possessed for us at Delton, certain it is that re-enlistment at Natchez had none of it. We held no war meetings at Natchez. Trume Hurlbut's drum had come to be a means of waking us out of slumber to fall in for roll-call, and it had lost its power of thrilling us with patriotism as it was wont to do at Delton. If we were to re-enlist, it must be the result of a calm decision based upon the actual merits of the case.

But some of the boys began to say that the government was just as sorely in need of our services then as it had been at first; that men in the North who were willing to enlist were becoming fewer and fewer; that it had been necessary already to resort to a draft; that men who were being drafted into the service would not be likely to make the most efficient soldiers, and that unless large numbers of the old soldiers would re-enlist the army was sure to become weak in efficiency if not in numbers.

And then these boys said that when they enlisted at Delton they gave their lives to the service of their country; that while thus far their lives had been graciously spared, they were still ready, if necessary, to become willing sacrifices on the altar of Freedom. And so they began to re-enlist and to take anew the oath of service.

I do not mean that any of our men who became veterans ever said aloud just the words I have written in the above paragraph, but I do believe I have given the substance of the talks they had on the subject before any one put his name on the roll.

The following are the names of those who headed the list, and the dates of their re-enlistment:

Henry W. Stutson and Henry Marston, December 17. Chas. S. Briggs, December 19; Lorenzo D. Clement, December 24; James I. Bowman, Isaac Henry, Alpheus E. Kinney, Aaron M. Wheeler, December 28; Abraham Knapp, December 29; Aaron W. Humphrey, Leonard Woodworth, December 31. Lieutenant Linnell had the work of re-enlistment in regiment.

The re-enlistment of these men had its due influence upon the rest of us. We felt that the demand for them to stay was no stronger than it was for us; the only difference was that they had yielded to the demands of duty, while we had not. And so the question, to enlist or not to enlist, came to be, as it had been in the fall of '61, the uppermost one in our minds. I doubt whether there was a single man in the company who did not come seriously and candidly to discuss the matter within himself. And I believe that each one decided upon his course of action in the light of duty; those re-enlisted who felt that they ought to do so; and those who felt that it was a duty to return at the end of their term of service to their homes and families conscientiously declined to give their names for a second term.

The following is a full list of those who became "Veterans:"

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|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Alpheus E. Kinney. | 28. Milton M. Hildreth. |
| 2. Michael Griffin. | 29. Aaron M. Humphrey. |
| 3. Henry H. Dyer. | 30. Almond T. Hutchinson. |
| 4. Geo. W. Bailey. | 31. Rufus Johnson. |
| 5. Clement A. Boughton. | 32. Abraham Knapp. |
| 6. James I. Bowman. | 33. George Lawsha. |
| 7. William H. Bowman. | 34. Maurice A. Macaulay. |
| 8. Charles S. Briggs. | 35. Henry Marston. |
| 9. William S. Briggs. | 36. James Mathews. |
| 10. James Camp. | 37. William L. Moshier. |
| 11. Fletcher M. Canfield. | 38. George Newland. |
| 12. James M. Clement. | 39. Hosea W. Rood. |
| 13. Lorenzo D. Clement. | 40. Thomas B. Squires. |
| 14. Charles Coleman. | 41. Alfred Starks. |
| 15. Eddy Cole. | 42. William Stowell. |
| 16. James G. Cornish. | 43. Ahira Stowell. |
| 17. Judson Craker. | 44. John Stults. |
| 18. Obadiah W. Eighmy. | 45. Henry W. Stutson. |
| 19. Charles W. Fields. | 46. Samuel Glyde Swain. |
| 20. Henry A. Fluno. | 47. Leander Tiffany. |
| 21. George W. Freer. | 48. Daniel A. Titus. |
| 22. Justus Freer. | 49. William A. Vincent. |
| 23. John Griffin. | 50. William O. Wharry. |
| 24. Alvaro N. Griffin. | 51. Aaron M. Wheeler. |
| 25. James M. Gulick. | 52. Leonard P. Woodworth. |
| 26. Joseph Hawes. | 53. Truman H. Hurlbut. |
| 27. Isaac Henry. | |

I have said that those who re-enlisted were to have a furlough. Uncle Sam also agreed that if three-fourths of the men in any company would "veteranize," the company might go home as an organization; also, that if a certain proportion of any regiment would re-enlist, it, too, might go on furlough as an organization. Very naturally our officers were anxious to enroll the requisite numbers in both company and regiment; for, in that event, we should not only be allowed to go on furlough as organizations, but we should also retain our organization after the discharge of those who did not see fit to re-enlist. We should still be the "Twelfth Wisconsin."

The time for becoming veterans was to expire at midnight of January 5, '64. As the time drew near, all possible persuasion was brought to bear upon those who still held out, to induce them to enroll their names. Every day saw one or more yield. The fifth day of January came. Some companies had got the requisite number of names, but our company still lacked a few, and the regiment as a whole was not quite up to the mark. During the day, our company made up its quota, seventeen enlisting January 5th. In the evening General Gresham, who commanded our brigade, spoke to us on the subject, exhorting us to stand by the old flag if it should take all of three years more to vindicate its honor. He got up some enthusiasm, and afterward re-enlistment went forward with a new zeal. I think the regiment needed five hundred and twelve men in all to keep up the organization. During the evening Lieutenant Colonel Proudfit sent down word that he would give the 512th man a five dollar greenback. About ten o'clock Corporal J. W. Root, of Co. B, was sworn in, and it was found that he was the man not only to fill out the desired quota of the regiment, but to get the greenback. And still there was time to spare, and so the good work went on until midnight. I do not know but the official watch was then set back a few minutes in order to allow the last man to re-enlist who wished to do so.

The next day, January 6, dawned upon our regiment peaceful and calm. The excitement of "goin' for veterans" had

passed off during the night, and everything that morning betokened an unusually quiet day.

But "All signs fail in dry times" *and sometimes in wet.*

Our officers put their generous hearts together and laid a plan to *treat the regiment* in acknowledgment of their patriotism as manifested by their re-enlistment. Accordingly, they had a large barrel of "Natchez Ale" sent to the headquarters of each company, and every man, veteran and non-veteran, was exhorted to fall to and help himself.

I suppose, if the truth be told, there was a man or two—maybe three—who did not heed the exhortation. It *may* have been so, I say, but it did not seem that day to be so, for in a very short space of time our camp presented a scene long to be remembered—an exaggerated sort of Bedlam. I cannot describe it. Perhaps I was not in a condition to take a calm, quiet view of all that was going on. But I do recollect seeing men lying flat on their backs and reaching wildly up for something to hang on by; of seeing others vainly essaying to go somewhere; of seeing one man trying to lead his friend up the street and both falling prone on the ground and concluding to stay there and give up locomotion as an altogether too tiresome thing to undertake; of hearing men try in vain to speak their mother tongue so as to be understood; of seeing one poor fellow trying to demolish his fireplace with his head; of seeing one of the boys hugging another and telling in thick but impassioned tones how much he loved him; of hearing long and loud cheers for "our side," whatever that may have meant; of seeing one brave fellow fighting a sturdy oak tree till his fists actually bled in the cause he fancied he was maintaining; in short, of seeing things exceedingly mixed up in our regiment.

But the day came to an end, and darkness closed in over its exciting scenes. When the bright sun shone again it looked upon a regiment of unusually sober men. They were paying tribute for their wild frolic of the day before.

I am glad to record the fact that this was the only occasion when our regiment ever went, as a whole, upon such an



H. H. BENNETT,
COMPANY E.

unseemly spree. None of us would now be sorry if we had not done so then.

After our re-enlistment a thing occurred that seemed to me uncalled for, and it seems so to me now, though it may possibly have been best. It was this: A few of our non-commissioned officers did not "veteranize," and they were reduced to the ranks in order that the company might be fully officered by those who were going to remain during the war. I do not know that one of these reduced officers ever found any fault about the matter; still, I do not see why a competent and faithful corporal or sergeant who did not see fit to re-enlist would not have served the company just as well until the close of his term of service as a new man who became a veteran. In consequence of this action some of our best non-commissioned officers, good soldiers and excellent men, were sent back to the ranks. They showed their manliness of character by uncomplainingly taking up the work of the private soldier, and being as faithful in their performance of duty as they were before.

Our re-enlistment and the celebration of it over, our camp life settled down to its old routine, sometimes becoming very monotonous. An old faded diary lies before me that was written in part at Natchez by Comrade H. H. Bennett. I shall take the liberty of copying the substance of a page or two from it. It shows exactly the state of one private soldier's mind at the time.

Friday, Jan. 8, '64.—"No doubt there are many who think that every day of a soldier's life has in it some exciting or interesting incident. It might seem so to one not in the army, but to a person who has passed two or three years in camp it is not so. I well remember the time when I thought that a soldier must be one of the merriest fellows on earth, leading a life of pleasure and devoid of care and trouble. Two years in the service has somewhat changed my mind in regard to that. Many of our days pass by slowly, and I may say that, for all there are so many of us

together, we sometimes get lonesome. With me, to-day has been so. The excitement of re-enlisting has passed away, and we have settled back into the old dull routine of camp life;—get up in the morning—eat breakfast—sit around till noon—eat dinner—sit around till supper time—eat that. And so it goes day after day except when we are detailed for fatigue or picket duty.”

Of course the season for the melon trade was over,—still there was something to buy. People, both white and black, young and old, frequented our streets with all sorts of things tempting to the inner man. One had milk, another “cawn” bread, another peach pie, another “pok” (pork) pie, another ginger bread, another cakes. I presume I shall not depart very far from the truth when I intimate that, now and then, a sweet-looking pie girl from the city brought along with her a bottle or two—may be three—hidden away in some part of her drapery, from which hiding place she dexterously, with, perhaps, a bit of a blush, brought one forth whenever a knowing chap gave her the wink.

I will copy just here one more page from Comrade Bennett’s diary. He had just come in from picket:

Tuesday, Jan. 19.—“We had a little adventure last night; these are the particulars: About two o’clock I came off vidette, brother Eddy having relieved me. I had lain down and was almost asleep when I heard him challenging, and, close following, the report of his gun. The alacrity with which we tumbled out from under our shelter was not much like that of some of our one-horse generals; but we, like them, were too late to see the enemy,—his coat-tail had disappeared over a neighboring hill. Of course Ed.’s shot did not take effect where he intended it should. He said the first he saw of the person he was slowly making his way toward us. He politely requested the fellow to halt, but he did not seem inclined to comply with Ed.’s request, and, as a natural consequence, began moving off. Ed. fired, but before we could get out, he was well out of sight. What his business

was, or what were his intentions concerning us, we do not know, and probably never shall."

This is a fair sample of many of our picket post incidents. Bennett, in another place, describes his efforts to halt what at first appeared to be a stump, but which, on closer observation, seemed to be moving toward him. He was two or three times on the point of firing, but thought it best to be sure what sort of game he was about to bring down. After getting behind a log, and crawling up very close to his midnight visitor, he found it to be just what he took it to be at first—a stump.

On the evening of January 22, we got orders to be in readiness at daylight the next morning to go aboard the boats. Accordingly we were up very early, ate our hard-tack and coffee by the light of our camp fires, and had everything in readiness for moving before sunrise. But, for all that, we were not marched down to the boat landing till 10 o'clock. And we did not swing out into the stream till a couple of hours before sundown. Then we started, and found that our destination was somewhere up the river. Scores of people from the city came down to see us off. We had been in Natchez so long that some associations had been formed not easily to be broken.

A goodly number of the crowd that came down to say good-bye were negroes. They knew intuitively that every man who wore the blue was in a certain sense a friend to them, and they never failed to manifest an appreciation of that friendship. And so it was that the most of the handkerchiefs that fluttered from the shore, as our boat steamed up the river that afternoon, were waved by black hands or brown.

Slowly the pretty city on the hill faded from our sight and we never saw it again. It had been a pleasant camping place for us, and we bade it good-bye with much of real regret; and I think that in all the years since then all our boys have cherished agreeable recollections of our soldiering in and about Natchez.

After a pleasant ride of a night and a day, we stopped at

Vicksburg, but we did not disembark until the morning of the 25th. That day we marched out to our old camp ground at Hebron, the place we had left nearly two months before.

The time covered by this chapter is something more than five months. During the time we lost three men by death, viz.: August 30, at Natchez, Joseph C. Edmonds; November 19, at Memphis, Wesley Harbaugh; September 22, at Vicksburg, George W. Marshall.

These were all men in middle life, and had been good soldiers. The exposure and hardship of the siege of Vicksburg told heavily on them, and they were not able to bear up after it was all over.

No recruits arrived during this period of our service.



ALFRED BELANGER, CO. G.

Enlisted December 30, 1863.

Mustered out with the regiment July 16, 1865.

Comrade Belanger is now proprietor of the Colby House,
Ashland, Wisconsin.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MERIDIAN EXPEDITION.

SINCE the capture of Vicksburg no important military operations had been carried on in Mississippi. But at the time we moved up to Vicksburg from Natchez, as related at the close of the preceding chapter, General Sherman was planning an expedition of vast importance.

Though the Mississippi river had been gotten into our possession by the taking of Vicksburg and Port Hudson during the summer of '63, so long as the Rebels maintained the lines of railroad east of the river they were able to move their troops easily and quickly into the vicinity of Vicksburg, thus compelling General Sherman to keep considerable bodies of troops at the various points along the river ready for any attack the enemy might undertake.

General Sherman's plan looked to the destruction of the Southern Mississippi railroad from Vicksburg to Meridian, near the eastern boundary of the state, and of the Mobile & Ohio railroad, extending from Columbus, Kentucky by way of Corinth, and crossing the Southern Mississippi at nearly right angles at Meridian, and terminating at Mobile.

In order to accomplish this, Sherman proposed to take command in person of two divisions of McPherson's Corps, and two of Hurlbut's, and march eastward to Meridian. At the same time General William S. Smith, General Grant's chief of cavalry, accompanied by the famous General Grierson, was to move from Memphis, with all the cavalry available, strike the Mobile & Ohio at Okalona, destroy the road from that point southward and join Sherman at Meridian. Smith was to leave Memphis on the first day of February, and arrive at Meridian, 250 miles distant, on the 10th.

Our regiment belonged to one of the divisions of McPherson's corps that was to accompany General Sherman on this so-called "Meridian Expedition." We left our camp between the Big Black river and Vicksburg on the third day of February. There were in the four divisions, and a brigade of cavalry that accompanied us, about 25,000 men. The army moved eastward in two columns, General Hurlbut crossing the Big Black river six miles north of General McPherson. We camped that night four miles east of the river near Edward's Station, nothing of note having occurred during the day.

The following day we continued our march, the second brigade of our division in advance, our brigade being next in the line. After proceeding a few miles the enemy appeared in our front at Champion Hills and rather mildly disputed our right of way. Some skirmishing took place that slightly hindered our progress. We drove the Rebels back about five or six miles and went into camp for the night at Baker's Creek. A mile or so before reaching this creek our brigade relieved the second as advance guard, and it was our business that night to maintain the picket line and guard the bridge.

Our loss during the day was slight. Our regiment had three men killed, all of Company I. They were Eugene Baldwin, Ova Lind and William H. Murray. Their death was caused by the explosion of a shell sent by the enemy into the very center of the company.

The enemy, after crossing the bridge that night, took position on a rise of ground about three-quarters of a mile beyond. It was evident that they intended to check our advance in the morning. During the evening Lt. Colonel Proudfit came down to the picket line at the bridge accompanied by a queerly dressed stranger who excited considerable interest. He looked quite like the average Southerner from Wayback, and *seemed* embarrassed with so many soldiers about him. Colonel Proudfit said, "Boys, here's a Rebel that I don't want with us. I am going to send him through the lines out to where he belongs." Thereupon he conducted

his man to the bridge and bade him begone. The liberated "Rebel" walked quietly a few rods along the road toward the enemy's lines, turned to the right and disappeared in the tall grass of the low ground that reached nearly up to where his friends were encamped. Our men smiled at what seemed a queer freak in Proudfit, but they concluded that Colonel James K. knew what he was doing. About three o'clock the next morning our Rebel reappeared at the bridge wet and chilly, but with information for our officers concerning the position of the enemy and the probable number of men in our front. He was a spy.

As daylight came on next morning, we could see the Rebel line. Soon we could hear them, for they began to throw shell at us. Their ammunition was so poor, however, that every shot fell short of us, even at that short distance. Soon General Leggett led down his third division to cross the creek, for it was their turn to lead the advance that day. It was a beautiful morning, and, as the rising sun brilliantly lighted up the scene, the boys of the third division seemed wonderfully happy.

As they passed us they asked, "What troops are those over there, boys?" When we told them that those troops belonged to the enemy, and that they were soon to dispute the right of way with them, they became a little serious over the thought of what was to be, but pressed forward almost as if anxious for the conflict.

Crossing the bridge, they deployed to the right and the left of the road, forming a line of battle on the low ground up and down the creek. General Leggett, true to his nature, was with the advance of his division. After one brigade of infantry had passed over, there came a battery of four fine large rifled guns. I think two of these were twenty-pounders, and the other two thirty-pounders. Accompanying this battery was General McPherson.

Scarcely had the line been formed before the Rebels opened fire. From where we stood we could see the whole of the battle, and, but for the thought that death was there, the

sight was not only enlivening and exciting, but beautiful. Clouds of smoke arose after the volleys of musketry and rolled off white and fleecy in the bright sunshine. Soon the ambulances began to bring back the dead and dying. But just about that time there came a report from one of those rifled guns that not only awoke the echoes for miles around, but startled those Rebels quite out of their wits. Another and another of those well-directed rifle-shots awoke the echoes, and did fearful execution over among the Rebels. They lost no time in coupling up their little gun-wagons and cantering off toward Jackson in a cloud of dust.

By this time seventeen of those happy boys of the third division had been brought back either dead or wounded. We felt sad enough as we fell in and marched on, leaving those poor fellows lying beside the road at Baker's Creek. They had done their part, and it remained for us to go forward and do ours.

Most of the boys who read this will recall the gate by the roadside where the Rebels had made their stand,—how it was all bespattered with human brains. And one of them can remember having picked up a piece of the poor fellow who lost the brains, and of keeping it in his pocket thereafter as a souvenir of the occasion.

Firing off at our left, the preceding day, had told us that General Hurlbut was also meeting with opposition. But affairs turned out with him about as they did with us, and so both columns pressed forward. We tried to catch up with the retreating army, but were unable to do so. We passed through Clinton, and reached Jackson the following day. After a short stay at the capital city we crossed the Pearl river on pontoons which the Rebels did not seem to have had time to take up, and then pressed forward toward the east.

We remained in Jackson long enough for the city to suffer on account of our presence. Fires raged in various parts of the town, and we left it in flames. This was the third time it had suffered from a like affliction at the hands of our troops.

When General Grant captured the place on his way to the rear of Vicksburg much of the city was burned, and again on the occasion of our expedition against it just after the siege of Vicksburg. After this third cremation it presented a sorry appearance. Just who set the fires none of us could tell. A building here and there would be seen with the flames just bursting through windows or roof, and that is all any of us knew about it.

On our march east of Jackson our cavalry had considerable skirmishing with the enemy, but we were not hindered much. At Morton we left the railroad and took a curve toward the north, passing through Hillsboro and Decatur. Near Morton the Rebels formed a line behind a dwelling house. The family remained inside, and when our men fired upon the line drawn up to oppose us they killed a woman, the mother of five children. This was, indeed, a sad affair, but more chargeable to the Rebels than to our troops; they knew the family were in the house. Two Rebels were killed by the same volley. At Morton they again made a stand, but soon retreated pell-mell, leaving clothing, camp equipage, etc., scattered along the road.

On our way out, even before reaching Jackson, we had been joined by hundreds of negroes who seemed to think that to go with us meant to be free. There were bright young darkey boys, bashful sixteen-year-old girls, stout, middle-aged men and women, decrepit old people almost ready for the freedom of the grave; there were mothers with half a dozen children step-laddered between young babyhood and eight or ten years of age; there were crippled people being helped along the road by those who wanted to take this chance for liberty, but would not leave the grandfather or grandmother behind to die alone. We saw more than one mother carrying two children and dragging another one or two clinging to her skirts.

One day we overtook a queer conveyance. It was a very rickety, two-wheeled old cart, with rough rails for shafts, the ends of which were hooked into the ends of a single yoke worn by a venerable looking ox. On the cart was a loose frame-work

intended for a box. In this, sitting on a heap of dirty old rags, sat a little, white-haired, shriveled-up negro. He was grasping with both hands one of his legs just below the knee, and holding it up so as not to let it get the jarring motion of the cart; and we noticed that the foot had been lately cut off. The bone at the stump seemed nearly bare and looked sore. It was a wretched sight, one not soon to be forgotten, yet it had its ludicrous features. The cart was in the road and we were obliged to march around it. The boys shouted "Haw, Buck! Gee, Buck!" and "Whoa, Buck!" until poor old "Buck" did not seem to know just what to do. So he stood stock still in the road and refused to do anything, except to gaze in stupid wonder on the passing crowd. In charge of this queer old go-cart there were three big negro girls. One was on the "nigh" side, another on the "off," and the other was behind, ready to push, if necessary, or to lend a hand in caring for the poor, aching stump of the old man on the cart. These girls grinned and giggled at what the men were saying at them in a joking way, but gave occasional anxious glances at the occupant of the cart, and tried in vain by punching the old ox in the ribs to get their part of the procession to move on.

These poor people were "goin' wid Massa Linkum's sogers to be free." What became of them we never knew. In fact, we do not know that the old ox team ever got started from that spot. But one thing is certain—they found out that "goin'," in that fashion, "to be free," had little of romance; and there is no doubt that they suffered more during their ill-advised escapade than they ever did in bondage.

These colored people left their plantations to go with us with little or no thought of what they should eat or drink, or wherewithal they should be clothed; simple faith that somehow, in some way, "Massa Linkum" could and would make it all right.

And blessed be the memory of "Massa Linkum!" He did do all in his power to make things right. Had he been able to prevent it, not a black man would have suffered any

hardship not common to free men. "Massa Linkum" could not reach out from his great heart and take away the burden of every individual bondman, but he could and did strike the shackles from every one of them, and make it possible for the long down-trodden race to begin the working out of its own destiny.

While near Hillsboro, we were marching one evening some time after dark before reaching camp. Our wagon train got considerably strung out on the road, and a squad of Rebels made a dash upon it and captured one or two of the wagons. It happened that General Sherman with a part of his staff was passing very near the place, but the enemy did not know of it. Had they found it out, it is quite likely that our commander would have been made a prisoner. But it is an old saying that "a miss is good as a mile."

On this march nearly all dwellings were burned, and everything in the way of public property was destroyed. No cotton gins were left standing, and all fields in our line of march were left fenceless. I am not going to say whether or not this mode of warfare was just and necessary. It did most certainly cripple the Rebel army to have such destruction run riot in the very heart of their country. But it is not pleasant to remember that the losses inflicted fell most heavily upon the women and children whose homes had been along our route.

On the 14th of February, after eleven days of marching, we reached Meridian, 140 miles east of Vicksburg. But where was General Smith? And what had become of the gallant rider, General Grierson? They should, according to the plan of the campaign, have been at Meridian four days before our arrival. But they were not there, and they had not been there. They had ridden gayly along as far as Okolona, about half the way, and had destroyed property and provisions with a high hand. Discipline had been just a little loose with them, too, and when the Rebel General Forrest, who had been lying in wait for them, pitched into them at Okolona, they were so beaten and demoralized that they can-

tered back toward Memphis. Their not arriving at Meridian made it necessary for General Sherman to modify somewhat his plans for the campaign.

A few days were spent in destroying stores of provisions in the vicinity and in tearing up the railroad in every direction. Our division went south on the Mobile road to Quitman, about twenty-five miles from Meridian, in its work of destruction. About the 20th of February we started on our return to Vicksburg by way of Decatur. When we had got as far as Hillsboro, we left the route of our eastward march, and bore off to the north toward Canton, twenty-three miles north of Jackson.

By this time we were getting short of provisions,—having started out with only twenty days rations. A part of the troops went directly on to Vicksburg. Our division was left near the place of crossing the Pearl river to wait until some cavalry that was sent back to Meridian in order, if possible, to hear something of Smith and Grierson, should return.

On the 28th we marched to Canton. While in camp near there the Rebels attacked our pickets, and our brigade was sent out to meet them. We had a march of about ten miles in three hours, and a lively little skirmish, in the meantime, that drove the Rebel cavalry out of the way. While near Canton teams came out from Vicksburg loaded with provisions for us. They were received with thankful hearts, for we were quite out of any rations, excepting very coarse corn meal and corn coffee.

The Rebel cavalry hovered about our flanks the most of the time, but they did not particularly impede our progress. In one of their attacks on our rear guard they lost forty men and a colonel. After that they were wiser and let us alone.

A little after noon on March 4, we crossed the Big Black river bridge and were soon in camp at Hebron, from which place we had started on "The Meridian Expedition." On some accounts, our coming into camp was as interesting as a circus parade.

We were not very well provided with clothing when we set

out on the campaign, and, as we got none while gone, very many of the men were pretty poorly clad on our return. Such marching in the mud as we had been obliged to do had been particularly hard on shoe leather, and at least one man in every five or six came back barefooted; also, many were without trousers, and were obliged to appear in company in their drawers. When it is remembered that this campaign had been during the month of February, it may be understood that without shoes—and even pantaloons—some of the men suffered. No wonder that so many of the old boys of these days need pensions. No wonder that so many of them go limping around with the rheumatism. No wonder that so many of them are dropping away while yet on the sunny side of fifty.

Bill Scott, of Co. G, seeing the general undress appearance of our regiment as we neared camp, took off his own trousers, which were in fairly good condition, and with his jack-knife cut the cloth in strips about two inches wide from the bottoms up to the waist. Then he put them on, and went in on the home stretch with the ribbons floating gaily about him in the breeze. Our general appearance created much merriment among the boys who remained behind and now gladly welcomed us back.

Another feature of our procession deserves mention. I have said that a great many negroes joined us on our march. When we came into camp there were five thousand of them following us. A great many had found employment as cooks, or in some other capacity, but the most of them had shifted for themselves and had followed on day after day with only the desire to be free to urge them forward. Some women with little children had fallen in with us before we had got as far as Jackson on the way out, and had stuck to us during all our marching afterward, having walked and carried one or two children a distance of at least three hundred miles.

Pathetic, indeed, was the sight of those poor, tired, hungry people. With them it was anything to get away from bondage. Many died rather than go back. They generally

appeared cheerful and happy, and no doubt they were so in general, for even though hungry and tired, they were enjoying for the first time in their lives *liberty, freedom*. No fear of "De Massa," his dogs, his overseer, or his lash while with us. Often we asked some fresh recruit to our army of contrabands, "Where are you going, Sambo?"—to which the answer almost surely came, "*Gwine to be free!* ya! ya! ya!" accompanied by a broad grin, a doffing of the cap, and sometimes an impromptu "pigeon-wing."

But, for all this outside gayety, I am of opinion that the poor refugee had some very sober thoughts. He was not only breaking up old associations, but was rushing out into a wholly new and untried world. He found before he had been long with us that he was not certain of a full meal three times a day, or even once a day, and he must have sadly wondered what was to become of him.

I have heard people who have never been in the South declare with seeming authority that the colored people were satisfied with their lot, with, perhaps, a few exceptions. If they were, it is certain that they were glad to exchange it for almost anything else—even death. But such talk as that is mere twaddle.

Many of these people suffered terribly at Vicksburg before any provision could be made for them. Large numbers enlisted in colored regiments then forming, and aided our army materially in fighting for the old flag. I presume some of them were brutally murdered at Fort Pillow by "Butcher" Forrest.

We were glad enough to get back to camp on that 4th of March, and the rest we enjoyed for the next few days was particularly sweet to us. Quite naturally, we who had re-enlisted began to speculate concerning the time of our veteran furlough. We thought it about time Uncle Sam's promise to us was being fulfilled. To our almost unbounded joy, we had orders on the 8th to be in readiness to go any day; it goes without saying that we were ready at two second's notice.

In our absence several new recruits had come down to our

company, and when we came in in rags and tatters, and as brown as smoked herrings, they regarded us with big-eyed wonder. Since several of these new men were friends and, in some cases, relatives of older members of the company, there were many hearty greetings exchanged, and afterwards very pleasant visits.

The following is the list of men who enlisted as recruits in the company between December 15, '63, and February 28, '64,—the most of them being in camp on our return from the Meridian Expedition:

1. George Adams... ..Delton.....Dec. 15, '63
2. Silas Allen.....Bad Axe.....Feb. 28, '64
3. Abner Allen... ..Bad Axe.....Feb. 27, '64
4. Ethelbert Barton.....LindenFeb. 5, '64
5. James H. Clement.....New Buffalo.....Dec. 15, '63
6. Arthur Coleman.....Delton.....Feb. 28, '64
7. Nathaniel DarrowReedsburgDec. 17, '63
8. Joel M. Freeman.....New Buffalo.....Dec. 15, '63
9. Daniel Gillispie.....DellonaJan. 15, '64
10. Charles Gloyd.....New Buffalo.....Dec. 17, '63
11. James HoisingtonBarabooDec. 28, '63
12. John G. IngallsNew Buffalo.....Dec. 17, '63
13. Jacob Lawsha.....New Buffalo.....Feb. 26, '64
14. Leonard Sharpe.....Delton.....Dec. 30, '63
15. Joshua Tucker.....DellonaJan. 15, '64
16. Henry D. VaughnDellonaJan. 15, '64
17. Henry Walker.....DellonaJan. 15, '64

Most of these men were young—mere boys—but they easily and quickly became efficient soldiers. Daniel Gillispie was a younger brother of our Captain Gillispie; Jacob Lawsha was a younger brother of our George Lawsha; and Arthur Coleman was a brother of our Charley. Charles Gloyd was the same that was discharged from the company for disability, on the 18th of April, 1862. Having recovered his health, he was determined to re-enlist in order to do the service his ill health forbade his doing before. But the brave boy died at Big Shanty, Georgia, on the 25th of the following June.

John G. Ingalls—"Johnny," we called him then—was at the time of his enlistment, only fourteen years old. When the company was at Delton in the fall of '61, over two years before, he had hung around the drill-ground watching us, and he went home crying more than once because the officers would not enlist a twelve-year-old boy. When our fourteen-year-old Johnny did get into the company he did just as good service as anybody twice as old.

One death occurred during our absence. It was that of Horace Ostrander, February 25. He had been transferred to our company from Co. I, January 1, '64, having been in the company but a few days before we went on the Meridian raid. We did not know much about him. He was a very quiet young man, and was no doubt a good soldier. His first enlistment was from Viola, September 23, '61. He was a veteran.

On the 11th of December, '63, Reuben W. Green, our fifer, was discharged to accept promotion in the Sixth Mississippi United States Colored Troops. January 7, '64, William H. Squires had been transferred to the Invalid, or Veteran Reserve, Corps.

Greatly to our satisfaction, orders came on the 13th of March to pack up for "Veteran Furlough." As those of us who had re-enlisted began to get ready to go home, the "Non-Vets" looked sober and lonesome. There were all sorts of rumors afloat as to what was to be done with them.

I will copy a few lines from the diary of one them:

"Sunday, March 6.—More recruits came to our regiment this afternoon and one for our company looks as if the cradle had been robbed of its occupant to make a soldier. The number that came to-day was forty-six, and they were brought by Captain Wheelock, of Co. H. Our mess have some "holed" beans doing to-night and expect a good breakfast. Weather fair and warm."

"Monday, March 7.—Beans did not come out quite as good as expected, and an order came this afternoon saying that we non-veterans would be transferred to the 16th Corps if we did not re-enlist, and be sent up Red river; that when the



JOHN G. INCALLS,
COMPANY E.

veterans return they will rendezvous at Louisville, Ky. Taking it all around it has not been a very good day, particularly for us non-veterans—beans spoiled, and got to go up the Red river with the Wood Peckers.”

As I have already said, we packed up on the 13th of March for our trip home. The regiment marched away from camp down to Vicksburg in high glee. The day was a delightful one, warm and bright, and our tramp got us pretty well heated up. The great river steamer, “Continental,” the same that had brought us down from Memphis to Vicksburg nearly a year before, was in waiting for us; and, just as it was getting dark, we crowded ourselves upon its already well-loaded decks.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON VETERAN FURLOUGH.

I have been looking forward with much pleasure to the writing of this chapter,—simply because the memory of that delightful change from camp life to the loved associations of home is still agreeable to dwell upon in thought.

I said at the close of the preceding chapter that on the evening of March 13, we crowded ourselves upon the already well-loaded decks of the steamer "Continental." We were so crowded, in fact, that we could for sometime find only standing room, and we were packed into a dense mass. It was very dark, so there was little chance to look for more room. After pushing about for some time, we got a bit of freedom of motion, and then we began to slide down into a sitting position; but when we had got down it was hard work for a fellow to decide which of the many legs tangled up about him were his own. In time, by dint of much crowding and packing, we came into half reclining positions, and one by one dropped asleep.

Had we not been going home we should have got cross, but as it was we made the best of circumstances and slept fairly well. Strange it is how the state of one's mind affects his bodily comfort. If we are anxious for the attainment of a certain object, we can put up with much discomfort if it be but a means to the desired end. And so that night we dropped asleep happy, and went off into pleasant dreams of the homes we expected so soon to see.

We awoke happy next morning, and rejoiced to find the great steamer making good time up stream. As daylight came on we were able to disperse ourselves throughout the length and breadth of the boat, and so get breathing-room for ourselves. But, for all that, our ride up to Cairo was not

a pleasant one. The weather turned cold; a chilly wind blew an almost constant drizzle of rain into our faces; and we hunted here and there for comfort.

There was one warm place accessible to us; it was under the long boiler on the lower deck. I think the boiler must have been about thirty inches above the deck, and we would crawl by detachments under the great hot-water cylinder and heat up. It was *hot* under there, and no one wanted to stay there a great while; but after one got out into the weather again he would soon begin to shiver.

Some of the boys found on the lower deck, near the stern of the boat, a great pile of cotton bales, the top ones being well up to the beams of the cabin deck above. The fellows climbed to the top of the pile and discussed the plan of making a bunk up there for the trip to Cairo. It was suggested that the bales would be pretty hard to sleep upon. Leander Tiffany proposed cutting the ropes that bound the bales. No sooner said than done,—and that cotton when once released from its bands swelled out white and beautiful. Oh what a bed! Downy, feathery, etc., are not too soft adjectives for use. But when Leander and his bunk-mate came out of their soft couch they were sights to behold. Cotton on their coats, on their trousers, on their caps, on their shoes, and cotton in their hair. They tried to pluck themselves as the thrifty housewife does her spring chickens to prepare them for market; but, after great perseverance in the good work, their appearance as they went on deck betokened their lodging place. Yet they consoled themselves with the fact that they had, all to themselves, a perfect harbor from the storm for the rest of the voyage. Accordingly they staid there the most of the time.

Just in the rear of this cargo of cotton there stood scores of barrels of choice syrup on its way from New Orleans to some northern market. The men climbing about here and there found by some sort of chance that those barrels had bung-holes, and that the plugs in them were not so tight but what they might be knocked out. Of course, then, a plug was

extracted, and, as the amber fluid flowed down the side of the barrel, it ran into the nozzle of many a canteen held a little below the bung-hole. I think some of the boys forgot to re-insert the plug after the canteens were filled, in consequence of which the deck in that part of the boat became sticky. I recollect, in fact, that during the voyage several bung-holes were left thus free to act, and that the decks thereabouts became *very* sweet and sticky before we got to Cairo.

A corner was partitioned off in the stern of the boiler deck for a guard house for the accommodation of such of the boys as became uproariously hilarious over their canteens, which seemed to contain something more stimulating than amber syrup; and there were high old times in that quarter of the boat. Some of the turbulent fellows corralled there, shed more blood on that home-going trip than they ever did in battle. But I do not suppose any of them delighted to boast of the fact when they sat around the supper table on arriving at home. I presume they told their inquiring little brothers and admiring little sisters at home that they hurt their noses by running against a rebel picket post in the dark, and thus explained the presence of the court plaster thereon.

I think we were five days on the way from Vicksburg to Cairo, and so we must have got there on the 18th of March. The weather was still cold, but the drizzling rain had ceased. After we had landed, and it was found that we must wait until next day for a train to carry us on to Chicago, we were marched off to some old barracks in which to spend the night. The building was a miserable old shell with but a single good quality—it was well ventilated.

In our anxiety to be moving homeward, we did not much enjoy spending a night in such a place. Most of us found a third rate theatre near at hand, the name of which stood out in bold letters and reaching clear across the front,—“DEFIANCE.” Here, for half-a-dollar apiece, we roared ourselves hoarse with laughter over some wretchedly poor acting—being willing, under the chilly circumstances, to be entertained in almost any sort of way.

We found on retiring that our bunks had permanent occupants, and these swarmed around each of us, bent on getting nourishment very much as we swarmed around the barrels on the steamer. It was a tedious, chilly, unrestful night we had there, but at length morning came, and we were packed away on a train of freight cars on the Illinois Central and were soon rolling on towards Chicago. It was still cold, and were it not for the fact that we were "going on furlough," we should have growled considerably. I think we were two days on the way to Chicago,, arriving there on the evening of the 20th of March. Our ride across the broad prairies of Illinois had been long, and cold, and tedious; and as we went toward the north the weather became still colder. When we arrived in Chicago and left the train we fairly suffered. We had on the same clothing to which we had been used in the warm climate of the South. The day we left Vicksburg, just a week before, was unusually warm even for that latitude, and our systems felt the change keenly. We had our guns to carry, and were without any sort of mittens. All in all, I do not know of any time in my life when I had a more anxious longing for a seat in the chimney corner. The world seemed cold and inhospitable, and we wondered how many days longer it would be before we should be warm and comfortable again. And besides all this, we were hungry. We had not eaten a really good meal since leaving camp near Vicksburg.

A few minutes after leaving the train we were ordered to fall in, but we had no sort of notion where we were to go. We marched a short distance down a street leading from the depot, and then for some reason had to stand there for several minutes enjoying a winter breeze from the northwest bringing with it all the chilliness that Lake Michigan could give to it. Our hands were so cold and numb that we could scarcely hold our muskets, and our teeth fairly chattered with chin-music. At length we marched on again. We soon came to a rough board building of vast area, but only one story high. While we were wondering what it could be, a large door swung open just in front of us, and the Colonel

led us through the entrance, over which we read by the dim light shining from within out into the darkness,—

“SOLDIERS’ REST.”

Once inside the doors we found ourselves in an immense room,—space enough for two such regiments as ours to bestow themselves comfortably. We fairly shouted “*Glory!*” when we found ourselves enveloped by an atmosphere warmed up to summer heat. Two great red-hot stoves, each capable of holding at least a quarter of a cord of four-foot wood, were making cheery promises to thaw us out in short order; and they fairly roared us a hearty welcome.

We shouted “*Glory!*” more vigorously than ever when we discovered, extending along one side of the building, a trough two feet wide through the length of which a stream of pure water was flowing. And there were soap, and towels, and combs, and looking-glasses! Talk about luxuries; nothing is more luxurious than good water when either the inner or the outer man is in pressing need of it.

We had not been very happy on our cold march down to this “Soldiers’ Rest,” but we soon came to be so and we fell to playing many a merry and mischievous prank, and to making the walls of our hostelry resound with our fun. In the midst of our glorification, a great door on one side of the room swung wide open and—oh, what a sight greeted our eyes!—a sight never to be forgotten, because of the impression it made upon us.

The open door disclosed a brightly-lighted room quite as large as the one we were in,—every blessed yard of space being occupied by tables, and at this particular time every blessed table was loaded with things good for the inner man. Never did the dining-room on Mount Olympus present a more inviting appearance to the gods, though furnished with ambrosia and nectar, than did those tables freighted with pork and beans, and potatoes, and bread, and *butter!* and enveloped with the odor of coffee still boiling in the kitchen beyond, present to us who had not seen such a spread before

for years. While we gazed with big-eyed astonishment at the scene thus opened up to us, Colonel Bryant shouted, as only Colonel Bryant could shout, "*Fall in, boys, for supper!*"

We waited for no second order, for we had got into the habit of promptly obeying our commander. There was room at the tables for the whole regiment, and we were soon in place. I cannot forget Sergeant Stutson's look as he seated himself and gave one comprehensive glance at the table bounties before him: "Boys," he said, "this seems *too good* to be *true!*"

And then came the crowning glory of the feast. A little army of young ladies swarmed down the aisles between the tables with pitchers of hot coffee and tea, and with their beautiful white hands they filled our cups, passed the cream and sugar, and served us in every way they could; and they actually *talked* to us in an easy, chatty way, as if they were really interested in soldiers, even though they had never seen any of *us* before. The presence of these angels in pink gowns and white aprons, and with rosy cheeks and bright eyes, seemed worth more to us just then than the real winged creatures would have been. Surely, we were as happy as we could be; our little cups could hold no more.

We ate slowly so as to make the meal last as long as possible. But in due time even the choicest food ceased to have a relish, and one by one we left off eating,—to feast our eyes on the fair faces of our waiters. When the music of the knives and forks had quite died away, and our bright-eyed waiters had withdrawn to the kitchen side of our great dining room, Colonel Bryant said, "Boys, when these beautiful, noble, patriotic women of Chicago heard by telegraph this morning that our regiment would be here to-night, they came down here and worked all day in order that we might have this grand supper this evening. Boys, let us give them three rousing Wisconsin cheers!"

Here my old stub pen fails me. I cannot get it to tell, so that you can see it, just how Colonel Bryant's "boys" sprang

from their seats, climbed into their chairs, and burst forth into a spontaneous "Hip, hip, *hurrah!* *hurrah!* *hurrah!*" and a *tiger*. I cannot make you hear that beautiful refrain from our band coming in just after our last hurrah. It must have been an impressive cheer, for either the heartiness of the boys' response to the Colonel or the beauty of the refrain from the band so affected those young ladies that when all was still again nearly all of them were wiping the tears from their eyes.

There stood by the Colonel a benevolent looking old man with a flowing white beard — a venerable minister of the gospel. I suspect it was he who had charge of the great eating house. After the cheering was over, he gave us a very pleasant and kindly talk, and closed by addressing the Throne of Grace in behalf of our country's defenders. He committed us to the care of kind Heaven, and begged for us a blessing as we visited our homes.

It was with sincere regret that we parted from those who had been so kind and friendly to us. It was a pleasant occasion,—a supper we can never forget.

Shortly after supper we packed up and marched away to the depot where we were to take the cars for Madison. Being clean and well filled, we did not mind about the cold. The next morning—March 21—we unloaded at the West Madison depot.

If the weather was cold in Chicago the night before, it was very cold on this particular morning in Madison. A breakfast had been prepared for us in the eating-house at the depot, but the room in which it was set was so cold that there was little comfort in eating; we only wanted to get warm.

That grand war Governor, James T. Lewis, was at the depot to meet us, not in an official capacity, but as a citizen of Wisconsin who was greatly interested in Wisconsin soldier boys. As we sat shivering at the tables, Governor Lewis walked around among us passing the frozen pie and dough-

nuts as if he were a trained waiter, but saying things full of the warmth of sympathy and friendship.

What would the magnates of the Old World say should they see the Chief Magistrate of a Commonwealth larger than England waiting upon private soldiers at table! Such a thing is possible only among the free people of a republic. Governor Lewis did not do this thing by any appointment nor for effect; he simply saw that he could be useful that morning as a servant, and it was as natural for him to pass the pie and cake there as it was for him to sign official papers in his office at the Capitol.

After our cold breakfast we marched to old Camp Randall for quarters until our furloughs could be given us and we could be paid off, when we were to disperse to our several homes.

Camp Randall had changed considerably since we left there over two years before. Long barracks had been built where our tents used to stand, each building being roomy enough to accommodate two of our companies, of about fifty men each. The old Mess House had been torn down, and cooking was done in the barracks. A great guard house had been built, with a high broad wall around it, and on top of this wall a walk for sentinels. This prison was called "The Bull Pen." It seemed to be crowded to its utmost capacity, while we were there, with various fellows who had a rather too festive turn. The camp was garrisoned mostly by a detachment of what was known as "The Veteran Reserve Corps." These were the invalid soldiers of the various regiments in the field—men who, not being able to stand the duty and exposure devolving upon them at the front, had been detached from their commands and organized for such service as they could perform. Our men often spoke of them as "condemned Yankees." Their good clothing and untanned faces presented a marked contrast to the brown complexions and well-worn uniform we had two weeks before brought in from the Meridian Expedition.

We remained in Camp Randall from the 21st to the 31st

day of March. We spent a rather quiet life there, yet managed to get enough fun out of it to keep us in tolerable health. Most of the veteran regiments coming home in that way were rather freedom-loving while waiting in Camp Randall for their furloughs, and I do not know but sometimes the citizens of Madison wished the government had sent the veterans to Guinea to enjoy their vacation instead of letting them loose for a season among them. As we had neared Madison on our homeward journey, Colonel Bryant went through the cars saying to each company, "Now, boys, we are coming to Madison—my home. My neighbors will judge of me as a commander largely by the way you behave yourselves while there. I would like to have you do me a credit by a soldierly and manly bearing in the camp and about the city." The first day we were in camp the Colonel had business at Janesville that took him away until in the night. When coming home he met with a citizen of Madison and rather timidly asked him, "Well, how have my regiment behaved themselves to-day?" "Splendidly," said the citizen, "they have been about town all day, but have been very quiet and soldierly. If any one of them got a little more liquor aboard than he could carry straight, some of the other fellows would march him off to camp; and no disturbance whatever has been made."

The Colonel has recently said that nothing could have been more welcome to him than this good report concerning his men.

Several incidents of camp life occurred during that ten days that might be interesting, but I will pass them by for want of space. On the 31st of March, with some new clothing on our backs, some crisp, new greenbacks in our pockets, and our furloughs in our hands, we took the train for our respective homes; and a happy lot of fellows we were. The most of the deep snow of that winter had gone, and the weather had become milder.

I could give all the details of the visit at his home of one of Co. E, but this is a history of the Company and regiment

and not of any particular member of them. One thing can no doubt be said of the visit of every one of the boys: it was a blessed good time—one continual round of happiness—but for the oft-recurring thought that the three weeks would soon be gone, and that there would then come another sad time of saying “good-bye.”

The communities in which the boys spent their furloughs felt especially honored by their presence. They did all in their power to make them happy. The result was that that the fellows were so feasted and kept awake o’ nights at parties or family gatherings that they were nearly tired out when the time came for them to return to Madison. I have no sort of doubt that other results were consequent upon that furlough. At any rate, dear old Eddy Cole, my own fatherly comrade, took occasion while at home to make an end of his days of bachelorhood by marrying our Maurice Macaulay’s sister Ella; and I dare not guess how many engagements were entered into while this or that one of our bright-uniformed fellows sat late at night, and on into the morning, with some sweet girl who not only loved, but was proud of, her soldier-boy. I venture the guess that more than one of the old boys looks back now and then to that “veteran furlough” as the time when loving vows were plighted, *eh?*

But all times of blessedness on earth come to a close, and so did our furlough, and all too soon. Good-byes were once more said, perhaps with deeper feeling than in ’61, for we knew when we left home this second time just what war means. And, besides this, we felt that a great and terrible final struggle was soon to come between the two armies; and, though our regiment had been exceedingly fortunate so far in the war, we could hardly expect always to be so.

About the 22d of April we were again in Camp Randall, where we remained a little over a week waiting for all of the regiment to come in. April 30th we left Wisconsin once more as a regiment. At Chicago we were put into freight cars, on rough board seats, just as we had once been served on the ride from Hannibal to Weston, Missouri,. But on

this occasion we did not find a haystack to bring in for bedding as we did then. We did not mind it much, however, for the weather was pleasant, and we climbed to the top of the cars and sunned ourselves while we enjoyed the prairie scenery.

Our train was a very long one, for it conveyed not only our regiment but a Michigan battery that had, like ourselves, been on veteran furlough. The Michigan men were in passenger cars, however. Though our boys had felt pretty sober on leaving home this second time, they took particular pains to drive away all signs of sadness by being unusually jolly as we rolled over the Illinois prairies toward the South.

I recollect one little trick some one played on our officers, who, by the way, were riding in a passenger coach at the rear of the freight cars on the tops of which we were piled. While we were stopping for water at—Kankakee, I think—a coupling-pin in front of our officers' car got out of the proper place, by some means or other. When the engineer got ready to go he put on a good head of steam and pulled out. We privates went with him; not so our officers. The morning was glorious in its bright sunshine and clear bracing atmosphere, and we fairly shouted our enjoyment of the ride; I suppose some of our officers swore, but we did not hear them. Some of the men who were of a conscientious turn of mind, said we ought to run along on the cars to the front of the train and let the engineer know that there were several passengers aboard he had left behind; others said that we ought to mind our own business and not be giving advice to the engineer. The latter counsel prevailed, and we went on. When we reached the next station, twelve miles from Kankakee, our engine driver found out that something was lacking. He was just a trifle mad, but he knew that the only thing to do was to switch us off on a side track and run back to Kankakee after the balance of his train. While he was gone we "did the town." We called on some of the good people and got a good breakfast. Some of the boys struck a "Big Bonanza;" they called at the house of a literary family

who had evidently taken the best of magazines for years. The young ladies of this family wanted to turn their stacks of reading matter to good account, and so they gave it to the boys who called on them, to take aboard the cars for the general good of the fellows who were going to fight their country's battles for them. Nothing could have pleased us better, and we all called down blessings on the heads of those patriotic Illinois girls. The reading lasted us a good while. About an hour after the engine left us it came back bringing our officers with it. They took the matter good humoredly, but I am of opinion that if Colonel Bryant could have found out just who removed the coupling-pin he would have done something more than smile grimly over the joke. As it was, we hitched up and drove on. It is a wise man who knows just when not to make a fuss about a thing.

Our boys, having lately had such agreeable times at home with their lady friends, felt themselves loth to withdraw their attention from the fair sex; and so they feasted their eyes on every vision of beauty that appeared to them on the streets of the cities and villages through which we passed or in the doors of the farm houses alongside the track. Moreover, they paid their addresses to these fair ones in a very unique way. Whenever the train stopped in a village where there was a lumber-yard near the track, some of the fellows would shy a bundle of lath or a bunch of shingles into the cars. On the way to the next station the good whittlers among them would manufacture arrows, darts, etc., by the score. On these the gentlest of messages were written, and when the train stopped they would be sent into the crowd that gathered out of curiosity to see the soldiers, so as to drop at the feet of the sweetest looking girls in sight. And then the boys who sent the darts watched the blushing consequent upon the reading of the messages with much amusement. I may here assure the reader that none of these messages were indecent. Some of them asked the young lady's correspondence, and in several cases the letters were forthcoming, correspondence being kept up during the remainder of the war. But I am not able

to record any romantic attachments thus formed that ended in marriage. It is a fact worthy of record that our boys increased the demand for lath and shingles in Illinois by materially reducing the supply.

Just as it was getting dark the night before our arrival at Cairo, there came a very severe jolt in the cars that made us feel as did Pete Jones, in "The Hoosier School-master," "considerable shuck up, like." As the road-bed was very rough, and there was much heavy jolting all the way, we did not wonder very greatly at this particular shock, even though we noticed that the train was standing still directly afterward. We went to sleep and thought no more about the matter. But we found at daylight next morning that the train was still standing where it was the night before, and on the open prairie away from any station. A bit of investigation showed us that two or three broken passenger cars lay by the side of the track toward the front end of the train. It seems that the axle of the tender had been broken, and the passenger cars in which the Michigan battery men were riding had been thrown from the track; and this was the cause of the jolt we had felt the night before. Two men of the battery were killed and another was so badly injured that he died shortly afterward. A few others were more or less hurt. The two men killed were brothers. Though we did not know them personally, the accident caused us all to feel sad. We felt thankful, too, that the disaster had caused so few deaths. It seemed strange to us to have been in a railroad accident, and yet not know it.

We were about a mile from Effingham station, and, as the train would not be ready for some time to move forward, several of the boys went afoot to the station, there to await the arrival of the train. When it did come, Eugene Roberts, of Co. G, trying to get aboard while the cars were in motion, fell under the wheels and had one of his legs cut off. This accident caused a still deeper feeling of sadness to rest upon us. Roberts survived the amputation of his leg, however, and still lives, his home being in Madison. On the third day

of May we reached Cairo and went into camp a little north of town, and here we were joined by a part of our non-veterans, whom we had left at Hebron, near Vicksburg. Our "Veteran Furlough" was a thing of the past, and we were again ready for service.

Just here I must speak of what the "non-vets" did while we were at home. It is to be remembered that we left them at Camp Hebron, in the rear of Vicksburg, Captain Sylvester, of Co. K, in command.

They confessed to a "lonesomeish" feeling after the regiment left them, and I do not wonder that they were a little lost without the rest of the boys. An old diary lying before me that was written by one of them informs me that it was pretty dull in camp during those days. On the 19th of March guns were issued to the new recruits, and they were ready for duty. The weather was bad, and the new boys got a notion of camp life under rather unfavorable conditions.

On the 26th, fifty-three recruits came to the regiment, Jacob Lawsha, brother of our George, being among those for our company. On the 28th, a battalion drill was ordered for the benefit of the new men. Captain Sylvester acted as Colonel commanding, and the old soldiers as Captains, Lieutenants, Sergeants and Corporals. Bennett, H. H., says he would not claim that they made as good an appearance as the full regiment could do, yet they did pretty well for such as they. He says their music was made by one drummer and one fifer, and he expresses the opinion that the chief dignitary of the lower regions could not keep step to it, to say nothing of such recruits as John Ingalls, Dan Gillispie, Darrow, and Jake Lawsha. The drill was renewed on the 30th.

On the 1st of April the remnants of our regiment, the 32d Illinois, and the 53d Indiana, broke camp and marched to Vicksburg. On arriving there they went aboard the steamer John J. Doe, and the next morning they started up stream. I suspect they were glad to go. The voyage was not a pleasant one, owing to rainy weather. On the 8th of April they

arrived at Cairo, where they landed and went into camp in a muddy place just north of town.

At this time the Rebel General Forrest was raiding in Kentucky, and was threatening Paducah; accordingly, all available troops were brought together at that place for its defense. Among these re-inforcements were our non-veterans. They went up there from Cairo on the 11th. On the 14th of April the Rebels attacked Paducah, but they were promptly repulsed. Forrest withdrew and next attacked Fort Pillow, which place he captured; and here he disgraced himself and the cause for which he was fighting by murdering in cold blood as many of the negroes composing the garrison as he could get his hands upon. Richly does he deserve the name that has since then by common consent fastened itself upon him—"Butcher Forrest."

On the 17th of April an accident happened at Paducah that cut short the soldier career of one of our boys. Henry Bennett's gun was accidentally discharged while he was on picket, the ball passing through his hand. Whoever "shakes" with Henry will notice the sad havoc that ugly charge played with his good right hand. Still, he has made it do him pretty good service in the years that are past. Though disabled, Comrade Bennett was not discharged until the 5th of the next November.

On the 19th of April a large Rebel force was reported to be advancing on Paducah, and the result was something of a scare that amounted to nothing. It was an unusual bit of excitement the boys had while on picket the next day. While Nathaniel Darrow and Henry Walker were cooking their rations, Charley Gloyd rolled a bomb shell into their kitchen fire. One would think a general stampede for camp would naturally have followed this playful freak, but Henry gave the thing a kick that sent it rolling out where there was less danger of its exploding. It may be seen by this that our new recruits were fearless fellows. Not many veterans would care very much to toy with bomb-shells and firebrands.

On the 22d the boys went back to Cairo, leaving Henry Ben-

nett at a hospital in Paducah. They remained in camp at Cairo until the 27th, when they were again ordered aboard a boat bound up the Ohio river. On reaching Paducah they entered the Tennessee river, and on the 30th they reached Clifton, Tennessee, where they disembarked and went into camp. They remained at this place until the 5th of May doing some drilling and some getting acquainted with the country. They were organized, while thus absent from the regiment, into two battalions, and were under the command of Captain Sylvester.

While at Clifton some one started a report in camp that a large alligator was stranded on a sand bar in the river. Those who had a scientific turn of mind started at once to study zoology from a natural specimen. They did not find the specimen, but they learned a fact of zoology by the absence of it; and that is, that alligators do not go up around by Cairo and Paducah for the sake of wintering in the Tennessee River.

On the 5th of May, these two battalions started on a march towards Sherman's army, in northern Georgia, as guard to a drove of ten thousand beef cattle. They made good time, and arrived in Athens, Alabama, *via* Pulaski, on the 11th of May, having marched one hundred miles. At Athens they were ordered to go on an expedition to Decatur, sixteen miles to the south. They went to Decatur on the 17th and came back to Athens the following day. On the 19th they moved forward toward Huntsville, arriving there with the cattle on the 20th. There they halted and remained until the 23d, when the regiment, on its way to join Sherman's army, overtook them. The two battalions were then disbanded and the men joined their various companies. .

It may be seen that our new recruits and non-veterans were not idle while the regiment was on furlough. The recruits were becoming thoroughly acquainted with the duties of a soldier, and during the long campaign that followed they did fully as good service as the veterans.

Some evidence that the boys were getting used to the ways of soldiers may be drawn from a story I find in a letter written not long since by that most truthful of men, Nathaniel Darrow. He says that he and Fields, of Co. B, were cooks on the march in company with the "beef critters." These cooks could not solve the question why, when there was so much beef in front of them, beef to the right of them, and beef to the left of them, they were not allowed to get more beef inside of them. They struggled in vain with the problem until, like school boys, they gave it up. They undertook to solve the beef question by a method of their own—a method that proved satisfactory to them, though not in exact accordance with the rules.

They laid a plan to get some native beef. They succeeded, and soon had the eatable portions of a two-year-old heifer packed away in their mess box and camp kettles.

Now it naturally came to pass that a citizen of that immediate vicinity missed such a heifer from his herd, and he went at once to the battalion and complained that some of the men had been the cause of her disappearance. An officer went at once to the firm of Darrow & Fields, Cooks, and made inquiries for a certain two-year-old heifer. The firm put on an injured-innocence look and at once showed the officer that all the possessions they had as cooks were in that little mess box and those camp kettles, and that if he thought he could find a heifer in them, he might make a search. The officer said everything seemed all straight and then went away.

That night this officer heard a noise at his tent door. He went to see what was the cause of it, and there he found a liberal piece of beef that looked to be about two years old and of the feminine-gender. Two cooks lay a few feet away watching to see how the beef was received. When they saw the officer smile gratefully, and take in the meat, they sought their own tent with a feeling of relief, saying, "He'll never blow on us."

CHAPTER XIX.

WE JOIN SHERMAN'S ARMY.

BEFORE going on with the story of our Company, I shall speak briefly of the plan of the campaign of the summer of '64.

After General Grant had opened the Mississippi river, by the capture of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, he was appointed in November, '63, to the command of all the Union forces west of the Alleghany Mountains. He went to Chattanooga and took personal command of the army at that place. This army had been badly defeated, in the preceding September at Chickamauga, a few miles to the south, and had retreated to Chattanooga, where it had remained ever since. The Rebels had taken strong positions on Missionary Ridge, and Lookout Mountain, and they were holding the Union forces in a state of practical siege. The Rebels had even got possession of the Washington & Chattanooga Railroad, and our forces were obliged to haul their provisions sixty miles over a wagon road across the mountains. Because of this, our army at Chattanooga was in a wretched condition when General Grant took command. Soon after, Hooker came from Virginia and Sherman from Mississippi to reinforce General Grant. On the 24th and 25th of November, these combined forces drove the enemy from their strong positions on Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, and sent them on a retreat toward the south.

General Grant's army then went into winter quarters at Chattanooga. In the following March, General Grant was appointed Commander-in-Chief of all the armies, with rank as Lieutenant General. His place in command west of the Alleghanies was given to General Sherman. Grant went at once to assume personal control of the army in Virginia.

Before this time the campaigns in the East and the West had been carried on quite independently of each other,

but now there was to be a change. Grant and Sherman planned a great double campaign that was to continue, rain or shine, fair or foul, until the end of the war.

The essential features of this campaign were about as follows: General Grant was to get the Army of the Potomac in readiness, as early in the spring as practicable, for an advance upon Richmond, and Sherman was to bring all his available forces together in the vicinity of Chattanooga in order to march southward toward Atlanta, in central Georgia, at the same time of Grant's movement toward Richmond.

If possible, Sherman was to capture Atlanta, and, having destroyed its vast stores and work-shops, and torn up the lines of railroad in that part of the state, he was to strike out for some point on the sea coast, whence he could, if necessary, march northward to the assistance of General Grant at Richmond.

Could Sherman only succeed in crushing the Rebel army in the West, and General Grant hold Lee in Richmond until Sherman's arrival, there would be good reason to expect the capture of the Confederate capital, and either the surrender or the destruction of General Lee's army, and that meant *the end of the war*.

The carrying out of this great campaign could not have been entrusted to better generals than Grant and Sherman. The two commanders were very fortunate in many respects—so fortunate that they might well hope for success. They knew each other thoroughly well, and they fully believed in each other. General Sherman knew all about the almost unerring judgment and determined pertinacity of General Grant. He knew that Grant was much like the historic bull dog of "Flat Creek Deestrick, Hoopole County, Indiana," concerning which Bud Means remarked to the Hoosier School-master, "Ef Bud once gets a good hold, heaven and 'arth can't make him let go."

Sherman also knew that Grant was not like certain other generals—so mightily puffed up with his own importance that

he could not work in harmony with him in carrying out the details of the coming campaign.

On the other hand, Grant knew well the wisdom and skill of Sherman in handling large bodies of troops; and he also knew that "Billy Sherman's men" would go anywhere their beloved commander might think best to lead them. Moreover, he was fully persuaded that, for the execution of his carefully prepared plans, he had just the helper he needed in General Sherman. The two great commanders were fast friends, and they had good reason for their mutual confidence.

On the 4th of May, '64, General Grant put the Army of the Potomac in motion, and telegraphed to General Sherman to begin his advance upon Atlanta. The great double campaign that was to continue until the close of the war was begun.

Sherman had at the time of starting out about 100,000 men, and the Rebel army opposing him about half that number. Some who read this will think, no doubt, that the Union forces should have made short work of beating those Southern men, since they were two to one against them. But it is not to be forgotten that the Rebels were fighting on their own ground, and were well acquainted with every foot of the mountainous road over which Sherman must carefully pick his way; besides this, they had only to defend themselves against the Union advance. For this purpose they had built many strong forts among the hills along the road. Every mountain pass and defile was well defended by heavy batteries.

Moreover, they were commanded by one of the most skillful generals that ever served the Southern Confederacy. General Joseph E. Johnston, who had succeeded Bragg, made use of wonderful tact in a retreat; he could gradually withdraw his forces from a dangerous position, and, at the same time, deal heavy blows and telling ones upon his pursuers.

A very poor commander can lead his men forward into the clutches of the enemy, but it takes one of more than ordinary

skill to get safe out of a bad place. This General Johnston could do, and it was no safer to follow close upon his heels than to fool around the hind feet of an army mule.

Yet, General Sherman, by a series of well-executed flank movements, beat back this wily opponent of his, and forced him, after two months of almost incessant skirmishing, sieging and heavy fighting, to take refuge in Atlanta.

Having outlined what is to take place during the coming months, let us go back to our camp at Cairo. Here is our regiment just returned, on May 3, from that delightful "Veteran Furlough."

It is the day before General Grant's setting out for Richmond, and three days before Sherman's first battle at Tunnel Hill, after beginning his march to Atlanta.

We remained in Cairo a week. I do not think of anything that transpired during the week that is worth recording. It was a period of transition from home life to that of the camp. The boys, not quite ready to give up visiting with their fathers and mothers and sisters, and other fellow's sisters, spent much time in writing unusually affectionate letters. Some of them were discovered now and then to heave an unconscious sigh. I suppose their hearts were slightly affected, but they gradually recovered their usual health.

We were attached to the 17th Army Corps, in command of General Frank P. Blair. Our division, the 4th, was commanded by General, now Judge, Walter Q. Gresham.

On the 10th of May we were ordered aboard the boats that were to convey us up the Ohio and Tennessee rivers on our way to join Sherman's army. We packed up and started off in the midst of a heavy shower of rain. I do not think any soil on earth can be changed to mud at the bare sight of a cloud any sooner than that around Cairo. We were pretty well daubed with the stuff, as well as wet to the skin, by the time we had gotten ourselves and all our belongings aboard the boats.

One Company H man had drunk in the spirit of the occasion, from either a canteen or a bottle, and wanted to be wetter;

and so he desired, in rather thick-tongued language, to know who would jump from the cabin deck of the boat into the river if he would do so. Somebody promised, and in went Co. H, quite to the astonishment of the crowd, who thought he was "only talking." We thought then that some one *must* surely jump in after him; but he came up puffing like a porpoise, and then swam to the river-bank. After he had touched bottom and seemed safe, the boys *laughed*—they did not *smile*. Co. H turned and gazed in a half-dazed, comical sort of way at the spectators above him; the laughter increased, and so did the vacant stare on his face. After a time he opened his mouth and said in a drawl, "*Laff*, if ye want to!" The boys did want to, and being thus given permission, they did so.

After standing some time in the water, Co. H seemed to conclude to climb up the bank. But the ground was slippery, and he fell back again and again. He soon got tired of such tread-mill work, and would not try any more. Then the boys got a rope and drew him up. By that time the spirit of the occasion seemed to have gone clean out of him.

When the boats started up the river, new scenes opened up before us, and we looked ahead in anticipation to the coming campaign. Much of our service—all of it during the year just past—had been along the Mississippi river; now we were to go into a country entirely new to us. We had good reason to believe that the coming campaign would be harder than any in which we had already been engaged, and that fact brought serious thoughts to us. We had thus far been very fortunate in not being sent into any heavy battles. Our losses had been few compared with those of some other Wisconsin regiments, although we had been all the time in active service. As we went this second time to the front, to mingle our fortunes with those of a large army where heavy fighting was already going on, we could scarcely expect to escape losses as we had thus far done.

But, for all this, our boys were full of good cheer when we passed Paducah, entered the mouth of the Tennessee, passed

between beautiful banks, by Fort Henry, and tied up at Clifton, a little village about thirty-five miles, in a straight line, north-east from the famous battle-field at Pittsburg Landing; it is further by the river. At Clifton we landed and went into camp. We remained only a day or two, however, before taking up our line of march by way of Waynesboro', Lawrenceburg, Pulaski and Hazel Green to Huntsville, Alabama, where we arrived on the 23d of May, after a march from Clifton of more than a hundred miles. Here we were joined by the remainder of our non-veterans and new recruits, who, as I have said, had been guarding the 10,000 beef cattle from Clifton to this point.

Our march was a tolerably pleasant one, through a fine country, and without any incidents of special interest. Comrade Camp tells how some of the Company E boys "came it" over him one day on the march. Guards were sometimes detailed to stop at houses and protect the premises while the army marched by. At one place Camp was put on guard. The lady of the house, naturally grateful to her protector, placed before him such a lunch as James had not often been permitted to enjoy in the South. He was using the front porch for a dining room, so that he could watch the premises while eating. Nobody undertook to molest the good things around that house until Company E, the "Delton Company," came along. A couple of those huge feeders made a bee-line for the smoke-house and chicken-coop. Camp had not yet tasted his lunch, but as he thought it not safe to let two such comrades of his have the freedom of the place, he marched out to send them away. They obeyed readily enough, but certain others of the company who were just passing took in the situation at a glance. When James Camp got back to his lunch—it was gone; it was tickling the palates of some of his comrades who, by this time, were on their way to Huntsville. Colonel Bryant saw the little trick and grimly smiled. Ask Camp whether the lady got him another lunch; I don't know.

We remained at Huntsville over the 24th of May, and enjoyed the day very much. It is a pretty place. We particularly admired the wonderful spring there. The region of country round about the town was also very pleasing to us, and I doubt not many of the boys have thought since the war that they would like to go South and settle in northern Alabama, were it not that society and political notions are so different there from what they are here in the North. Certain it is, the climate and scenery of that part of the South are delightful.

On the 25th, we again took up our line of march in the direction of Marietta, Georgia, near which place Sherman's army was at that time confronting the enemy. Our force consisted of the 3d and 4th Divisions of the 17th Army Corps, accompanied by a train composed of about three hundred wagons and ambulances. I suppose we had a fighting force of about 10,500 men.

I do not believe I can do better justice by the story of our march to the main army than to copy the most of an old letter that lies before me. It is on a sheet of foolscap, written in a fine but plain hand. The paper is yellow with age, and it has been folded and unfolded so many times that there are places where I can see through it. It bears date of June 9, 1864, and was written by John Gaddis, at Ackworth, Georgia.

"On the 25th of May, we left Huntsville and marched twelve miles; very pretty country, weather warm but pleasant. We camped near good water."

"26th.—Marched twelve miles; pleasant country—good farming land planted principally with corn and wheat—not much cotton. Arrived opposite Decatur, on the Tennessee river."

"27th.—Crossed to Decatur on a pontoon bridge, and marched about six miles out of town; till midnight getting into camp; night dark, roads bad. An artilleryman man was killed by the upsetting of a gun carriage."

“28th.—Marched fifteen miles. Country uneven—traveled over some high and rocky hills; water scarce, weather hot; men getting very tired. Camped at Somerville, a dilapidated village—ruined and deserted because of the war; good spring of cool water near our camp.”

“29th.—Marched twelve miles. Country mountainous,—many difficult places in the road. The center of our column was attacked,—two pieces of cannon and twenty-four prisoners, including one Lieutenant Colonel and one Captain, captured from the enemy. Column delayed until midnight getting into camp—troops very tired. Camped near a spring of excellent water large enough to supply a city.”

“30th.—Marched twenty miles. Climbed mountains; weather very warm; plenty of dead horses and mules strew the way; troops very tired; water scarce. General Blair cursed by all the troops. Camped at midnight at Warrenton, a wreck of a town. Terrible work descending the mountains after dark; wagon upset and a colored woman and two soldiers killed; men all worn out for want of sleep and proper nourishment, as we are marching on one-third rations. Country very poor, inhabitants all showing extreme poverty. Plenty of good timber—chestnut and pine of the best kind; huckleberries growing in the woods. Blair receives plenty of curses from all lips.”

“31.—Marched fifteen miles. Country very poor, inhabitants poorer; strict orders against taking anything from the poor people—provost guard detailed to prevent its being done. Many rocky hills to climb, men very much exhausted; encamped early in the afternoon beside a rocky stream of good water.”

“June 1st.—Marched twelve miles—good roads the most of the way; terrible work descending from the mountains into a low valley—frightful place for teams to get down with loaded wagons. Camped in a valley surrounded by mountains, near Will's Creek, a good-sized stream; rear of column until midnight getting into camp.”

“2nd.—Weather very warm and dry. We lay over to-day for rest. Four wagons and two hundred men from each brigade detailed for a foraging expedition. Heavy rain towards night. Troops greatly refreshed by the day's rest, and by bathing in the stream. Rained again during the night.”

“3d.—Marched sixteen miles. Rained during the day; country mountainous, roads very bad, troops very tired after marching through the mud. Camped in the mud after dark, and in much confusion.”

“4th.—Marched sixteen miles. Roads very bad. Forded the Coosa river,—men up to their waists in water, and wagons in over the axles. A novel sight to see an army of men on *undress* parade, clothing and trappings on the top of their head to keep them dry, wading a river, shouting and plunging through the stream, all eager to gain the opposite bank,—some crowding others down overhead in the water, mule-drivers swearing and whipping up their teams. Some men hang upon the wagons thinking to get over dry-shod, but several are shaken from their places and get a ducking. Much difficulty in marching, having to wait for pioneers to put the road in condition. Our road was rough; plenty of the best of water all along the way. Got into camp after dark.”

“5th.—Marched sixteen miles over very bad roads, but not quite so mountainous; ranges of mountains on either hand look very picturesque in the distance. Cleared off at noon. Camped near Rome, Georgia, a very pretty town about the size of Baraboo,—country beautiful.”

“6th.—Marched fourteen miles over good roads, but the weather is so warm that the troops suffer from heat. Arrived at Kingston at one o'clock P. M. One year ago to-day I left home, after a furlough, to rejoin the regiment at the siege of Vicksburg. More rain in the night.”

“7th.—Marched fourteen miles. A pleasant morning. To-day the national convention meets for the nomination of a

candidate for the presidency.* The day with us was very warm in the forenoon, but cloudy and cooler toward night. Some rain, but the roads are good. Passed by Rebel fortifications that Sherman flanked, and they are therefore of no avail to the said Rebs. Passed through Cartersville, a railroad station on the road leading from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and encamped by the side of the Etowah river, and near the railroad crossing. The bridge, as large as three of that at Kilbourn City, was burned by the Rebels, but nothing is too much for Yankee enterprise and perseverance; the bridge is being quickly rebuilt, and the road will soon be in running order clear to the front. Such things must surely discourage the Rebels. To us, it is amusing to see such formidable works as they have constructed all flanked by our army and rendered useless to them."

"8th.—Marched twelve miles over hard gravelly roads, but sometimes very steep. Country is broken and hilly—mountainous in the distance. The road is lined with troops, some in camp, some on the way back to the railroad station with wagon trains after supplies. Saw many wounded men lying in the shade of trees, and under the care of surgeons. During the day we arrived at the front. Our Corps occupies the extreme left of our army. The enemy is said to be three miles ahead of us."

"General McPherson and staff visited our Corps. As he passed along, each regiment cheered him loudly, flinging their hats high in the air."

"It rained again at night. None of us, except the officers, have any tents; tents take up too much room in the baggage wagons, so we must do without. We do the best we can to fix some sort of shelter from the storm."

"9th.—I feel somewhat rested this morning. Three army corps move forward to-day, but we are resting. I am well, but much worn down by the long and tedious march of three hundred miles—the hardest we ever had. We are blessed here with plenty of good, pure water."

* Lincoln was renominated,—General McClellan running against him.

“We expect a hard fight when we approach Atlanta. The enemy is supposed to be near there now, and we are about to move forward to the attack.

I saw Lieutenant Linnell at Rome; he is now acting Adjutant of the 3d Iowa, as they have no officers. The time of those who did not re-enlist has expired, and they have gone home leaving the veterans without officers. They are in our brigade, which is the 1st Brigade, 4th Division, 17th Army Corps.”

I am very glad to be able to present the above letter, for it gives a detailed account of one of our most notable and most trying marches; I have not copied it word for word, but very nearly so.

Comrade Gaddis mentions the fact that all the men were cursing General Blair. I must write more concerning this matter:

General Blair was a new man to us. We had heard of him in a political way, but had known nothing of him as an army officer. Our march from Clifton, Tennessee, by way of Huntsville, Alabama, to Sherman's army, near Atlanta, was an unusually hard one all through. The distance was nearly three hundred miles, and a part of the road was over mountains, while the weather was hot and sultry. We always spoke of it as a forced march. We had a notion that Blair was in some way to be blamed for our hard marching and short rations. We said then, though I do not recollect that we had any reason for doing so, that he put off starting on the journey from Cairo until a forced march became necessary in order to get through at a given time. However that may be, we felt a bit spiteful when we got tired, and wet, and hungry, and sleepy, and we took occasion to vent our spleen upon our new general. In order that he might know the state of our minds, we fell into the habit, whenever he had just ridden past us, of drawling out in a very *realy* sort of way, “*Bla-a-a-ir.*” dwelling at great length on the middle of the name. Once started, this came to be a constant means of letting our discontent be known. Before long the whole

line took up the refrain, and "*Bla-a-a-a-ir!*" followed the general wherever he went. The boys used to put their hands to their mouths and shout it after him with all sorts of variations. At first he did not seem to mind much about it, but after a while we got orders through our officers that our *blatting* must be stopped. We did stop it to a certain extent, in daylight, but we made up after dark for all such delinquencies. The old woods fairly rang with the doleful sound; and, as we did so much night-marching, we had abundant opportunity to remind the general that he was still in our minds.

I recollect that late one very dark night a hundred or more stragglers lay about on the ground in a little roadside clearing. It was raining heavily, but some of the boys who were near the road had managed to get a fire started under some sort of cover, and they were trying to extract a bit of comfort from its light and heat. Horses' hoofs were heard in the mud and water at a little distance. The splashing and clattering came nearer and nearer, and soon a dozen horsemen galloped along the road by the fire. "Who is it?" What is it?" asked a dozen voices. Then some one near the fire sent out on the night air the old familiar sound, "*Bla-a-a-a-ir!*" In an instant a hundred voices coming from all around in the darkness echoed in a long continued chorus, "*Bla-a-a-a-a-ir!*" and they kept it going until the general and his staff were well out of hearing.

One day a straggler, who belonged, I believe, to the 16th Wisconsin, becoming satisfied that *blatting* was not equal to the proper expression of his feelings toward the general, sent a *shot* at him in broad daylight! The fellow was put under arrest. That night he was kept in a tent under guard. I have heard it said that Blair called to make him a visit. The general said, "Did you shoot at me to-day?" The straggler answered promptly, "Yes, sir, I did, and I'll do it again if I get a chance!" I never heard the rest of the conversation reported, and so I do not know what else was said. Neither have I any knowledge of what was done about the matter.

But I am half inclined to think it quite like General Frank P. Blair to give the poor fellow the old injunction, "Go, and sin no more," and send him to his company.

We learned later to like General Blair. He was not a dashing commander all athirst for glory, but a plain, common sense man of affairs who was always on hand for duty, but who did not make much fuss about it.

During the time between our return from the Meridian Expedition, March 4, and our arrival at Ackworth, June 8, only one change occurred in the membership of our company. April 22d, John Montanye was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps. This Corps was made up of men who, on account of poor health, were not able to do active duty at the front. They were stationed where something easier was required, and there they did as good service as stronger men could do.

John was one of the boys whose good nature knew no bounds, and who talked so loudly and laughed so heartily that his fun was catching. We missed him very much after he left us.

CHAPTER XX.

THE TAKING OF ATLANTA.

AS I begin this chapter to-night, the old flag is floating everywhere at half-mast, and every true American, especially if he was a Union soldier in the war, is in deep mourning; General Sherman is dead.

Among all the millions of mourners to-night, there are none more truly grief-stricken than those who served under the dear old Commander in the campaign I am just about to enter upon in memory; and I know that there is sadness in the home of every man of old Company E. We loved General Sherman, and we are proud to-night even in our grief that the fortunes of war brought us to serve under him.

How many incidents we can now recall that showed us his gallantry as a soldier, his wisdom as a commander, his skill as a general, his greatness as a man, his sympathy for his sometimes tired, sick or wounded soldiers, and his pure and lofty patriotism. In the years that are past we have mourned the death of Thomas, of Logan, of Grant,—yet feeling glad all the time that our “Uncle Billy” Sherman was still spared to us. How our hearts thrilled with the old-time enthusiasm when the old hero reviewed us for the last time at Milwaukee, in '89; and how many of us then hoped that we might be permitted sometime, somewhere on this side the great camping-ground, to pass before him once more in grand review. But our old commander has received his orders, and has gone on before us.

Boys, do you think our comrades who silently dropped out of the ranks in that never-to-be-forgotten summer of '64 reached out glad hands to welcome their old General? And are they all, do you think, waiting expectant, to greet us as we shall come straggling in one by one?

It will not be long before we are all there; and I wonder whether we shall have, in some way, a sort of reunion there. Shall we then remember and cherish the thoughts and sentiments that have been dearest to us here? If so, our friendship will surely be renewed and made perpetual.

May the memory of our own General Sherman be blessed to the good of his surviving countrymen! May the record of his worthy patriotism inspire others, and may our country never lack for just such noble, virtuous defenders, whether in times of war or in peace!

General Blair had brought to General Sherman's army a force of 10,500 men — enough to make up for the losses the main army had suffered since leaving Chattanooga.

The enemy had taken a very strong position on three mountains in our front, all being peaks on a ridge that lay across our road to Atlanta, which was about twenty miles to the south. These mountains were—Pine, on our right; Lost, in our front; and Kenesaw, just at our left and near Marietta. Just to the south of these hills flowed the Chattahoochee river, and ten miles beyond the river was—Atlanta. It was a beautiful region in spite of the fact that grim war had taken possession of the land and dug up the ground for miles around for forts and rifle pits.

On the 10th and 11th of June the whole army was moved close up to the Rebel lines, Sherman's object being to break through them between Pine and Kenesaw; yet he did not make an assault at once. A line of works was thrown up, strong rifle pits built, and a steady fire brought to bear upon the enemy's works. Our own division was under McPherson near the extreme left, and just in front of Big Shanty. Our first work was to build a heavy line of works. This line was so near the Rebels that we could not with any safety do anything there in daylight; accordingly, we were divided into two reliefs for night work. The first relief went upon duty at dark, and was relieved by the second at midnight. As we had scarcely got rested from our long, toilsome march from

Clifton, Tennessee, we did not much enjoy digging among the roots and stumps. We had to chop down large trees along the line of our proposed entrenchments, and then these had all to be moved and put in place by hand. An oak log forty feet long and two feet through at the big end is not easily lifted up and carried in the dark over stumps and piles of brush for a distance of several yards. Yet such work had to be done in spite of stumbling, and grumbling, and sweating, and aching.

The first night, while filing down the narrow path toward our camp, after being relieved at twelve o'clock, a characteristic incident occurred. Our "Mike McCarty" found his usually sweet temper a little soured by over work in the night, when it had been his time-honored custom to sleep, and he was bravely trying to keep from giving utterance to something in the way of profanity. When one of the boys a little in his rear began humming over that altogether too suggestive song, "Just before the battle, mother, I am thinking most of you," "McCarty" found it impossible to hold his tongue any longer, and he gave vent to a string of adjectives that expressed his disgust that on such a weary, dreary, tired, lonesome occasion any one should presume to add to the general dolefulness by singing any such song as that.

While "McCarty" was thus giving vent to his pent up feelings, we met two men in military cloaks, who had stepped out of the path to allow us to pass. One of these, a very small man, by the way, seized "McCarty" by the collar, as he was passing, and jerked him quite out of the line, shouting, "What in *Georgia* do you mean by talking that way, sir!" "Oh," said 'McCarty,' in a rather subdued tone, "is that you, Colonel?" "Yes, it is," answered the little man. "Now, what are you talking about, I'd like to know?" "McCarty" said, "I was just telling that fool that if he didn't shut up singing that song at such a time as this, I'd knock the head clean off his shoulders." "Oh," said the little man, "is that all?" With this he pushed "McCarty" back into the ranks bidding him go on to camp and be a good boy.

"Mike" dropped into silence again and was soon sleeping himself into his normal temper.

When this line of works had been completed, we moved into them; and then we were where we could look across a field in our front over to the Rebels' lines. Our advanced rifle-pits were established at night out in this field, and in full view of those of the enemy near the further edge. Constant firing was kept up between the Rebel pits and ours while daylight lasted. Now and then a man was hit, but our company lost none in the rifle-pits there. Sometimes the artillery of the enemy was brought to bear against us, but not with much effect. It was an interesting time for us when a battery on either side got into a sort of duel with one in the opposite line. One would fire its best shot toward the other, trying, if possible, to send the ball through an embrasure and upset a gun. Then a shot would be sent back with the same intent. In general the shots would strike short of the fort or pass over and beyond it. Now and then, however, a good shot would be made, resulting in a general scattering of the crowd around the fort, with one or more killed. The enemy observing such an effect would shout and hurrah. Sometimes we had occasion to return the cheering, and we did it with interest.

"On the 14th of June, Generals Johnston, Hardee, Polk and others, had gone to the summit of Pine Mountain to reconnoiter the Federal position. Their presence attracted the attention of General Sherman, who told General Howard to direct the commander of his batteries to fire upon and disperse the group. General Polk was struck in the breast by an unexploded shell and killed. There was great grief throughout the Confederacy over the death of this eminent Christian soldier."*

I have copied the above paragraph from a Rebel account of the death of Bishop Polk. It is exactly as I recollect to have heard it at the time. I have recently read an account of the affair as given by a man who said he was present when

*General Polk was a Bishop of the Episcopal church.

the fatal shot was aimed at the group of Confederate officers. He says it was not General Sherman who ordered the firing. I do not know that it makes much difference who did it. Any how, the Confederates lost a brave commander.

At the time of General Polk's death the batteries all along the line were firing, but the infantry was not engaged. We boys sat on top of the works looking on and enjoying a free show. One gunner on the other side of the field took a notion to give us a more than ordinarily interesting shot. So he aimed his cannon directly toward our part of the line, instead of at the battery with which they had been engaged. We were innocent concerning his intention, and when his shot came tearing through the air very close to our heads we turned backward somersaults into our ditches and lay low for a while; all the Johnnies laughed, of course.

Our Signal Corps had come into possession of the key to the Rebel signals, and therefore could read them when in sight, as readily as they could our own. All this time we were in plain sight of the signal station on the top of Kennesaw Mountain, and so our signal men read daily all their dispatches. This proved to be of great advantage to us. It was through the Confederate signals that we first learned of the death of General Polk.

A paragraph concerning the signal service may not be out of order just here. Men were detailed to perform this service, and they constituted what was known as the Signal Corps. They were initiated into the mysteries of sending messages by wavings back and forth of small flags, each motion standing for a letter or a figure. The flags were about two and a half feet square—white, with a red square in the center. With the aid of a field glass the signals could be seen several miles. This furnished an excellent means of communication with different parts of the field while a battle was going on. When men of the Signal Corps were stationed at intervals on hill-tops, messages sent from one to another, from that on to the next, etc., made very quick time over long distances.

The 15th of June was a particularly exciting day along the

line. There was fighting at Pine Mountain and at Gilgal Church, and it was on that day that the battle of Noonday Creek was fought in our immediate vicinity. I copy a Rebel account of this affair.

“Blair’s freshly arrived troops of McPherson’s Army of the Tennessee, by a vigorous assault carried a spur of the hills near the Western & Atlantic Railroad, commanding the entrenched line of Hood’s skirmishers, and forced Hood back behind Noonday Creek. By this movement an entire Alabama regiment was surrounded and captured. From the Confederate signal station on the summit of Kenesaw Mountain, this whole affair was plainly observed.”

Our line of works lay parallel to a large field in our front, on the opposite side of which the enemy was strongly fortified. To our left the field narrowed down; and beyond it there was a thicket of young pines and blackberry bushes; at that point the Rebels were close to us. In the early part of the day our pickets, who occupied rifle-pits in the edge of the open field, began a lively firing upon the picket posts opposed to us. Sometimes they ran out in front of the pits and fired at shorter range. The pickets of the enemy did the same, resulting in a few men being shot, some fatally. The main line watched the performance much as an excited crowd looks upon a base ball game, cheering the players on and laughing at some of the curious performances.

We had several young boys attached to our regiment, some white, belonging to our drum corps, others black, who did various jobs, such as cooking, tending officers’ horses, etc. These boys caught the general spirit of the occasion, and, although being non-combatants, they felt that they must do something or *burst* with the effort of keeping down the excitement that took possession of them. Seeing some of our brave fellows scattered around on the ground beyond the rifle-pits, they seized a stretcher and started on a run for the front. Having reached one of the fallen men, they put the stretcher alongside him on the ground, and then gently rolled him upon it. They picked him up and made quick time till they got

him back in the rear, where he could be attended by the physicians. Back and forth they went several times, each time bringing some one into a place of safety. Two of them were white and two black—"Kids," as they are now called—yet they worked for humanity that day in spite of the great risk of losing their own lives.

No need to go back to old Sparta for daring lads. In fact, the army in front of Kenesaw and around Atlanta in those days was mostly made up of "kids;" but they all *acted* like veterans.

In the afternoon Colonel Bryant ordered Captain Maxson, of Co. A, to take a detail of twenty-five men from each company—250 in all—and, running quickly down across the field to the thicket at our left, to attack the Rebels there, and if possible, drive them out. The undertaking was a hazardous one, yet Captain Maxson seemed pleased to be sent in command of it.

The gallant fellows let no grass grow under their feet as they scampered for the brush across the field. Once there, they entered the thicket with a rush. The astonished Rebel pickets then began a hasty retreat and there was a race for it,—they barely ahead of our boys. We at the other edge of the field could see the chase, and we shouted and cheered our comrades on. Soon the matter became more serious, for Captain Maxson and his little band ran close up to a line of works in which there lay a brigade of Rebs. These arose and poured such a volley into the ranks of our men, as that the bushes were fairly mowed down. They must have fired too high, though, for Captain Maxson succeeded in retreating with only a nominal loss. It was, indeed, a gallant charge, and it had the effect of stopping the galling fire upon our men from that quarter. H. D. Vaughn of our Company was slightly wounded in the affair.

In spite of the lively retreat, Captain Maxson sat down before he left the thicket, and made a plan of the engagement to present with his report of it. Some of our boys were

inclined to laugh at the pains he took, but they certainly admired his coolness in the face of so much danger.

The enemy being thus driven back, our next move was to construct a new line of works some distance out in the field. This had to be done in the night, when we could not be seen by the enemy, but it was easy digging, and the line was completed a couple of days after that exciting 15th of June. The weather was rainy, and our position in the field was muddy. To show how muddy it was I copy a paragraph from a letter written by General Sherman on the 21st of June:

“This is the nineteenth day of rain and the prospect of fair weather is as far off as ever. The roads are impassable; the fields and woods become quagmires after a few wagons have crossed over. Yet we are at work all the time. The left flank is across Noonday Creek and the right is across Nose Creek. The enemy still holds Kenesaw, a conical mountain with Marietta behind it, and has his flanks retired to cover that town and the railroad behind. I am all ready to attack the moment the weather and the roads will permit troops and artillery to move with anything like life.”

During these days there was almost incessant firing from the hundreds of rifle-pits on either side, and a pretty steady booming of artillery in our part of the lines. This death-grapple between the two armies was relaxed neither day nor night; it was a continual battle. We had gone into the works on the 10th of June and were on duty a part or whole of every night for more than a week. Men would fall asleep even on guard, and some had repeatedly to be aroused in order to keep up at all.

One of our recruits, who shall be nameless, had his right forefinger nearly shot off by his own gun on the night of the 18th of June. The accident occasioned some expression of opinion among the boys at the time. The chap took his sore finger back to the hospital the next day, and we never saw either him or his finger afterwards.

It must have been about the night of June 20th that the enemy evacuated his line in front of Big Shanty, and retired

to the Kenesaw Range, about three miles to the south. This range is, perhaps, five miles in length. At the north-eastern extremity it terminates in a peak rising quite abruptly about 700 feet above the surrounding country. Being only a peak, it was not a very fit place for the posting of large bodies of troops; but a few men could easily repel the attack of a large force. To the south-west there is another dome on this range of a less altitude, but it is about a thousand feet long. This was known as Little Kenesaw, the other Big Kenesaw. The smaller hill was a capital place for the Rebel batteries, and they had it well fortified with cannon. The range as a whole made a very strong position. A mile to the north, and running almost parallel with the east end of this range, is another, but lower one, which was known as Brush Mountain. When the enemy left our front at Big Shanty, we advanced and took position along the crest of Brush Mountain. A deep valley separates the two ridges and it was along this valley that the railroad extended southward towards Marietta and Atlanta.

The general situation at this time was summarized by General Sherman in a letter to General Halleck, as follows:

“We continue to press forward on the principle of an advance against fortified positions. The whole country is one vast fort, and Johnston must have at least fifty miles of connected trenches with abatis and finished batteries. We gain ground daily, fighting all the time. * * * * Our lines are now in close contact, and the fighting is incessant, with a good deal of artillery fire. As fast as we gain one position the enemy has another all ready, but I think he will soon have to let Kenesaw go, which is the key to the whole country. The weather is now better, and the roads are drying up fast.”

I will here give a list of the battles fought from June 15 to June 27. It may be seen that it was, indeed, one long battle around old Kenesaw:

June 15, Noonday Creek, Pine Mountain and Gilgal.

June 17, Mud Creek.

June 18, Kenesaw Mountain.

June 20, Kenesaw Mountain—to the south-west.

June 20, Kenesaw Mountain—Cavalry battle.

June 21, Kenesaw Mountain—to the south-west.

June 22, Kulp's Farm.

June 24, Kenesaw Mountain.

June 25, Kenesaw Mountain.

June 27, Kenesaw Mountain—the great battle.

Twelve battles in twelve days !

Space will not permit me to speak further of these struggles between the two great armies. I will only add that the great battle of the 27th was a most stubbornly contested one on both sides. Sherman undertook to drive the enemy from Kenesaw Range, but this he found himself unable to do, and the Rebels scored a victory.

Our regiment, being toward the extreme left of our lines, was not brought into the heaviest of any of this fighting. On the morning of the 27th we were ordered into line, and were told that in an hour we were to charge against Big Kenesaw. As we stood looking up at that gloomy hill we did not feel very happy, for it had been said that the enemy intended to defend himself there by rolling stones down upon the charging column. We felt, somehow, as if we'd rather face cannon ball than masses of rock. It used to be a common saying among the boys that they did not want to go to war to be kicked to death by a mule, and they might have added to be mashed flat by a stone rolling down hill.

For all that, we tried to prepare ourselves for climbing the mountain at the end of the hour. In the meantime there was a constant roll of musketry and a boom! boom! boom! of cannon off to our right.

When the hour was half gone Sergeant McVey said, "Boys, I'm ready to go, and now the sooner the better; I don't want to wait another minute. I don't care now what is to be done; I'm ready for it." In the meantime, the rest of us tried to work ourselves into the same state of mind that Jem had reached; yet I recollect it was pretty hard work for

one of us to do so. But when it was announced that after all we were not to make the charge, Jem McVey stormed around very much as I fancy Captain Miles Standish did when he found that he was not able to take the fortress of the heart of Priscilla, the Puritan maiden. Jem said he'd made up his mind to charge up that hill, and now he wanted to do it. It was mighty hard work for a fellow to get himself ready for such a job, and he didn't want to feel that all the effort had been thrown away. Yet McVey had to quiet down and get along without a fight that day.

The week or ten days we spent on Brush Mountain were not altogether unpleasant ones. The weather had come to be fine, and our elevated camp gave us fresh air. Our duties were not so arduous as they had been in front of Big Shanty, and we got well rested.

We were a little below, and in plain sight of the troops on Big Kenesaw. We used to hear the orderly sergeants over there calling the roll and could hear the men answer. Their band music came across to us mellowed by the distance and very sweet in tone and harmony. One of our bands would play "The Star-spangled Banner," and the Confederates would send us, in answer, "The Bonny Blue Flag,"—and so on with other tunes. At such times we would cheer our music, and they would hurrah for theirs.

One day some officers in our camp spread a great flag over some poles in tall crotches and had their table set under it. It was a cool, as well as pretty, place for a dinner table, and they sat down, four of them, one toward each point of the compass, with great satisfaction, no doubt. But some gunner up on the mountain caught sight of their dining hall, and just after the officers had seated themselves he sent them his respects in the shape of two or three well-aimed cannon-balls in quick succession. It was worth a cup of hot coffee to see those shoulder-straps radiate from that table, each in a bee-line in the direction of his own point of the compass. They did not stop till they had got a good way off. As for the rest of us, we made the quickest possible time for the works

nearest at hand, standing not at all upon the order of our going. Only four or five shots were fired, but we lay close to the ground a good half-hour before we dared venture forth again.

No harm was done, excepting that one of the balls carried away the hind feet of the old cream-colored mule owned by Jackson, our wagon-master. The faithful old fellow had been so long with us that we all felt a genuine sorrow that he must be shot to put him out of his misery.

I have said that when we joined the main army the carpenters were rebuilding the railroad bridge across the Etowah river. Since that time the track had been repaired further to the south, the supplies from Chattanooga being brought by rail to a point very near our camp. When the mending of the road had been completed, one of the engineers concluded to come down and greet the Rebels on the mountain. And so, just before sundown one evening we heard a train coming toward the front. The rolling of the trucks over the rather rough track awoke the echoes among the hills and they met with hearty responses from the boys. The train came thundering along the track until it was brought to a stand just under the brow of Old Kenesaw, and close to the Rebel lines. Here it began to toot its respects to the Johnnies on the mountain. It sent forth long toots, short toots, straight toots, crooked toots, and all sorts of toots, until it seemed as if the echoes would surely tear rocks loose from the hillside. All the fellows on our side of the lines tooted an accompaniment to the locomotive, and, take it all around, there was considerable noise going on for a few minutes. But the fellows over on the other hill kept still. As the dusk of evening deepened, the engineer backed his train slowly to the rear of our camps.

Both our picket posts and those of the enemy were down in the valley between the hills, and they were very close together. They could not be reached in safety during the daytime, hence we had to go to them before daylight in the morning, and return before light the next morning. When once in the pits we had to "keep shady," as the sight of a head above the

works would surely bring a shower of bullets. Some of our boys had narrow escapes while in those pits, but none were hit.

One of the inconveniences of campaigning at the front, for some of the men, was the scarcity of tobacco. The army sutler was not with us for the purpose of shedding blood for his country, consequently he opened up shop at a tolerably safe distance in the rear. When there was no opportunity to hunt him up, a tobacco famine was quite likely to occur. There was such a famine while we were in front of Kenesaw, and it was amusing to see the straits to which the lovers of the weed were brought,—amusing to those who had no hankering after the stuff. Sometimes a poor fellow would stick to his last quid as if he were determined that nothing short of death should part them. He would hold it lovingly and tenderly under his tongue all day, not presuming to “chaw” it, for fear of wearing it away. At night, he would lay it on a stick at the head of his bunk, where he could get it early in the morning. He spoke of it affectionately as his “old soldier.” When the taste had been quite soaked out of it, and it was evidently dead, he would dry it, crumble it fine, and cremate it in his pipe. As he finally knocked out the ashes, he sighed mournfully over the memory of the departed.

Some interesting incidents of this camp must be omitted for want of space. We now come to another important move.

On the night of July 2 our pickets were relieved, just at dark, by cavalry. We were ordered quietly to pack up and form in line of march. In the meantime the new cavalry pickets were doing considerable firing. When all was ready we moved silently away in the darkness, our route being toward the south-west. We marched around Kenesaw range, and then to the south. The next day found us clear to the right of General Sherman’s late line, and there we went on picket. That day Marietta was captured by our troops, with many provisions and considerable stores of supplies.

On the 4th, Independence day, we lay in a quiet camp resting up after the fatigue of our all-night march and picket

duty. It was a lovely day. On the 5th we were in line of battle all day. Our march was over a hilly, wooded country, and was tiresome. Most of the time we were close upon the heels of the enemy. Once we overtook him, and a lively skirmish ensued; a few of the regiment were wounded, but none of our own company.

Late in the afternoon our line emerged from the woods upon a large open field. It was much easier advancing in line of battle in this broad clearing than it had been in the forests through which we had struggled during the day, and we made good headway. But we soon saw there was something ahead worse than a forest, for a heavy fort, with strong works stretching away on either hand, skirted the further edge of the field. These works were on the further bank of the Nickajack creek, and very near the Chattahoochee river. They looked rather formidable to us as we moved forward toward them, but we saw no sign of hostility. Some of our boys said, "The Rebs must have vacated those forts." Soon a small flag was seen floating from the large fort. Some one suggested that it might be a white flag, and ventured the opinion that as like as not the enemy meant to surrender.

Directly we noticed little clouds of dust arising here and there a foot or two from the plowed ground in front of us, and we found that a line of skirmishers were sending the leaden hail that raised the little dust-clouds.

But we eyed the fort in front of us more closely than we did the skirmishers that were disputing our progress. Again some of our boys declared that the works must be deserted. But just then there flew out from one of the embrasures a long horizontal column of white smoke, and then *another* and *another*. Then quickly followed deafening explosions as the shells screamed along over our heads. There was no further discussion as to whether the fort meant business.

We set our teeth together and moved forward to settle the question as to the possession of those fortifications. The little clouds of dust rose thick and fast all about us; the bul-

lets whizzed by us making most disagreeable music. One of them struck with a dull, sickening *thud!* just at my left,—and my dear comrade Henry Fluno, my mate, who, on all the marches we ever made, walked elbow to elbow with me,—my room-mate at Delton and my friend always afterward, uttered a short, quick, agonized “Oh!” and dropped back. I never saw him again; none of us ever saw him after that. He was shot through, and he died the next day. I believe, however, that Rufus Johnson was with Henry at his death; but Rufus, too, is now dead, and I cannot ask him about it.

The death of comrade Fluno came to me as a personal loss, for I loved him as a brother. After this we spoke his name tenderly, lovingly, and our hearts went out in sympathy for his friends at home, especially for the young wife he had married just before leaving home.

Henry was quiet, always prompt to do every duty, and a good soldier in every way. He was the first one of Company E to give up his life in battle. We had thus far been very fortunate, indeed.

As night was fast approaching, General Gresham thought it best not to charge at once the works of the enemy. And so, after advancing to within easy range of his lines, we formed in line on a high ridge extending parallel with the creek, and that night threw up strong defenses. Here we remained several days. Our position was a tolerably safe one in spite of the incessant musket firing on both sides, and the occasional attention paid to us by the batteries over the creek.

I suppose that our line here was about half a mile from the creek at the bottom of the field. The pickets of the enemy were stationed just on the other side, while ours occupied pits pretty well down the slope. It was worth one's head to make much of a show of it above the bit of earth work by which each post was protected. Close by our regiment there was stationed a battery, and it was a favorite pastime of ours to watch the daily duel between this battery and the fort over beyond. Considerable noise was made but not much execution done, at least by the Rebels. Our cannoneers enjoyed

taking deliberate aim at some picket post across the creek and then sending a shell into it—if they could. When the shell burst and threw rails and sand high in the air, we used to laugh ourselves hoarse to see the frightened Johnnies streak it in every direction to find a place of safety.

Our works on this ridge were heavy—the embankment high, and the ditches deep. They were made so as a protection against cannonading from the fort over the creek. The enemy did not do any unnecessary firing, as he was short of ammunition. But one night well after dark a battery situated away to our right, and which seemed to have our range, began throwing shells across our lines and pretty close down to the top of the works of our regiment. We huddled into the deep ditch and “lay low” whenever a shell came our way. Some reader may want to know how we understood just when to flatten out at the bottom of the ditch. Well, in looking over the works in the direction from which the shells came, whenever a gun went off we could see a flash; it looked like a faint bit of sheet lightning well down to the horizon. Since light travels much faster than cannon balls, we were safe in looking till we saw the flash; but then it behooved us to get down upon our stomachs. We had time to get pretty well fixed before the shell would come tearing along over us. Then we would all climb up at once and watch for the next flash; then down again. On this occasion there was a typical Irishman, from another regiment, among us. He seemed to fear serious consequences from the “dhirty bomb-shells,” and he amused us mightily with some of his sayings. After the flash had been seen he would fairly dig himself into the dirt at the bottom of the ditch, exclaiming in a rich brogue, “Howly Moses! byes, lie down! lie down *flat*.” “By the powers o’ mud! byes, lay low, lay low, byes!” “Bedad, byes, get down! *get down!* the murtherin’ thing will be afther killin’ every wan av us if ye don’t get *close down!* Oh hear the murtherin’ thing a-screamin’!” But for all Pat’s solicitude, no one was killed. One shell burst near us, however, and a piece of it, after striking a post in our works,

glanced and hit George Freer on the back of the neck and shoulder making an ugly bruise.

One of our guns, belonging to a battery on a hillside in our rear, threatened to do us more damage than all those on the Rebel side. The shells had an unpleasant habit of exploding just as they left the muzzle of the gun, and there was not much telling just where the pieces would strike. When they came down among us a yell of indignation from the men would go up to that battery that would persuade the gunners to give the slobbering old gun a rest for a while. If I remember rightly, the troublesome piece was taken down to one of the picket posts nearest the enemy, and there allowed to spew its ammunition about just as it chose, as there were nothing but Johnnies in front of it. It would have been a blessing to us and a damage to them had they captured it; but they did not do it.

I think it was on the evening of July 8, that some of us had a bit of experience that makes me laugh now every time I think of it, and I fancy many of the boys have had more than one laugh over it. I have said that the Nickajack Creek flowed between our lines and those of the enemy; but it was much nearer their works than ours. Our picket posts had been advanced until they were pretty close to this creek, and our officers became desirous of establishing some rifle pits across the creek, and very close to the Rebel outposts. Though such a position would be dangerous to our men who should occupy the pits, they would be able to do much damage to the enemy, and so it was decided to make the attempt to throw our line across the creek.

Of course the only time to do such a thing must be after dark. Accordingly, one night just at dusk a detail of several men was made to carry the plan into execution. Some sort of long timbers would be needed to build a foot-bridge across the creek, also in the construction of pits on the other side. In order to get the necessary timbers, a log house by the side of the road, a little to our right, was torn down. This road led straight down to the creek, and we were ordered to

carry the timbers down the road until we should get near the creek, and then, turning to the left, carry them up the stream about thirty rods to the point where it had been decided to build the bridge. About a dozen of us formed a squad to work together. I think there were two or three such squads. We formed six pairs, each couple having a short stick on which we bore the timbers down the road. The night was dark but pleasant, and, the timbers being light, we rather enjoyed the job. But we knew that when passing along the creek we were close by the enemy's pickets on the other side. Because of this, we had been ordered to keep very quiet,—not to speak a loud word, for fear of drawing their fire. For some reason our crowd felt lively, and we *whispered* pretty loud, and *giggled* and *snickered*. When we were putting the timbers across the creek, Lt. Colonel Proudfit scolded us for our levity in whispers that were so emphatic that he made more noise than we did.

As we brought timber after timber our ill-suppressed merriment increased, until we became quite jolly. On one of our trips we stopped alongside the creek to rest. Sitting in a row on our log we whispered and giggled considerably, being out of Colonel Proudfit's hearing. In the midst of our fooling we were surprised by a *bang! bang! bang!* The Johnnies across the creek had located us by our noise and let fly at us. We stopped our giggling,—there was a bit of a “whish,” and every man of us had disappeared—each doing what seemed to him the safest thing to do. I know of what only one did. He ran like a racer at right angles with the creek to get out of that. He soon struck the plowed ground and began to run up the side hill. He would make good time for a few rods, and then, finding the bullets flying about in delightful recklessness, would flatten out on the ground for safety. A minute of lying down did not lessen the number of bullets, and then he would run a few rods further and conclude to flatten out again. It was amusing to him to see others darting by him on the gallop, and others flattening out

on the ground for a minute, but concluding to jump up and run again. Finally, with a hop, skip and a jump he landed inside the works up near the road, glad enough to be alive and well, though quite out of breath. And he was not alone in this self congratulation; others rejoiced likewise. After a few minutes the firing ceased, and all was calm. The gallant chaps who had beaten such a lively retreat then timidly made their way back to the creek. When this one arrived at his log he found his mates just gathering in from the surrounding darkness. Some had been only a few steps from the log and had lain flat to the ground all the time, while several had stretched themselves alongside the piece of timber, thereby having an excellent protection. It was no doubt true that the fellow who ran the furthest up the hill got into the greatest danger, for the balls went high and quite above those who stuck to the log. So it often is; those who run away from danger are the very ones to run into it. It is commonly better to stick to one's post through thick and thin.

We took up our log and carried it to the crossing, but we *kept still* after that. The bridge was built, a few pits were constructed across the creek, and the Rebels in that particular vicinity were made thereby pretty uncomfortable.

For the next day or two our batteries kept up a pretty steady fire on the enemy's works. On the morning of the 10th we found that the works in our front were empty; the Confederates had evacuated them in the night, escaped across the Chattahoochee and taken refuge in Atlanta.

The next day we were transferred from the Fourth Division, under General Gresham, to the First Brigade of the Third Division. In this brigade we found the 16th Wisconsin, a regiment that was with us in the fall of '61, in Camp Randall. Our new brigade commander was General Force, and our division commander, General M. D. Leggett. We had known "Pap" Leggett before, and we were not at all displeased to be placed under him. Still, we had liked General Gresham, and we regretted to leave him, and to have our close relations with his gallant regiment, the 53d Indiana,

broken up. We found in our brigade, beside the 16th Wisconsin, the 20th, 30th, 31st and 45th Illinois Regiments. These four organizations had seen much hard fighting and were considerably reduced in numbers.

After some shifting around for the next few days, we found ourselves, on July 16, back near Marietta, and just south of Kenesaw Mountain. On the 17th we set out on another very important movement, the object being to get to the south of Atlanta, if possible, and either to capture the city out of hand or lay siege to it. We marched to Roswell's Mills on the Chattahoochee, about twelve miles east of Marietta, where we crossed to the Atlanta side of the river, the great bulk of the army crossing on the same day at points below us and nearer Atlanta. From Roswell's Mills our line of march was twenty miles nearly due south to Decatur, a station on the Augusta Railroad, and seven miles east of Atlanta, where we arrived on the 19th. We spent a little time here in tearing up the railroad, and the next day moved forward in a south-easterly direction toward the defenses on the south side of Atlanta. During this day's march we heard heavy cannonading several miles to the north of us. We found out afterwards that the fighting was along Peach Tree Creek, the battle taking that name. Our men held their position and drove the enemy back towards the city.

Just here I digress to say that on the 17th, the day we crossed the Chattahoochee, General Johnston was relieved from the command of the Confederate army, and General J. B. Hood was put in his place. The reasons given by the Confederate authorities for this change were, that Johnston had been unable to keep General Sherman back out of Georgia; that in allowing him to cross the Chattahoochee he had put Atlanta in great peril; and they hinted that they did not more than half believe that he intended to defend Atlanta at all, but meant to retreat further towards the south. Jeff Davis seems to have taken a dislike to the brave old warrior. Whatever may have been the real reason for such action, Hood understood that he was expected to go out to

battle against the on-coming Yankees. This he did, and we shall soon see the result of his bold plans.

But before we enter upon the terrible battles just at hand, let us speak further of General Joseph E. Johnston. There is not an old soldier who reads this sketch of our army life who will not agree with me that, except for his being a Rebel, General Johnston was a good man. He was our enemy in battle, and, as such, he certainly would not have been safe within gunshot of us, yet we all cherished that sort of respect for him that is due to dignified manhood; and we felt a trifle indignant when he was thrust aside for General Hood, though we believed our cause was helped forward by the change. After Hood had so managed as to have his army completely demoralized and scattered at Nashville, in December, so that nothing was left of it, the almost unconquerable Johnston turned up in front of our army on its march through the Carolinas the next spring, with 24,000 men, and he made it mighty uncomfortable for us at Bentonville, even though he could not check our progress. After Lee had been forced to surrender at Appomattox, General Joe Johnston was facing us at Raleigh, and he surrendered only when there were no other officers to yield excepting Kirby Smith and Dick Taylor, who soon gave up their forces also.

While I wrote the 217th page of this sketch, the flags hung at half-mast because of the death of grand old General Sherman. A few days passed and there came the startling news—the news of death is always startling—that General Johnston, too, had crossed over to the last great camping ground. While none of us shed the tears of affection for him, that came in spite of us when Sherman died, I do not think there is one of us who did not feel sad.

Unlike Jeff Davis, General Johnston accepted in a manly way the results of the war, and he became an active and useful citizen. In Washington, where he lived for several years before his death, he was highly respected by men of all parties. It is a misfortune that the doctrine of "State's Rights" ever

brought such a man as he into rebellion against the general government.

But to return from our digression. We were, on the 20th of July, marching from Decatur towards the works on the south-east of Atlanta. During the afternoon, firing began in our own front, and we plainly saw that we, too, must soon be drawn into the general battle. While resting near a farm house, during a blockade in the road ahead of us, ambulances came back from the front with several wounded men. General Gresham's division, the one from which we had recently been detached, was already in action, and we were following them. Soon we moved forward and, emerging from the cover of timber, we found ourselves forming in line of battle in an old field.

There was no very heavy firing going on, but a number of the Fourth Division had been killed or wounded. It was at this time that we heard that General Gresham himself had just been severely wounded in one of his legs. We felt very anxious about the good General, for we had been in his brigade ever since the fall of '63, and we held him in high esteem.

We passed on through this old field, and then began advancing in line of battle through a strip, perhaps half a mile wide, of timber land covered with a growth of rather small oaks. Just as the sun was setting in front of us, we came to the further edge of this timber, and saw just before us a small creek running about parallel with our line; and beyond the creek a sloping cornfield reaching fifty rods, perhaps, up to a scattered growth of timber along its farther edge.

Though we had encountered little or no opposition in our progress through the woods, the bullets began whizzing over our heads now and then with much of the spirit of mischief in them. At the low land near the edge of the woods, we were halted. Most of us lay down on the ground and many were dropping asleep, when Captain Gillispie told us that we could go to sleep for the night; but he directed us to keep our knapsacks, cartridge boxes, etc., strapped on, and our guns

in our hands ready for immediate action if anything should demand such a thing of us during the night. The ground being covered with leaves, and we being pretty tired, sweet sleep soon came to us and held us in loving embrace until sunrise the next morning,—the 21st of July, '64,—a memorable day to many of Company E, and others of our regiment.

When we arose and began to look about us, we found ourselves in line of battle, joining the 16th Wisconsin on our left, and having in line in our rear the four Illinois regiments of our brigade—the 20th, 30th, 31st and 45th. As we looked up across the cornfield in our front, we could see at the farther edge of it the Johnnies working hard to strengthen their works. They evidently expected us to charge upon them.

We had a line of pickets a few rods in our front, and they were exchanging occasional shots with the pickets of the enemy, and at pretty short range. As the sun arose the shots became more and more frequent, and now and then a man was hit. Most of the balls, however, passed over our heads and struck the trunks of the trees, or snipped off twigs here and there. James Miles, of Company B, was wounded at this time on the picket, or skirmish, line.

It was plain enough to us all that something serious was about to happen, and it is my recollection that we all felt just a little serious. Captain Gillispie had the one or two spades that belonged with the company brought forward and put to use in building breast-works. Some of the fallen trunks of trees lying about were laid up in the fashion of a backwoods farmer's straight log fence, and a ditch was begun on our side of the fence, the earth that was removed being thrown over on the side toward the enemy. Our spade or two were doing pretty quick work; a man would seize a spade and shovel for dear life for a *minute*, the captain keeping time, and then another man would dig his minute, and so on in turn. The other companies were doing much the same thing, and we soon had a good line of works well under way.

While this was going on, "Billy" Stevens, our Commissary Sergeant, came along the line bringing orders from the



WILLIAM C. STEVENS,
1st LIEUT. COMPANY C.

Colonel. "We heard him say, "Captain, we move forward in an hour." Gillispie's only remark was, "Men, throw down those spades!"

We knew pretty well what "moving forward" meant. We were to charge the enemy on the hill in our front, for the purpose of taking his line of works.

We had been in the service nearly three years, yet we had been so favored by circumstances that we had never before been called upon to make a deadly charge upon the enemy's works; and so an entirely new experience lay just before us.

It was seven o'clock, I think, when these orders came to us, and the charge was to be made at eight. I think it is easier going into battle when it comes on at once, and one is hurled almost before he knows it into the very thickest of the fight. When one has an hour to think it all over, he is beset with all sorts of conflicting emotions. He knows that many men must be killed outright, that many others must be so wounded as to lie a long time dying, while a great many more must go maimed to the hospital to suffer more than death for weeks and months—perhaps for years—until death finally comes to bring a tardy relief from pain. He knows all this, I say, and he wonders which lot is in store for him. He feels a little like taking counsel of his heels, as did poor Launcelot Gobbo, the servant of Shylock; but conscience, manhood, patriotism, combine to lead him in the path of *duty*, come what will. Home, father, mother, brother, sister, wife or sweetheart fill one's thoughts, perhaps for the last time on earth. One feels that he loves all these better now than ever before, and that it is very hard to give them all up. But he feels, also, that all the ties binding him to his home are, in fact, the very ties that bind him to his country; his loyal service is for them. He fights for his country that they may enjoy the blessings of liberty in a home made safe by the majesty of law. If he has not often prayed before he will not be neglectful at such a time of pleading with the patriot's God for a gracious forgiveness of human sins and frailties.

I suppose that serious and tender emotions moved the hearts of all of us that beautiful, bright and sunny July morning in '64 as we waited for the hour to pass before "moving forward;" but outwardly all were cheerful. I recollect that one of our younger boys sat apart from the rest, leaning against a tree, and that, quite unconsciously, I suppose, he was humming to himself that touching little song:—

"Just before the battle, Mother,
I am thinking most of you,
While upon the field we're watching,
With the enemy in view."

All hours come to an end, and that one did. We were directed to put our packed knapsacks into a pile, and then the low-spoken order came, "Fall in, men, outside the works." Our line was quickly formed, the 16th Wisconsin being at our left, and the four Illinois regiments in our rear. Our flags were unfurled to the light morning breeze, and it seems to me now that they looked brighter and more beautiful they ever did before. I believe that our men, as they saw the colors almost sparkle in the morning sun, while we all stood in line with faces to the front that brief moment, and realized that in them was symbolized everything we held dear in government, highly resolved to count their lives as nothing that the dear old flag should that day move on to certain victory. They held their muskets with an iron grasp, set their teeth together, and their features took on an expression of frigid resolution.

Soon General Force, our brigade commander, came riding along the rear of our line, saying in low and quiet tones, "Boys, now be cool and firm; don't waver, don't falter; just made up your mind to drive the enemy from yonder hill, and you'll do it. Be cool and determined, boys, and it will be all right."

Though we had not been long in General Force's brigade, we had learned to have entire confidence in him, and his quiet talk made us more determined than ever to plant our colors on the hill in our front.

A minute later the command came along the line from captain to captain, "Forward, men, forward!" Slowly we moved down through the trees to the narrow strip of grass land skirting the little brook in our front. We crowded together slightly, and the brook so hindered us that in trying to jump it, and in splashing through it, we got considerably confused. The center of the line fell a little behind, and as the right and left swung around forming a curve, the center was badly crowded. After getting across the brook, the order came, "Give off to the left!" We did crowd to the left to get more room, still we were huddled. Again and again, and louder, came the order, "Give off to the left, men! Give off to the left!" Although we kept pushing in that direction, we did not break the jam.

Captain Gillispie seeing the condition of things shouted above all the growing clatter and confusion, swinging his sword, as he did so, along the line in unpleasant nearness to our noses, "*Give off to the left, men! Give off to the left!*" There was something in his way of doing this that meant business, and we turned and fairly *ran* to the left until, just at the right time, he commanded, "Forward, men!" Nothing could have been done better; we were in order again.

Just before us a steep bank arose about twenty feet high. Climbing this bank, we found ourselves in tall grass just at the lower edge of the sloping cornfield that reached to the hill-top, and a few rods beyond which the Rebels had built their breast works. Just then the order came, "Lie Down!" It was, indeed, refreshing and comforting to "lie down" at such a time,—especially so when we heard the little leaden messengers of death whizzing over us on their way to our rear. The next order came,—"Fix bayonets!" A sharp clicking ran along the line for two or three seconds, and then all was still except the indescribable "*ping*" of the bullets speeding along overhead. Then we heard General Force shout the order, "Forward, men!" A long line of bayonets flashing in the morning sun arose from the grass and began

to move. Then came the final and supreme command, "Charge bayonets! *Forward, double-quick, MARCH!*"

The time of suspense is over, and that brigade of men spring forward. Yells rend the air, bayonets clash together as, in the mad rush toward the front, every man runs a race with his comrades through a perfect shower of lead and iron toward the top of the field. Bullets come tearing down the rows of corn laying low many a poor fellow beneath the feet of those rushing up from behind towards the works of the enemy.

Coming to the top of the hill, the surging column goes tearing over the rickety old rail fence, out through the scattering bushes, till they come square upon the line of Confederates, who are stubbornly defending their position.

But this onslaught is too much for them; they fire their parting shots at short range and take to their heels. And now there is, indeed, a race for it. On rush the Blue-coats after the Gray-coats, pell-mell, helter-skelter, hurry-scurry, yelling and firing through the woods, leaving the ground strewn with dead and dying. In the mad chase many prisoners are captured and sent to the rear.

Soon a second line of works is reached, and the advance is checked. A heavy firing breaks out from a point to the right and in the rear of the men in the charge, and they are ordered to fall back into the works first taken, and this command is quickly obeyed.

This position is held during the day, though several countercharges are made by the enemy with the intention of taking back what they have lost. When night comes on the companies are so scattered that no captain knows how many men he has left. After dark there is a general gathering in of the unhurt and slightly wounded. It is found that of our regiment one hundred and fifty-nine are either killed, wounded or missing,—other regiments having suffered proportionally; and the most of this loss has occurred within about fifteen minutes after the order to charge bayonets.

I have given the bare facts concerning our part in the bat-

tle of July 21, '64, or, as it is sometimes called, the "Battle of Bald Hill." But there are many details and incidents that ought to be recorded. I am not able to give all that should be given, for each of us saw only the things that took place close by him; and, beside, each saw with his own peculiar eyes. It is pretty well understood by old soldiers that no two of them sees the same thing quite alike in a battle. Moreover, in spite of a person, his memory of such events becomes in time tinged by the peculiar coloring of the mind that treasures them through the years. And I may say in this connection that I fear the old boys will say of much that is written in this sketch of our service, that they have no recollection of it; but that they do have in mind many other things that should have been recorded and of which no mention is made. If such things are said, the only answer the writer hereof can make is, that he must of necessity put down things as they seem to him; and, perhaps, he may add that, if his comrades had rallied a little more freely to his aid in furnishing details and incidents, he could have done better.

But let us return to the battle-field, all strewn with our dead and dying comrades. The following is the list of the losses of our company:

Killed,—Corporals John Stults and Charles Fields.

Wounded,—Captain John Gillispie; Sergeants Henry W. Stutson, and Michael Griffin; Privates James M. Clement, James Camp, Edwin M. Truell, Wm. L. Mosier, Orson Wright, H. W. Rood, Jacob Lawsha, William Stowell, Clement Boughton.

We were scattered considerably when we got back to the line of works against which we first charged. Here we found the Illinois regiments of our brigade in possession, they having, as before stated, formed a second charging column in our rear. We sought the shelter of trees, constructed barricades of rails, or crowded into line behind the works with the Illinois boys,—anything, so as to get somewhat of a protection from the flying bullets, and have a chance to return the

Rebel fire. Some grouped together here and there and talked about the charge, and about who were hit and who missing. No one had seen or heard of Captain Gillispie since, when the order was given to fall back to the works, he had halted the company, and looking at the men with that peculiar expression that came over his face when he was pleased with what they had done, he said, as he had many times said on the drill ground, "Boys, you do me proud!" He then gave the order, "Right-about, *March!*" As he was in the front on the charge, after the "right-about" he was in the rear. I think no man of our company saw him after he gave the order, or heard him speak again. When the boys got back to the works he was found not to be with them. He had fallen on the way, and no one knew whether he was dead, or was lying wounded out between the lines, and in the scorching rays of the July sun. Anxiously we discussed the matter until night came on; until morning came; the next day, and the day after; the next week, the next month—and for several months, before we heard from him. He had been severely wounded, had lain there during the day in terrible suffering, and at night was carried off the field by the enemy, and his arm amputated. He was exchanged the next spring and came to us at Washington just before the Grand Review.

We felt this losing of Captain Gillispie as something more than a company loss; it was to every man a personal loss, and we mourned for him as for a friend.

Charley Fields fell mortally wounded just beyond the works in our rush forward. I can see him now, in memory, as I saw him then, lying white and still by the side of the road, and Lieutenant Thayer turning water from his canteen into his pallid face. He was brought back to our side of the works in the midst of the fight and tenderly buried. He was a noble soldier,—jolly, light-hearted, and as true to his duty as ever a soldier was. We suffered a great loss when Charley Fields was stricken down.

After the charge, Clem. Boughton, who was at the time

acting Sergeant Major, asked the colonel whether he might not go up to the front and help the boys in some way. He did not feel at all contented to stay away from the thickest of the fight when his comrades were there. He finally begged permission of the colonel at least to go and carry some ammunition up to the boys. Succeeding in getting a reluctant consent, he took all the cartridges he could carry and went up to the works. The bullets were buzzing through the bushes as thick as bees. He found a squad of us lying very flat on the ground in order to let the balls pass over. This one and that called for a bunch of cartridges, and he tossed them gaily here and there among us as if he were all unconscious of danger. A minute later he passed into the bushes just at our front, and went out of our sight. Soon Ed. Bennett exclaimed, "Clem's wounded!" and started to his assistance. As we looked up at Clem. there was an expression of pain on his face, and he was trying with great difficulty to walk toward us, though he made no sound. Ed. threw his arm around the poor fellow and helped him back toward the rear. He was mortally wounded, and died two days later.

Orson Wright, while in the charge through the corn-field, was hit on one arm near the elbow by a spent ball, but there was still force enough in it to knock Orson out. His arm was badly hurt, and it was some time before he could use it again.

Sergeant Griffin was also "knocked out" in the corn-field before the fun had well begun. A ball of small calibre hit one side of his nose, went through that important organ and along his cheek, lodging somewhere back of his jaw and near the ear. He thinks so much of that little chunk of cold lead that he keeps it in his jaw to this day. Mike felt just a little put out to find himself *hors du combat* before the battle had fairly opened, and there is no doubt he thought of a few words that would forcibly express his feelings had he only been in the habit of swearing.

Madison Clement* was shot through both legs after our

*The wound in Comrade Clement's right leg was the cause of its amputation Nov. 11, 1886.

return to the first line of works we had captured; when hit he was at work carrying rails with which to build a stockade for protection against a Rebel cross fire. Near the same place Henry W. Stutson was shot through both shoulders. James Camp was so wounded above the elbow of his right arm that it became necessary to remove a section of the bone.

I do not know any of the circumstances connected with the wounding of Will Stowell. His hurt was a mortal one, his death occurring on the following day.

It is my impression that John Stults came back from the charge unhurt; but, finding that Captain Gillispie was missing, went back in search for him and was killed outside the works. There is some disagreement among the boys concerning the matter. Whether he went back to look for the captain or not, it is certain that it would have been just like him to do such a thing. No man in Company E was ever more faithful and brave than John Stults. He was one of the men who always mean a great deal more than they say. I do not believe that he ever missed a turn of duty up to the day of his death.

Ed. Truell was wounded in the ankle, and his tarsal bones were knocked into general disorder; yet he continued at his post, until afterward wounded in his foot. After weeks of terrible suffering in the hospital his foot was amputated. He was very weak at the time, but, with the tender care of his brother Ferd, he made a live of it.

I must copy here an order found in the records of the Executive Office of Wisconsin. It was issued in compliance with a request of Colonel Proudfit.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, MADISON, NOV. 15, 1866.

ADJUTANT GENERAL PROUDFIT,

General:—The Governor directs that commission issue to Private Edwin M. Truell, Company E, 12th W. V. V. I., as First Lieutenant by brevet, to rank from July 21, 1864, in recognition of his conspicuous gallantry at the battle of Bald Hill, near Atlanta, Ga., July 21, 1864, where, in a charge of



EDWIN M. TRUELL,
Company E.

the regiment upon the enemy's works, disregarding a severe wound received in the ankle, he kept on with his comrades until brought to the ground by a dangerous wound in the right foot, which subsequently made amputation of the leg below the knee necessary.

CHARLES FAIRCHILD,
Military Secretary.

Comrade Truell received his commission, as he richly deserved to do.



In 1870, through the influence of the Hon. C. C. Washburn, and under a resolution of congress approved July 12, 1862, providing for the presentation of medals of honor to the enlisted men of the army and volunteer forces who should distinguish themselves for especially gallant service in action, Comrade Truell received a medal of honor, a cut of which is given on this page.

Only one in every 6,000 soldiers in our army and navy during the war received this medal, only eight being issued to Wisconsin men. One of these went to the 3d Cavalry, one to the 6th Infantry, two to the 7th Infantry, one to the 12th Infantry, one to 14th,

one to the 24th, and one to the 31st. Comrade Truell has just reason to feel proud both of his commission and his medal.

The wounds of Rood, Moshier and Lawsha were slight, and did not remove them from duty for many days; some, I think, did not lose a day.

Some of the best known men of the other companies were either killed or wounded during that day and the next, among them Sergeants Libby, of Company B; Henry, of Company B; and Wood, of Company C; Privates Henry Keeler, of Company H; H. Wempner, of Company I; E. H. Hagaman, of Company B; Sergt. Miles, of Company B.

At nightfall the firing ceased, and there was a general time of "gathering of the clans." All the men were tired enough to sleep soundly though surrounded by dead and dying comrades; but details were made to work all night at bringing together the dead for burial, and the wounded for hospital treatment. Also, a detail of men was made to build upon the ground just captured, a strong line of works in order that it might be successfully defended against any attack the Rebels might make for the purpose of recovering the position.

I do not know just what officer ordered the position to be thus fortified, but we who were there do know that that particular line of works saved us from utter defeat the next day, July 22d. That morning found us tolerably quiet in camp. Our regiment occupied the heavy line of works mentioned; to our left lay the Fourth Division—Gresham's—constituting the extreme left of our army. During the morning we were drawing rations and were preparing for a good solid breakfast, when, somewhat to our surprise, we heard away back in our rear two or three shots. We did not think the enemy could be back there, yet those shots were followed by half a dozen others, then a dozen—twenty—a hundred—volleys—volley after volley,—then *boom! boom!* rang the artillery reports over the noise of all the rest.

Our boys looked their astonishment into one another's eyes, dropped their hard tack and coffee and rushed for their guns. In the meantime Colonel Bryant was shouting, as only he could shout, "*Fall in, men! Fall in!*"

The firing in the rear grew heavier, and soon the smoke of

battle arose in a long, billowy cloud over the woodlands in that direction. Nearer and nearer the dense cloud came rolling toward us, indicating that the enemy were driving our men before them. In almost less time than it takes to write it, the surging tide of battle swept out of the timber and into the long stretch of open ground reaching a mile or two along the immediate rear of our lines.

Such a scene as that was, one does not often behold, even in active service. When the long tidal wave of battle beat against the higher open ground our army occupied, and felt the full force of our regiments, and brigades, and divisions, their onward rush was checked, and then came the struggle for the mastery. As old Ocean beats against his rocky shores, rushing up with terrific force and then, though compelled to roll back for a few seconds, comes on again with renewed vigor, determined not to give up the strife, so did those confident Rebels charge and recharge. As we looked down upon the fighting, struggling mass of horses, wagons, cannon, ambulances, men, mules,—now hidden in part by the clouds of dust and powder smoke, then in plain view,—and listened to the horrid din of battle, and then reflected that we were right between that desperate struggle and Atlanta; and when we found that at the same time the confederates were attacking us from the front as well as rear, we truly felt that the outcome of the battle so suddenly thrust upon us was of considerable consequence to us. If ever we were in a position to fight like mad-men we were then. Colonel Bryant was shouting at the top of his voice, “Get into the works, boys! Get into the works!” We got into the works, but we found the balls coming from both front and rear. Some of the men shouted back to the colonel, “Which side, Colonel, which side?” “I don’t care which side,” fairly yelled the excited commander, “but, *Get into the works!* and do it quick!”

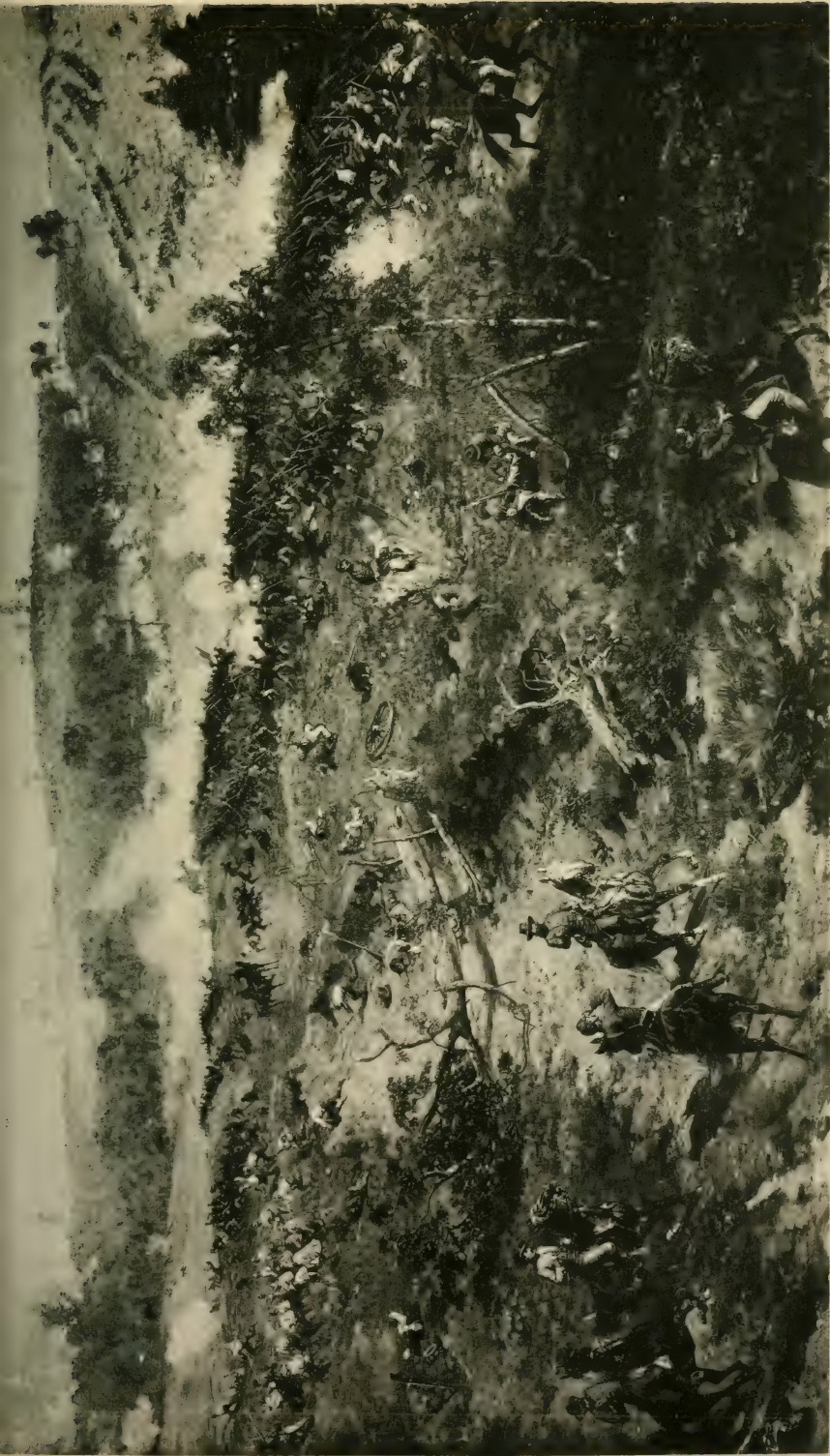
We did “get there” and mighty quick, too, but we were still greatly puzzled to know which side of the embankment would do us most good.

The struggle during the entire day was a fearful one,—one that I cannot undertake to describe in detail. The Rebels made half a dozen violent assaults upon our position from the rear, and at the same time they kept up a terrific fire in our front and to our left. They came into a hand to hand conflict with our Fourth Division and both sides fought desperately. Little by little the Fourth Division yielded the ground, until the enemy gained the position. As they were slowly beaten back they came into our works and we all fought together.

At the left of our regiment a battery had been planted during the preceding night, and this held the Rebels in check. But one by one the horses were killed off, and then, for fear that the guns would be captured, they were drawn back out of the way. It seemed then as if we, too, must yield, but, because of our excellent works, we were able to hold our position, and when night came on the enemy gave up the fight. The next morning we had no foe in our immediate front, and we were the victors. But oh, what a fearful loss of life there had been! The ground over which the Rebels had charged was thickly strewn with dead and dying; and along the line occupied the morning before by the Fourth Division, both Yankee and Rebel lay so close together that one could walk for long distances stepping from body to body. In some instances two men lay dead still clutching each other as they were doing when both were killed by the same shot.

The picture opposite this page is a representation of a portion of the battle-field on the 22d of July—but by some mistake it is not so named. It was kindly furnished for this book by the Chicago Photogravure Co., who printed the portraits for our history, and is taken from the cyclorama of the Battle of Atlanta.

The 23d was spent in exchanging and burying the dead, an armistice having been entered into for the purpose. The Rebel dead within our lines were carried to the line between the two armies, and our own dead within the Rebel lines were brought to the same place. Here the poor fellows were



From Atlanta Panorama

MARCH TO THE SEA.

By Chicago Photo-Gravure Co.

exchanged, carried tenderly away, and buried as decently as men could be buried on the battle-field.

This was a sad, sad day, for in some respects the horrors of the battle-field are much greater after the strife is over than during the combat. There is no excitement to keep up the nerves; dead friends are found here and there; the dead are bloated to twice their natural size; faces are so blackened by decomposition that one can scarcely recognize his own tent-mate; the stench is terribly offensive;—but I must not say more of it.

Strange as it may seem, Company E had no loss in either killed or wounded on that fearful day of battle, July 22d. Our excellent works did us the best of service. We could fire without exposure to the fire of the enemy. Companies B and G to our left, and next to the battery of which I have spoken, suffered heavy loss.

Soon after the attack, and when in the midst of the hottest firing, we heard some one shouting, “Colonel Bryant! Colonel Bryant! Where is Colonel Bryant? General Force has been wounded, and Colonel Bryant is wanted to take command of the brigade!”

The colonel was soon doing his best to get a good hold of the duties thus suddenly thrust upon him, and he succeeded so well that we scarcely noticed the change in commanders. About the same time Force’s Adjutant General, Captain Walker, was severely wounded and borne from the field.

But the saddest event of that day was the death of General McPherson, which occurred about noon. He had just been in consultation at the Howard House with Generals Sherman and Schofield, and was riding back to dispose his troops in accordance with Sherman’s orders. While passing along a path through a belt of woods, having sent all his staff officers off on various missions, some passing Rebels discovered him and shot him.

I can not do justice to the manliness and soldierly qualities of General McPherson in any words of my own, and so I will quote a few words that General Sherman said of him two days

after his death: "General McPherson fell in battle, booted and spurred, as the gallant knight and gentleman should wish. Not his loss, but the country's; and this army will mourn his death and cherish his memory as that of one who, though comparatively young, had risen by his merit and ability to the command of one of the best armies which the nation had called into existence to vindicate its honor and integrity.

"History tells of but few who so blended the grace and gentleness of the friend with the dignity, courage, faith and manliness of the soldier. His public enemies, even the men who directed the fatal shot, never spoke or wrote of him without expressions of marked respect; those whom he commanded loved him even to idolatry; and I, his associate and commander, fail in words adequate to express my opinion of his great worth. I feel assured that every patriot in America, on hearing this sad news, will feel a sense of personal loss, and the country generally will realize that we have lost not only an able military leader, but a man who, had he survived, was qualified to heal the national strife which has been raised by designing and ambitious men."

I have read somewhere that when General Grant, quiet, self-possessed soldier that he was, heard of the death of gallant General McPherson, he went to his tent and wept. General Howard was appointed to succeed McPherson.

I am aware that I have given a very imperfect account of the fighting around Atlanta on the 21st and 22d of July; but those who wish a complete story of the battle can find it in any large history of the war. The Union loss on the 22d was reported by General Logan to be about 3,500, that of the enemy about 10,000.

We remained in the position we occupied on the 22d until the night of the 27th. Our works were made still stronger, and we kept a close watch on the movements of the enemy. Hood, in the meantime, kept us from going to sleep by a pretty constant firing upon our lines.

Though we got some close calls, none of our own company were hit.

I must stop here to mention an incident or two. I do not know but I have already mentioned the fact that Clem. Boughton and Will Stowell were close friends and pretty apt to be together. I had occasion to go down to the field hospital on the night of the 21st, after the fighting was done. I found the wounded lying here and there on the ground under the trees, where they were being cared for by a small army of nurses, while the surgeons were busy amputating arms and legs and caring for other serious wounds. I saw a few who were already out of pain, death having come to their relief. Under one tree I found Will and Clem. lying side by side. They were already in a high fever and were very weak. I was much disappointed, for I had thought that if I could find them I could talk with them. But they were both too far gone to notice anything. Deacon Sexton came along and spoke to them, asking if they would like a drink of water. They could scarcely speak, but he put a cup to their lips and they each took enough to moisten their fevered mouths, scarcely opening their eyes as they did so.

What a change in those two boys since morning! The day found them joyous, bright and hopeful; it was leaving them in a dying condition. I was glad that good Deacon Sexton could be there to care for them so kindly and tenderly.

On the 27th, six days later, I visited an uncle of mine in the 4th Iowa. On my way back that night to our own camp, I found a little knoll covered with new graves. I passed along among them wondering who were buried there. The last two I passed had head-boards. On one was the name of William Stowell, on the other Clement Boughton, both of Co. E, 12th Wisconsin. Together in life, together dying under the same tree, together lying side by side in death.

Two noble young soldiers they were. Colonel Bryant was warmly attached to Clem. He speaks of him to-day as "the typical American soldier."

I have occasion for an especially grateful recollection of Colonel Bryant, and this is why: My right arm was in a painful condition because of being hit by a spent ball on the

21st. It was about the 24th that I was on "alarm" guard on the works in front of our company. It was our business to rouse the men in case of any hostile move by the enemy in our front. I lay reclining on my elbow on the works just as daylight was coming in the east, and was looking intently over towards the Rebel lines. Being very tired and worn after our hard marching and fighting, and feeling sick from my swollen arm, I could scarcely keep awake. Once or twice I dozed just a minute, and felt afraid I should get to sleep if I did not get up and walk. But I was so worn out I thought I could not stand it to walk. As I lay thinking, and gazing across the field, my head dropped again and I dozed once more. Just then some one shook me, and said, "Wake up, Bub, wake up!" I was, indeed, startled, and got upon my feet. A man was walking rapidly away from me on top of the works, but I did not see who it was. After he had gone on out of sight, the next guard to me said, "Do you know who that was?" I said, "No." "Well," said he, "it was Colonel Bryant."

That was a pretty state of affairs. Colonel Bryant, commanding the brigade, had caught me asleep on guard right in the face of the enemy! I was anxious that day I wondered what he would do about it. But I never heard anything further concerning the matter. He had awakened me, and then got away from me as quickly as possible, so that I should not know who did it; and I should not have known had not the other guard told me. I suppose Colonel Bryant might have had me shot—had he been like some other officers. But he was not. He knew how to sympathize with one of his boys who was sick and wounded. That was a peculiarity of the man.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

On the evening of July 27, just at dark, we received orders to pack up and be ready to move. Soon after, we quietly filed out of our line of works, while some cavalymen remained to keep up the picket firing. We marched all night, making a circuit around the north side of the city, and halting in the

morning on the northwest side, exactly opposite our position of the night before. The 15th, 16th and 17th Corps had all been thus changed in position, and they began to form in line, and to build works. About 11 o'clock Hood made a determined attack upon this new line, but he was repulsed with great loss, —about 5,000—General Sherman losing about 600. This action is known as the battle of Ezra Church.

Our brigade was ordered that day to fill up a gap between the 15th and 16th Corps, a distance of two miles to the right. The success of the battle depended upon their getting there as soon as possible, and the most of the march was done on double-quick. The day was intensely hot, and some of our men were so overcome with the heat that they have never fully recovered; among these are William Mosier and John Gaddis. James H. Clement died a week afterward because of over-exertion.

The regiment lost two killed and eighteen wounded, our company losses being, Daniel Titus killed, and Cotton and Mathews slightly wounded. After charging to the top of a ridge and filling the gap before mentioned, our boys engaged in firing upon the enemy that lay close at hand. Titus had fired a shot at a Reb, and, the fellow having been seen to fall, he was engaged in a bit of discussion with one or two others as to who brought him down. Some one suggested to Titus that if he did not get his head out of sight below the rail stockade they had just built, he might get hit himself. Dan turned his head to smile at the kindly suggestion and—sank quickly upon his back never to move again. A ball had cut across his temple killing him instantly. After the battle he was tenderly buried by Darrow, his bunk-mate, Ed. Robinson and John Griffin; and Ed. Bennett cut his name on a board to mark his final resting place.

Daniel Titus was the support of aged parents, who, with his six sisters, loved him passionately. The home seemed very desolate to them after his death, and they were sorely stricken with grief; but they made no complaint. I think they loved their country all the better for the sacrifice made. He was a

generous-hearted young man, one who would divide his last cracker with a hungry comrade. He was always faithful in the performance of duty, and was much missed by all of us after having thus suddenly received his final discharge.

After this battle, Sherman had Atlanta practically in a state siege, and he thus held it until the night of August 25th—nearly a month. Our regiment took place in the line about two miles north-east of where they fought on the 28th. During the month we changed position in the line several times, the object always being to get a little closer to the Rebel works. We were every day under fire, and not many days passed that did not take some of our comrades either to the hospital or the grave.

The only loss to our own company was occasioned by the wounding of Lieutenant Thayer, August 14th. At that time we had a heavy line of works, and we felt as if we were pretty well protected; but we were never safe from danger. That day Thayer was sitting on John Ingalls' bunk, in a shady place behind the works, and talking with some of the boys grouped there. A bullet came across the works, glanced against the limb of a tree, and struck him on the right side of his back, passing, I think, between the fifth and sixth ribs. The lieutenant was quickly removed to a place of safety and search was made for the ball; but it could not be found. He was then sent to the general hospital at Marietta, careful, faithful Will Mosier going with him as nurse.

This sad event brought deep sorrow into our company. Lieutenant Thayer had been a model officer in every way, and his loss coming so soon after that of Captain Gillispie, left us bereft, indeed, as Lieutenant Linnell was absent on detached service. Lieutenant Ephraim Blakeslee, of Company H, was by special order put in command of our company.

I have said that no other casualty occurred to our company during that month of siege. But I forgot that Arthur Coleman had the turn-up "tooth-pick" toe shot off one of his boots. Art. made some pretty spry movements on the occasion, but it was not thought best to send him to the hospital.

One day we were ordered to pick up our various belongings and move informally through a belt of woods in front of us and take possession of a new line of works that had been recently constructed. After getting there we deposited our traps on the ground and began to settle down and be at home. Sundry bullets whizzing through the bushes made us think our new position pretty close to the Rebel lines, and we felt more uncomfortable than we did in the works we had just left. While we were talking the matter over, some one said he thought he heard someone else say that one of the boys of Co. K heard that a Co. C man heard Colonel Proudfit say that we were to go back to our old position at once. The idea was a taking one, and it was adopted at once. When the first man started, others followed, much as sheep go over a fence after the "bell-wether." We got back through that bit of woods faster than we came over; in fact, a lot of our fellows stood so little upon the order of their going that they did not even take their knapsacks. But we had no more than made the home run when Proudfit appeared in our midst, and he demanded in all sorts of interrogations and interjections what we meant by such a caper. None of us could tell him, for we did not know ourselves. We found out, however, that he wanted us to get back to our places mighty quick; and so we went back feeling rather sheepish, if I remember correctly.

As we came to the line, what should we see but our knapsacks in a pile; and, on top of them, looking toward the enemy, our long comrade Craker sat, whistling. When asked what he was doing, he answered, "Well, you chaps ran away leaving your things here, and I thought somebody ought to pick them up and take care of them!"

We moved from this position to another a quarter of a mile to the left a few days later. It was after dark when we made the change, but the enemy seemed to know of it, for they treated us to the liveliest shower of shot and shell we had ever been in up to that time. We were moving down through a ravine, however, at the time, and so the bombardment

proved quite harmless to us; but it gave us a magnificent display of fireworks.

I cannot think of anything more exciting than such a bombardment. It would be grand on a dark night were it not that chunks of cast iron are flying hither and thither with no respect of persons, and carrying death and destruction wherever they strike.

I think it was on the 7th of August that Lieutenant Thayer, being in command of a portion of the picket line, determined to make a quiet advance upon the enemy. Our pits were at the foot of a ridge, beyond which was the Rebel line. Thayer visited each post and told the boys his plans. He desired them, at a given signal, to take each a rail, and quickly, but quietly, run to the top of the ridge. Some of the men were to take position for firing from behind the large pine logs that lay there, while others were to put the rails in place and dig new pits. All his plans were carried out, and we got ten rods closer to the enemy. Comrades Burhans and Craker acted as if nothing could afford them more fun than this getting within closer range of the Rebels. Some of the boys fired a hundred shots that afternoon, and came in at night with sore shoulders.

The ill health that had been telling upon me ever since the battle on the 21st of July got the better of me in this camp, and on the 17th of August I was taken away to the hospital at Marietta. Four of the boys took me upon a stretcher lying on their shoulders and carried me back a mile or two to where the ambulances were in waiting for several sick men. Three of these boys were, I think, Ed. Robinson, Will Vincent and Van Hoozen. I do not recollect the other. But I can never forget how tender they were of me, and how they walked very carefully to keep me from being jolted. I could not tell how grateful I was to them.

Then there came a long ride of twenty miles over some rough roads. I was homesick as well as feverish, and I hardly dared think of what was in store for me. When at last the ambulance stopped, the door at the rear was opened and a

kind voice said, "Hello! who's in here? Can you get down without help?" I said I'd try, and then I slid along and down into the arms of some one—I wondered who. Oh, reader, imagine, if you can, the sweet delight that came to me in finding that I was in the arms of Ferd. Truell, of our own company! I could have hugged him and kissed him that night. There are times when the face and sympathy of a friend are worth more than riches, and that was just such a time with me. He helped me to a bed and cared tenderly for me till I was assigned a place in an adjoining room. Ferd. was at the hospital caring for his brother Ed., who was severely wounded on the 21st of July.

Further on, I shall speak of some things concerning a few of our boys who were in the hospital at Marietta.

I have heard of a camp incident that occurred about this time, which I must relate:

Darrow had been on duty all night digging rifle-pits, and was trying his best to indulge in a bit of nap to make up for lost time. But some of the little boys were tickling his nose with a straw, and he had trouble in wooing the drowsy god. When he did go to sleep he was, indeed, happy; but he was suddenly awakened by something striking him on his back. Then he jawed the boys for throwing stones at a man who, tired as he was, was trying to get a little sleep. But the boys seemed honest in declaring that they had done nothing of the kind. When Darrow looked for the stone he found a flattened bullet that had hit a limb above him and glanced down to wake him up.

He dropped off asleep again, but Josh Tucker took the bullet to Kinney, who was on another picket post, and told him Darrow had just been hit by it. Kinney ran all the way to where Darrow lay sleeping and awoke him asking how he was feeling. Darrow, feeling a little provoked at being awakened the second time, and a little stupid withal, did not answer much to the purpose, hardly knowing what all the fuss was about, until a general laugh told Kinney that a job had been put up on him. His running from post to post was not

at all safe, and it is a wonder that he was not hit on the way. But Kinney would never stop to think of that if he had reason to believe one of the boys was hurt.

I am now entering upon a period of our history when I was not with the company—from August 17th till the first of the next November. This was the only time I was absent from the regiment during our term of service. I fear that I shall not tell that part of our story well, yet I have memoranda furnished by Ed. Bennett, Nathaniel Darrow and Captain Kinney, and I shall do as well as I can.

In order, if possible, to draw General Hood from his defenses into open battle, General Sherman resolved to raise the siege of Atlanta, and to move upon the railroad leading to Montgomery. This move was begun August 25th, and it was successful. This Montgomery road was destroyed for twelve miles, and, in the meantime, the Macon road was reached at Jonesboro'. Hood sent Hardee to attack the Union forces at Jonesboro', and he was defeated with a loss of 1,400 men. Sherman hoped to capture the entire command of Hardee, but the topography of the country was such that he managed to escape. Our troops then destroyed that portion of the Macon railroad, and Hood found himself obliged to abandon Atlanta, which he did on the 2d of September.

The campaign was over, and Atlanta was taken, after four months of continual marching, skirmishing, fighting and sieging.

In order to give a notion of the daily life of the company during such a movement as this last, I copy from the memoranda sent me by Kinney and Darrow, the following:

“August 25.—Co. E on picket a part of the day. At night the regiment moved to the right and rear a short distance, to see what the Rebs would do, or try to do.”

“26th.—Moved still further to the rear. Companies C, H, and E were sent on in the advance with pioneers from two Divisions. After marching all day, we halted at night and waited for the regiment to come up.”

"27th.—The regiment came up early in the morning and halted a short distance from where we were camped. After the men had rested a few hours, we marched five or six miles and stopped for a short time. Here we found a field of green corn, and our men soon filled themselves with it. As we had not tasted anything of the kind for a long time, Co. E put a big lot of it out of sight in a short time. At night the 17th Army Corps moved forward some three miles and went into camp for the night."

"28.—Ordered out at 7 in the morning and halted at noon on the Montgomery railroad. A part of our brigade went to building works, and the Twelfth to tearing up railroad. This was done by turning the track bottom side up, and tearing the rails from the ties. The ties were then piled up with the rails lying across the top and set afire. When the rails were red hot, six or eight men would take hold of each end of one, drag it to a tree and twist it around the tree trunk. They called this giving Jeff Davis a neck-tie.

The Rebs had found out what we were doing, and they threw a few shells over at us. One took an arm from the Adjutant of the 31st Illinois. I happened to be looking at him just as the ball struck. He fell from his horse as if shot through the body."

"29th.—Still tearing up the track."

"30th.—Started out late in the morning and in the rear of the line of march. Went into camp at 12 o'clock at night near the Macon railroad. Rained all the latter part of the night."

"31st.—Left camp at daylight and marched to within a short distance of Jonesboro' station, where we threw up a line of works. Had just finished them when we were ordered to move to the right and support the 15th Corps. Just as we got into the position assigned us, the Rebs charged the 15th Corps. As soon as they found Co. E there, they backed off with broken ranks!"

"September 1st.—Co. E on picket. In the afternoon the 17th Corps was ordered to the rear and right. The 12th

guarded the train. Co. E on picket again. About 12 o'clock at night a number of heavy explosions in the direction of Atlanta excited our attention. We heard afterwards that the Rebs were destroying ammunition preparatory to evacuating the place."

"2d.—The Rebels having left our front during the night, we were ordered to march after them in line of battle. We reached their rear guard after going some six or seven miles, and threw up a line of works, but soon left them for another advance. At night we halted, and, while we were throwing up breastworks, Orson Wright was shot through the face."

"3d and 4th.—Finished our works and laid out a camp in some order."

"5th.—At 8 o'clock in the evening we were ordered to fall back to the rear toward Jonesboro'. At midnight we halted for an hour, and at daylight we were in Jonesboro'. Stopped to take coffee and hard-tack."

"6th.—Marched three miles toward Atlanta and halted for the day."

"7th.—Started out at 7 o'clock in the morning and halted at noon. Co. E sent on picket."

"8th.—Marched till noon and halted near East Point, where we went into camp. Got a large mail, the first since breaking the siege two weeks ago."

"9th.—Continued our march toward Atlanta, and went into camp four miles from the city. Here we built a good line of works and formed a permanent camp where we remained until October 4, when we pursued Hood on his fatal Tennessee campaign."

It was in this camp that tents were once more issued to our men, they having been without them ever since leaving Cairo on the tenth of the preceding May.

During all this time we had never been under a shelter that would keep off the rain. We fastened our rubber blankets together and put them up as well as we could, and, as for the rest, we tried to keep sweet-tempered and endure it all.

I have heard the boys tell a story about Ahira Stowell, that

I must repeat. While down on the flank movement about Jonesboro', the men all got pretty well tired out. When starting back toward Atlanta, the regiment stopped in the night at one place for a rest. Stowell was a sound sleeper, and the drowsy god got him so fast in his embrace that he did not awaken when the regiment made a forward movement. No one missed him, and so he was left alone in the land of nod. But when he awoke late the next morning, he did miss the rest of the boys.

It was no desirable thing to be alone in the enemy's country in those days, and Stowell immediately became very anxious about himself. After looking around awhile, he discovered a little house near by. Thither he went to inquire the way to Atlanta. After rapping vigorously at the door for some time, an old man in a half-dressed condition answered his summons.

Ahira told him that he wanted to go toward Atlanta to catch up with the army, and that he wanted a guide; and he told the old man further that *he* must be the guide. The native protested, but Ahira meant business, and mentioned the fact that his gun was loaded for any secesh that wouldn't come to time mighty quick. This had some effect on the old gentleman, who said he would go and finish dressing and put on his shoes.

"No you don't," said Stowell. "Just get into the road and start for Atlanta as fast as you can go. This bayonet will hurry you up, and the bullet will pay for the least bit of treachery you show. I've no time to wait for anything, and mind you, old man, I'll have no fooling about the matter."

About noon that day Stowell came up with the army. He dismissed the guide with his benediction, and joined his comrades. I suppose the old man went back and put on his shoes.

Thus closed the summer campaign of 1864. Its object, the taking of Atlanta, had been attained after a brilliant series of military operations on the part of General Sherman. General Grant said in his official report,—“General Sherman's movement from Chattanooga to Atlanta was prompt,

skillful and brilliant. The history of his flank movements and battles during that memorable campaign will ever be read with an interest unsurpassed by anything in history."

It must also be said that General Johnston showed consummate skill in generalship. General Hooker has said that Johnston's retreat was the cleanest and best conducted of any of which he had ever known or read. Hood was courageous, even reckless, in his fighting, but he lacked the prudence and foresight of Johnston. It was good for us but bad for the Confederacy when Jeff Davis removed Johnston and put Hood in his place.

I do not feel that I have given a very satisfactory account of our part in this great campaign. Where there has been so much to tell, I have felt limited as to space. If this sketch is ever published, the reading of it by the old boys will suggest hundreds of incidents that would be interesting, and which will, no doubt, be told at the home firesides to the dear ones who can hardly realize that "Papa" or "Grandpa" passed through all these trying times.

There are some things that I have purposely omitted. Some of the horrors of the battle-field and the hospital we hardly care to have our children and their children know. Perhaps we old fellows would forget them ourselves if we could; but we cannot. Having passed through all these scenes and hardships together, binds our hearts in unity now.

I beg you not to forget, my dear young friends, that, terrible as all these war scenes seem, they were necessary in order that you and I may enjoy the safe and well-ordered government of to-day. It was necessary, too, that men give themselves to their country's service, terrible as some of the consequences of that service were; and if you have a father or a grandfather who helped save his country from destruction, love and revere him for his unselfish loyalty and patriotism. He gave his service for your present security and happiness. If he is now suffering from the rheumatism, or some other chronic disease, or from an old gunshot wound, remember his service as a boy in that Atlanta campaign of

'64; when for four months, he was all the time within the reach of Rebel bullets; when he passed through several bloody battles; when he lived through weeks of rainy weather without shelter; when he often suffered for lack of food; when he saw his comrades sickening and dying, or falling in the picket line or on the battle-field; when he suffered for want of sleep at night, and from the oppressive heat in the day time. And then think that there is good reason for you to love your country with an affection that is akin to that which is due to your home and your God.

Our losses since the 11th of June had been as follows:

Killed—Corporals C. W. Fields and John Stultz, July 21; Private Daniel A. Titus, July 28.

Died of Wounds—Lieutenant J. H. Thayer, wounded August 14, died October 8. Privates, C. A. Boughton, wounded July 21, died July 23; William Stowell, wounded July 21, died July 22; Henry Fluno, wounded July 5, died July 6.

Died of Disease—Privates Joel M. Freeman, at Rome, Ga., July 9; George Montanaye and Charles L. Gloyd, at Big Shanty, Ga., June 25; Jas. H. Clement, near Atlanta, Aug. 6.

Seriously Wounded, but Living—Sergeants Henry W. Stutson and Michael Griffin, July 21. Privates, James M. Clement, James Camp and Edwin M. Truell, July 21; Orson Wright, July 21, and September 2.

Slightly Wounded—Privates, Henry D. Vaughn, June 15; Jacob Lawsha, William L. Mosier and H. W. Rood, July 21; W. S. H. Cotton and James Mathews, July 28; Abner Allen, June 18.

Sergeant Griffin and Orson Wright soon reported for duty again. Griffin came up missing at the hospital one day. He was absent the next day and the next. He was then reported, "Absent without leave," which is the same as being reported a deserter. Quite a stir was made over the matter, and some pains taken to hunt the "deserter" up. He was found at the company where he had been doing his regular duty since the day he ran away from the hospital. And that is the way our Mike deserted.

CHAPTER XXI.

AFTER GENERAL HOOD.

• AFTER the fall of Atlanta, the military situation in Georgia was peculiar. Sherman found that it was not easy to hold the long line of road back to Chattanooga, and Hood seemed bent on destroying it. There was no great reason for the holding of Atlanta, anyhow. Hood, under the advice of Jeff Davis, planned to strike boldly out for Tennessee, and thus force Sherman to follow him and give up all he had gained during the summer. Sherman wanted to strike out in another direction, march across Georgia, destroy railroads and other property, and establish himself somewhere on the sea coast, whence he could move, if desirable, to the assistance of General Grant at Richmond.

For some time—up to the first of November—Sherman was somewhat perplexed as to Hood's movements between him and Chattanooga; but about that time, having reinforced General Thomas, at Nashville, until he thought him strong enough to attend to Hood, he withdrew to Atlanta, made everything ready for a "March to the Sea," and, on the 16th of November, he began the great march that has made him famous.

Hood attacked Thomas at Nashville on the 15th of December and was so badly defeated that his army may be said to have been annihilated. At that time Sherman had reached Savannah and had been besieging it for a week.

At the close of the last chapter our regiment was in camp near Atlanta. On the 4th of October it, with the other troops in the 17th Corps, was put in pursuit of Hood, who was breaking up our railroad communications with Chattanooga. The tents drawn a few days before were ordered packed up and sent into Atlanta, and so the boys started off with as little chance of shelter as they had had during the summer cam-

paign. On the night of the 4th they camped north of the Chattahoochee, having marched twenty miles. The next day they moved to near Kenesaw Mountain and went into camp not far from Marietta. The famous battle at Altoona Pass was being fought, and some of our boys saw the sending, by signal, of the famous message from Sherman, at the top of Kenesaw, to General Corse, at Allatoona, eighteen miles away, "Hold the fort, I am coming!"

That was a fearful struggle, but General Corse did "Hold the fort," and, because he did so well, Sherman's message to him has gone into the gospel hymn we sing so much. But Corse's reply after the day was won, though quite to the point, would hardly do service in a sacred song: "I am short a cheek bone and an ear, but able to whip all hell yet."

The regiment remained in this camp until Sunday, October 9th. Kinney and Griffin came down to the hospital to see Lieutenant Thayer a day or two before his death. Some of the boys at the hospital who were able to do so went out to spend a short time with the company.

On the 9th the regiment marched to Big Shanty, the place where we joined the main army on the 11th of June. The next day companies A, B and C went to building up the railroad the Rebels had lately destroyed, and Company E went on picket.

Ed. Bennett says, "We were set as guards over some Rebel prisoners that were made to carry ties out of adjacent timber to replace those lately destroyed by their comrades. The work progressed rapidly, the Johnnies going almost on double-quick as they "toted" ties out of the woods, trotted after and overlooked with an eye to business, by "Yankee sojers." At the rate the work was done it is fair to suppose that it was as quickly repaired as destroyed; and who knows but that some of our captured Rebs had a hand in both operations.

"I know it was just as pleasant for me that the captured Johnnies carried on the repairs as it would have been to take

the chestnut ties on my own shoulders and trot through the brush with them."

About the time the road was ready for the trains, skirmishing was heard toward the north and the boys were hurried forward to be on hand if needed. They went into camp near Cartersville for the night. A strong line of pickets was thrown out, and unusual watchfulness enjoined upon them, the orders being "Keep quiet;" "Challenge but once;" "Be on the alert for the enemy," etc. No fires were allowed in camp, hard tack and bacon being eaten in darkness and quiet, and without coffee. The place was as still as if nothing but katydid^s lived there. There was no alarm, however.

The next morning they were early on the march, going nearly parallel with the road, and soon came to Allatoona, where they bivouacked for a few hours—after that, moving still further forward.

Ed. Bennett says: "While there we learned of the sharp fighting made by the Johnnies in trying to take the fort a week before, and the millions of rations stored there. The defenders were outnumbered, and nearly overpowered in the assaults made upon them. Their signals to Sherman, on Kenesaw, for reinforcements, and his answer, are too familiar to need repeating here.

"The enemy appears to have attacked the strongest side of the position, and met with stubborn resistance. Just as they had found the weakest place, and had nearly carried it by a fresh attack, they were withdrawn from the attempt. The body of a Rebel who tried to fire the larger shed, containing many thousands of rations of hard tack, was but two or three rods from the place, a fire-brand near him. The boys at Allatoona 'held the fort,' and the hard tack, too. I had a few minutes talk with some of the fellows who were there; they told me about their struggle to protect the place.

"As we moved on from Allatoona, our line of march lay near the railroad. There was nothing very interesting along the route, both armies having passed over it during the summer, leaving it almost a waste. We heard many rumors as

to the movements of the Confederates, but could only think of them as somewhere to the westward of our course, as they did no further damage to the road. They managed to keep out of the way of a good-sized battle with our army, yet led us a long and lively march northward. Surely Hood's boast, that 'Sherman's army would have winter quarters in Tennessee again,' was being tried for. We had no wagon trains following us. I never saw an ambulance on the march; our rations, too, were light. Every time we drew rations it was announced, 'three days' rations to last five;' yet we did not run much short on something to eat."

At Kingston, the line of march left the railroad in the direction of Rome, to the westward. During all this time Sherman was hoping that the Rebels would march to the west, and enter Tennessee from the direction of Decatur, Alabama. There was some hope of meeting Hood in battle at Rome, but he moved quickly on toward Resaca. Our regiment camped six miles east of Rome on the night of October 12th. Kinney says that twenty bushels of mail came to the division that night. What a love-feast the boys must have had. The next night they hurried on to head off General Hood at Resaca; the Rebels only threatened Resaca, and then turned northward to Dalton. They captured this place, and then, closely followed by Howard, they turned south-west to Lafayette.

Our regiment remained at Rome during the 13th, and then marched all night toward Resaca. In the morning they stopped just long enough to make coffee, and then continued their march to Adairsville.

This constant marching, early and late, sometimes all night, began to tell on our boys, and they suffered for want of sleep. I will quote further from Ed. Bennet's "Recollections:" "We marched until evening, and then continued on during the night, occasionally halting to rest, or let the column close up; but never to lie down for some undisturbed sleep. My hard tack was about 'played out,' I was weak, weary, and never more sleepy than that October night while marching over hills, through valleys, through timber land

and fields,—on highways and by-ways and no roads at all,—going to get somewhere as soon as the Johnnies did,—if not sooner. If I'd had a deed of that part of the United States, I'd have swapped it then and there for one good long night of quiet, restful sleep. I wanted sleep that night more than ever before or since. I found myself staggering and nodding as we marched along, the scuffing of feet, the chafing of accoutrements, acting only as influences to make me still sleepier.

“No ‘grand rounds’ had ever made a sneak on my post and found me asleep, but this night I actually lost consciousness for awhile, yet marching, until I strayed outside the road and ran against a tree,—my file-follower, nearly as dead asleep as I myself, jamming up against me, so awakening us both that we kept awake afterwards.

“As soon as we stopped in the morning, the ground was covered with the boys who stretched themselves out and went to sleep,—and they slept as sweetly as if on beds of down.”

Bennett's feelings on this occasion were not uncommon with us in the army,—especially on the march. Of course this night marching had to be done, if an army would prove effective, but it was sometimes all but unbearable.

Here is an incident that Bennett tells about: “From Resaca we moved to the westward toward Snake Creek Gap. When a mile or so west of Resaca, while waiting to take our place in a line of battle that was forming, James Camp, who was wounded on the 21st of July, at Atlanta, came on afoot and overtook the company. His right arm, the bones of which had been badly shattered by a bullet, hung in a sling. He had a haversack, but nothing else in the way of comforts for a wounded man that I can remember. He looked haggard from pain that had, no doubt, worn upon him terribly. But why was he not in the hospital, rather than here in such an unfit place for a wounded man? Let him tell: ‘I am going with Co. E. I'm not going to be left and captured by the Rebs. If there's to be a retreat of our army, I'm able to go

with the boys. I'll not stay in the hospital to be captured. I'm going with Co. E.'

"Poor fellow! his being in the hospital on the 22d of July, when the Rebs came in our rear and fought around it, had caused Camp to escape and hide himself in the woods. His wound, a severe one, had remained uncared for too long, and nearly caused the loss of an arm.

"While left back in the hospital, there were rumors, and appearances, indeed, that Atlanta would be retaken by the enemy, and that the sick and wounded would be sent into captivity. It took much argument to convince Camp that we were not retreating at all; that the best thing for him to do would be to return to Resaca, get aboard the cars and go at once to some hospital. He would rather, on every account, be with the company in case of any disaster. But the assurances he had from those of his comrades in whom he had full confidence, at length changed his mind, and, after bidding us good-bye he went back."

All this marching was over mountainous roads, and much of it was in skirmish line, that making it all the harder. From Lafayette the line of march curved to the south. General Sherman became satisfied that Hood could not be made to fight; and that if he did not move by way of Decatur into Tennessee, he would lead off into Mississippi. He felt sure that Thomas had men enough to attend to him if he should move northward, and so he resolved to put at once his long cherished plan into execution, return to Atlanta, destroy all his communications with Chattanooga, and strike out for some place on the sea coast. Accordingly, he gave Thomas full authority in the Department of Tennessee, and started for Atlanta.

Before this move, the non-veterans of the 15th and 17th Corps were ordered to get ready for a march to Chattanooga, preparatory to being mustered out. This order came to them rather unexpectedly, about the 20th of October; they left for Chattanooga on the 22d, acting as guard for a lot of prisoners that had been taken.

I will let Ed. Bennett tell about the trip, and then we shall have to bid him good-bye, for he is going home:

"I was somewhat surprised, a little pleased, and yet I regretted leaving the boys I'd been in company with so long. The camp and old comrades were soon parted with,—preparations for their marching in one direction and we in another, together with getting several hundreds of prisoners into line of march northward,—all was too hastily done for allowing much time to express the regrets we felt at leaving many a good boy.

"There may have been fifteen hundred of us non-vets from both corps, and, perhaps, five hundred prisoners. Colonel Bryant and some other officers were along with this detachment, as their time, also, had expired, and they were going home. The distance was about seventy-five miles, and a part of our march was through a country that neither army had before passed over. There were so many of us that guarding the prisoners did not call for more than ordinary duty. We drew only three days' rations for the march, the prisoners getting none, and we were told to forage for rations. We did not suffer for want of food on that trip, and the prisoners were well fed, too; it was a picnic party with us so far as food was concerned. When off guard we had relief from the discipline to which we had been so long subjected, and I straggled—yes, *straggled*, and enjoyed it, too.

"I took time to go over the old battle-field of Chickamauga; made the acquaintance of people living near there; bought and ate a dozen *real* 'soft bread' biscuits (for a dollar); came into Chattanooga half a day behind the crowd. Expected to be arrested at the great gateway leading into the fortifications there; but was not.

"A darkey soldier on guard presented arms in saluting me—ragged and soiled as long campaigning had made me,—here came a salute fit for a general. My old 'Springfield' came into position of a sergeant's while passing the reviewing stand—at a 'carry,' left hand horizontal in front of upper band on gun-stock,—and some of the style we had before getting down

into the grim business of war, came back to me. A colored sergeant joined the guard, both being very neatly uniformed, and proud of their place.

"They seemed awed at my appearance and expressed admiration for one, however worn in dress, that had just come from 'down at de front.'

"I joined my comrades in an irregular camp between the city and the Tennessee river, remaining there but a short time before we were mustered out and received transportation papers for railway passage home. Our discharges were dated at Chattanooga, November 3, 1864."

The men of our company who were mustered out on that date were: Corporal H. S. Beardsley, Edmund F. Bennett, Wm. S. H. Cotton, Wm. H. Dunham, Benson L. Eighmy, Ithamer Knapp, Corporal James McVey, Edwin Robinson, James M. Sexton, Aiken J. Sexton, Wm. Van Hoozen, and Orson Wright; Henry H. Bennett and Corporal John Gaddis were both mustered out November 5th. The discharge of these fourteen of the original members of our company made us lonesome, as the most of them were among the best men we ever had.

The regiment marched by way of Cedar Bluffs, Cave Springs, Cedar Town, Dallas, and Lost Mountain, to Marietta, where they arrived and went into camp six miles south of town, at Smyrna, November 5th. General Sherman at once began to complete the preparations for his "march to the sea." He reduced his army to four corps of infantry—the 14th, 15th, 17th and 20th, and one division of cavalry, and sent at least twenty-five thousand men to Thomas. His sick and wounded were sent back to Chattanooga. The railroad was taxed to its utmost to bring a store of supplies down from Chattanooga. After this the road was destroyed, all the posts between Atlanta and Chattanooga were evacuated, all mills and factories were burned—and all was ready. He thought best not to sever his communications with the North until after election, which took place November 8th.

There had been for some time a feeling of uneasiness in

the North because of the political situation. There were many men throughout the country who did not hesitate to declare the war a failure. These men had nominated General McClellan for the presidency in opposition to the tried and true Abraham Lincoln. They undertook to make the mass of the people believe that Grant's campaign against Richmond was a hopeless one, and that there was nothing to prevent Hood's marching up to the Ohio river. They said that Sherman's pet notion about marching through the Confederacy would result in the annihilation of his army. They declared that the North was in favor of yielding to the demands of the South. Northern cities were full of refugees and spies, and plots were being laid to release the Rebel prisoners in Chicago and burn the city. There were riots in New York that were a disgrace to the secession sympathizers who instigated them.

Sherman and Grant wanted to know what answer the people would give through the ballot-box to these things. The result was surprising even to the most hopeful. Lincoln was re-elected by a popular majority of over 400,000 votes. This vote was a sharp rebuke to the half-hearted, the conspirators, the Rebel sympathizers, the spies, the copperheads and a certain class of politicians in the North, all at once. It said as plainly as words could say it:

"Rebels at home, go hide your faces!
Weep for your sins with bitter tears!
He who unfurled our beauteous banner,
Says it shall wave a thousand years.

"Back to your dens, ye secret traitors!
Down to your own degraded spheres!
You could not hide the glorious sunlight,
Though you should strive a thousand years."


Our gallant generals did not mistake the meaning of that voice from the ballot-box, and they prepared for a more vigorous prosecution of the war than ever. New recruits came hurrying to the front, and General Sherman had no longer to wait. He gathered all his forces at Atlanta on the 14th of

November. We marched down from our camp near Marietta on that day.

On the 15th, men were at work destroying car shops and depots, foundries and arsenals. Flames and smoke and the reports of bursting shells made both the day and the night following appalling. The next morning, November 16, "The March to the Sea" was begun,—and Atlanta, Johnston and Hood existed only in our memory.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN THE HOSPITAL; AND VARIOUS INCIDENTS.

INCE several of our boys were in the hospital after the battle of July 21st, I will devote a bit of space to what was going on there. I speak now of the hospital of the 17th Army Corps, in the building known as the Georgia Military Institute, a mile south-west of Marietta. I spoke in a previous chapter of having been taken there on the 17th of August.

I cannot undertake to say how many there were of the sick and wounded in this hospital, but there were at the least several hundreds of them. Not only was the Institute building occupied, but several smaller houses connected with it, as well as a large number of tents pitched upon the grounds. The hospital was in charge of a surgeon named Miller, if I remember rightly, and under him there were several others, each of whom had certain wards under his special care. Each ward had over it a Ward-master, who had general charge of the ten or fifteen nurses, and who attended to the distribution of medicine, food, and clothing among his patients. A general Ward-master, a Hospital Steward, and several other officials, besides the cooking force, made up the management of the institution.

I was put in a good room in the building and had good care, and was able to be out of bed in less than two weeks. Edwin Truell was in a room next to mine. His wounded foot was in a bad condition, and he suffered terribly. He was growing weaker every day in spite of the tender care his brother Ferd. gave him. The doctors held a council or two over him, examined his wound with much care, and then, about the 1st of September, amputated his foot above the ankle. He was very weak at the time, and we feared he could never get well; but gentle nursing and brotherly sympathy

kept him alive, and at last he began to gain. I am sure that Ed. owes his life to his faithful brother nurse. Many a poor fellow who did not recover might have come through all right had he received such good care.

Some time in the early part of the fall, Stephen Squires came to the hospital. He was quite broken down in health, and was discouraged. He was not much like the strong, fine-looking man that enlisted with us three years before. It has always been my impression that when he went home from the hospital, some time in October, he was discharged, but I find from the "Roster of Wisconsin Soldiers" that he was not finally mustered out until August 1, '65; I do not understand why.

Our most anxious interest was centered upon Lieutenant Thayer. Though he was attended most faithfully by William Moshier, and got along well at first, he afterwards began gradually to fail. I was first able to take a bit of a walk on the 29th of August, and I went down to see him. He was very anxious to get well, and believed that he would soon be able to go home. But, for all his hopefulness, he grew weaker and weaker. After I was stronger, I used to go often to see him. It was a sad sight to see the man who had been so faithful and efficient an officer, always at his post of duty, lying there so helpless. He was nervous and easily worried, and Moshier had to appear always cheerful and full of hope in order to keep him up as his sickness continued.

At length it became evident that he could not live much longer. The boys that came once or twice from the regiment to see him, among them Kinney and Griffin, could plainly see that the Lieutenant's service was ended. But up to the last he talked as if he might soon be sent home. I remember that he said not many days before his death, as I stood by his bedside, "Why, you know, they can just fix a little bed for me and put it on the cars, and I can ride home on it all right." It was, indeed, painful to hear him plan for going home when it was very evident that he could live but a few days longer at the most.

I was staying with Moshier the night the Lieutenant died, and I think Mr. Cotton was also present. He seemed at sunset to be dying, but he fought the battle of life bravely, and it was not, I think, until about three o'clock in the morning that he breathed his last. Thayer used to have a peculiar expression come over his face now and then in conversation. It was not a smile, exactly, but a very pleasant glance from his eye. It was about the last breath he drew that he looked up at us with that peculiar expression, and it lighted up his face as when in health. Another minute, and the features were at rest; the battle was over, the spirit that had just shone through his eyes had taken its flight, and only the dead body of our lieutenant lay before us.

The surgeons had never been able to find the ball by which he was wounded, and so after his death they undertook to do so. They found one lung completely gone: at least a quart of matter ran out of the cavity when opened. The wonder is that he could live as long as he did. I do not recollect whether or not the bullet was found. His body was decently buried near the hospital by his faithful friend and nurse, Comrade Moshier, and it still lies where it was then laid to rest.

The building in which Thayer died was used as an officer's hospital. In the same room with him were some officers of the 16th Wisconsin—among them their jolly Lieut. Colonel, Tom Reynolds. Though suffering from a severe wound himself, his rich Hibernian humor was as good as medicine for his fellow-sufferers, and I presume it did even him good.*

In general, the men in the hospital were fairly well cared for. Of course, some nurses were entirely unfit to wait upon the sick. A part of them had no heart for the work and did not care for the sufferers. A few men who were too cowardly to stay at the front, managed by hook or by crook to get a position in the hospital. Such men never made good nurses. I remember that one day, after I had been appointed Ward-master, two of my nurses sat playing cards on a bed next to

*Col. Reynolds died in Chicago in March, 1893.

that occupied by a very sick man whom they had been directed to attend with special care. They got so interested in their game that they forgot all about the sick man, and he died while they were playing, they not knowing it till some time afterward.

When a man died, it was the business of the Ward-master to write his name, company and regiment on three slips of paper. One of these was pinned to his clothing over his breast, another taken to the hospital office, and the third was given to a clerk whose business it was to make a report of the man's death to his regiment. The body was then taken to a room under the main building, called the "dead-house." Every morning as many rough board boxes as there were dead men were brought to this room, the bodies were placed in them, and then they were put into ambulances and taken away for burial. Of course, there were no funeral services. I do not now recollect that there was any such official about the hospital as a chaplain.

Excepting the very sick, who were said to be on light diet, all received the same food,—a slice of bread, a cup of coffee, and at noon a bit of meat. Some of the men could not eat half they got, while others who were convalescent felt that they could eat twice as much. I recollect that after my fever was gone, and I was given a bottle of ale each day as medicine, my appetite began to improve. It got so after a while that my allowance for supper only teased my desire for food, and made me long for more. I used to dream of something to eat, and it came to be the principal thing I thought about. Sometimes after the remains of the supper had been gathered up into a large basket, they were left for a time out in the hall at the top of the stairway. I have stolen out there more than once to get hold of an extra piece of bread; but when I had got it I did not dare eat it, for fear of my theft's becoming known. So I just slipped it inside the bosom of my shirt, and then, going to bed early, covered up my head and ate my stolen food in secret. And

it used to taste far sweeter than did the delicious strawberries and cream I have just had for dinner.

When Hood cut the railroad to the north of us, we were short on some kinds of provisions; especially were we out of salt, and for about two weeks we had to eat our food without it. (Reader, eat a dish of beef soup prepared without the least bit of salt and see how you like it.) Our men became almost ravenous for a taste of seasoning, and I knew of salt being sold for as high a price as a dollar for a teaspoonful. Still, we began to get used to our food without it and did not miss it so much as at first. I suppose that we could all do without it if necessary; but salt is cheap, and so we'll enjoy the luxury.

Many rumors came to us that the hospital would be captured by the enemy and all of us be made prisoners; and, as our army had left us pretty much alone while it was following up General Hood, there is no wonder that we felt a little anxious about the matter. One night we were awakened by some lively firing out on the picket line, and we thought the expected attack had surely come; but the firing soon ceased. Next day the incident was explained in this way: In the small hours of the night one of the pickets on a main road saw something approaching him. He challenged, but the *something* did not stop. He fired, still it advanced. He fell back—firing as he did so. This caused the whole picket line on that side of the town to “fire and fall back,” a movement they executed in good order. When the line had retired to a point near our works, it was discovered that the attacking *something* was simply an *old cow* that came slowly walking down the road toward Marietta. I suspect that the old bossy was considerably surprised when she found what a disturbance she had been so innocently causing.

I think it was about the 16th of October that we were ordered to get ready for a move to Atlanta. It was no easy matter to get so many sick and wounded men aboard the train—freight and platform cars—but, after much hard work at

both ends of the route, we became a part of the great general hospital at Atlanta.

It was impossible to get *comfortably* settled in our new quarters, but we did as well as we could. It hardly seems as if there were any need of our not having even tin plates and cups from which to eat, but nothing in the way of dishes was given us as long as I remained there. In issuing the food to the men in my care, we put into the hands of each a bit of meat and a piece of hard tack. Two or three of the men happened to have cups, and we used these in turn in serving the coffee.

In a ward not far away from mine I found our genial friend Orson Wright. His shot through the face, at Lovejoy Station on September 3d, had set his jaws so that he could open his mouth only far enough to put the tip of his fingers between his front teeth. He said he guessed he was elected to live on "spoon victuals" the rest of his life. He was still jolly, and bore the spoon-victuals prospect with wonderful good-nature. But time and practice at length enabled Orson to get his mouth open.

A person no less notable than "Mother Bickerdyke" held sway in this hospital at Atlanta. She was a power for good, and it would take a long chapter in this book to tell all I can recall of her to-day. Since I cannot afford the space to do the dear old lady justice, I will urge all who can to read Mary Livermore's "My Story of the War." Mrs. Livermore was a most intimate friend of "Mother Bickerdyke," and she gives an extended account of the good woman's work in behalf of our sick and wounded boys in the hospital. Mrs. Livermore was aided in her work with us by Mrs. Porter, wife of Rev. Jeremiah Porter, of Wisconsin, who was at that time Chaplain for the hospital. Mrs. Porter was also a noble woman, and she did grand service in our hospitals at various places during the war. All honor to such noble women as Mrs. Livermore, Mother Bickerdyke* and Mrs. Porter; they

*Mother Bickerdyke is still living, 1893, in Russell, Kansas. She does not in the least lose interest in her boys as she called all the old soldiers. I have had frequent letters from her of late.

did more than we can understand for the success of our cause.

The heroes of our war were not all men. In fact, only half of them were either men or boys. Our dear mothers and sisters and wives and sweethearts and grandmothers and aunts made up as brave an army as ever went to the front.

I rejoined the company at Smyrna, near Marietta, in the early days of November, and was glad enough to be with the boys again.

I wish some of our supervisors of election in these days could have seen our boys vote in that camp near Marietta. A hard-tack box received the ballots, and the company officers acted as inspectors. They sat on the ground around the box, and tried to put on something of a civil as well as a military dignity. There was very little trouble to count the votes at night, for there were no split tickets; and, for some reason or other, they were all for the same presidential candidate,—and all that without electioneering, drinks or boodle.

No voting with our boys that the war was a failure. A man on his death bed, and that bed out in the bleak field, where we were then camped, would never think of voting the war a failure, any more than he would surrender himself to the enemy; but a lot of well-fed, well-protected, wealthy “Stay-at-Home Rangers” were moved to do so because, forsooth, the carrying on of the war was costing them a few of their hoarded-up dollars. I will not now call them stingy, cowardly poltroons, but that is about what we boys used to think of them; and the country voted just as we thought.

Darrow tells a little story connected with our stay at Smyrna that does great credit to our surgeon, Dr. E. M. Rogers, now of Hartford, Wisconsin.

“I had a very sore throat but was detailed to go on picket; it was a cold, rainy day. That night I came in cold and wet, and was taken with choking so that I could not breathe. I felt as if my soldiering was about done. Dan Gillispie ran to Dr. Rogers’ tent and told him about my sickness. The doctor told Daniel to bring me up to his tent. I was soon



DR. E. M. ROGERS,
REGIMENTAL SURGEON.

hustled over there—carried, I think,—but when I got there I could breathe all right. Rogers wanted to know what that man was sent out on picket for, and he was told that it was because he would not excuse me. He said Kinney ought not to have allowed me to go, for all that.”

“He then had my clothes taken off, and ordered me put to bed in his tent. In the morning I found out that the doctor had sat up all night, having had me put into his own bed. Afterwards he told me that if I would rather go back to the hospital he would send me there; but, if I preferred to go on with the regiment, he would let me ride a day or two in an ambulance. He said I had the *quinsy*, but would be all right soon; that it was the breaking and discharge in my throat that had so strangled me when I was brought to him.

I told him I would go with the boys, and did so,—yet I came pretty near missing “The March to the Sea.”

Here is another little incident connected with our stay at Smyrna, for which Darrow must have credit: “November 7th, a party was detailed to go after forage. A lot of them were captured, but were left with one man to guard them while the rest of the Rebs went across the river to capture two of the men that were over there. Our boys told the guard they were going to leave him; that if he fired at them they would kill him; if not, they would do him no harm. All ran for their guns and got away. A part of the men did not come in till next day, one of these belonging to Company E.”

This brings our history up to November 15, '64, the day before our starting on the great march planned by General Sherman. The losses in our company since October 4th had been as follows: Lieut. Thayer died of wounds, Marietta, Ga., Oct. 7; Almond T. Hutchinson, accidentally wounded. November 8, at Smyrna, Ga.; Abraham Knapp, taken prisoner from Division Train, died November 8, at Millen, Ga.; James M. Clement, discharged November 10, because of wounds; Samuel G. Swain, discharged November 13, to accept commission as 2d Lieutenant in the 6th Mississippi Colored Troops; Warren Wilson, discharged from Veteran

Reserve Corps October 15, term expired. Corporals H. S. Beardsley, James McVey and John Gaddis; Privates, Edmund F. Bennett, Henry H. Bennett, Wm. S. H. Cotton, Wm. H. Dunham, Benson L. Eighmy, Ithamer Knapp, Edwin Robinson, James M. Sexton, Aiken J. Sexton, Wm. VanHoozen and Orson Wright were mustered out of service November 4 and 5, because of expiration of term of service.

There came to us, on the 15th of November, a lot of new recruits, all being entire strangers to the old members of the company. The most of these were foreigners, and were either drafted men or substitutes for drafted men. The most of them were good faithful soldiers, however. The following are the names of these recruits: Henry Banker, Carver Clary, Stephen D. Fairchild, Christian Gastmeyer, Samuel E. Knowler, all drafted about September 20, '64; Amund Amundson, August Anderson, Neilse Attleson, Batheson Bender, Albert Bliss, Frederick Bohn, Joshua L. Boyd, Wm. Colbourn, Christopher Larson, Reinert Larson, Elwood Melms, Gilbert Nelson, Ole Oleson, Soren Oleson, Jason T. Phillips, John D. Runger, John Smith, Christopher Young. Isaac L. Knapp enlisted in our company August 18, '64, but I do not recall the date of his reaching us.

There were twenty-four recruits in all, and they made quite an addition to our company.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"THE MARCH TO THE SEA."

WE were up early on the morning of November 16, '64. One of the most brilliant campaigns of modern times was to be undertaken—a campaign which, if successful, would do much to hasten the close of the war, and would make the general who planned and executed it famous.

We did not know that morning that we were to march to Savannah; we did not know, in fact, anything about our destination. A private in the army is not supposed to know anything. It is his simple duty to do as he is ordered to do,—to march, to go into camp, to stand guard, to do fatigue duty, to fight—to do anything or nothing, and ask no questions. But the American soldier is no cipher, even though a "private in the rear rank." He reads the papers and knows what is going on; and what is not put down in print he guesses at, and pretty generally guesses rightly. And so we had a tolerably clear notion of the main features of the coming campaign. We did not agree as to what point on the coast was to be our destination; Sherman was not sure about that himself. But, after we got started toward the south-east, we came to a general conclusion that we were going to Savannah.

There was a mighty commotion in all our camps long before daylight. Our new recruits were all astir with the excitement their new experiences were bringing to them; and all of us were in an expectant mood with reference to just what we were to do. In the direction of Atlanta great volumes of smoke, reddened by the flames that devoured the last remnants of such buildings as General Sherman had thought best to have destroyed, rolled away over the doomed city. Around us blazed hundreds of camp fires piled high with camp rubbish and such equipage as we did not care to take with us.

The mules brayed, the drivers cracked their long whips, and the boys filled what vacant space there was in the air with all the noises the human throat is capable of producing.

In the meantime our troops had been for some time moving out upon the roads leading to the south-east—the 14th Corps in the direction of Decatur, the 15th and 17th Corps to the south of them. Soon came the order for us to fall into line. We did so quickly. Colonel Proudfit mounted his horse and shouted, “Battalion, Right *Face!* Forward *March!*” and we were on the “March to the Sea.”

We were gay that morning as we turned our backs upon the smoking ruins of Atlanta. We had been under the fire of the enemy for months. Many of our comrades who had marched out with us in the spring were sleeping under the low mounds that dotted the hillsides and valleys where we had fought the battles of the past summer, and, though we sent tender and loving thoughts back to them, we looked forward with a lively interest to the scenes before us.

Of our departure, Sherman says: “About 7 A. M. of November 16th, we rode out of Atlanta by the Decatur road, filled with the marching troops and wagons of the 14th Corps, and, reaching the hill just outside the old Rebel works, we naturally paused to look back upon the scenes of our past battles. We stood upon the very ground where was fought the bloody battle of July 22d, and could see the woods wherein McPherson fell. Behind us lay Atlanta, smouldering and in ruins, the black smoke rising high in the air and hanging like a pall over the ruined city. Away off in the distance on the McDonough road, was the rear of Howard’s column, the gun barrels glistening in the sun, the white-topped wagons stretching away to the south, and right before us the 14th Corps, marching steadily and rapidly, with a cheery look and swinging pace, that made light of the thousand miles that lay between us and Richmond. Some band, by accident, struck up the anthem, ‘John Brown’s Soul Goes Marching On,’ and never, before or since, have I heard the chorus of ‘Glory,

Glory, Hallelujah,' done with more spirit or in better harmony of time and place."

"We turned our horses' heads to the east. Atlanta was soon lost behind the trees and became a thing of the past. Around it clings many a thought of desperate, battle of hope and fear, that now seem like a memory of a dream; and I have never seen the place since. The day was extremely beautiful, clear sunlight with bracing air, and an unusual exhilaration seemed to pervade all minds—a feeling of something to come, vague and undefined, still full of venture and intense interest. Even the common soldiers caught the inspiration, and many a group called out to me, as I worked my way past them, 'Uncle Billy, I guess Grant is waiting for us at Richmond.' Indeed, the general sentiment was that we were marching to Richmond, and that there would be an end of the war, but how and when they seemed not to care. Nor did they measure the distance or count the cost of life, or bother their brains about the great rivers to be crossed and the food required for man and beast, that had to be gathered on the way. There was a 'devil-may-care' feeling pervading officers and men that made us feel the full load of responsibility, for success would be accepted as a matter of course, whereas, should we fail, this 'march' would be adjudged the wild adventure of a crazy fool. I had no purpose to march direct for Richmond, but always designed to reach the sea coast first at Savannah or Port Royal, S. C., and even kept in mind the alternative of Mobile."

The army making this march was composed of four corps: the 15th and the 17th forming the right wing, the 14th and the 20th the left wing; also, two brigades of cavalry. The right wing was in command of General Howard; the left, of General Slocum. General Kilpatrick commanded the cavalry. The artillery consisted of sixty guns.

Everybody not able to do duty had been sent back to Chattanooga before starting. Each man carried forty rounds of ammunition in his cartridge box, and the wagons contained enough to make up two hundred rounds per man. The men

carried at the start five days of rations, and the trains carried enough for twenty days. A good supply of beef on the hoof was driven along. There were 2,500 wagons and 600 ambulances. There were, in all, 60,598 men,—55,255 being infantry, 4,584 cavalry, 1,759 artillery.

The plan of march was to move by corps on four as nearly parallel roads as possible. Each regiment had one wagon and one ambulance, and behind each brigade came its proportion of the ammunition, provision and ambulance wagons. Each corps was to start mornings at seven, and was expected to make about fifteen miles per day.

The army was to forage liberally on the country, not at random, but by regularly constituted foraging parties,—thirty from each regiment and under charge of a lieutenant. Soldiers were not to straggle for plunder, nor to enter houses for such a purpose, but they might take food along the line of march.

Mills, houses, cotton-gins, etc., were to be protected where the line of march was not molested, but if guerillas or bushwhackers made trouble, or if the inhabitants by the way should burn bridges, obstruct roads or otherwise show hostility, then corps commanders might order the devastation of the country.

Horses and mules were to be appropriated freely by the way, but in taking them discrimination was to be made between the rich, who were usually hostile, and the poor and industrious, who were usually either neutral or friendly. In taking such things, no abusive or threatening language was to be used toward the people. Able-bodied negroes that could be of service might be taken along with the army.

Pioneer corps were to be organized to clear the roads and keep them in repair. So far as possible roads were to be opened alongside the regular tracks for the troops to march in, allowing the highways to be used by the artillery and wagon trains. In general, negroes were to be used for road-makers. Each wing of the army was to have a good pontoon train.

Our starting out was a signal for general confusion and

alarm throughout Georgia. General Cobb, the Confederate commander in that state, fairly begged for help to keep the invaders back. Of course he could not get troops enough to meet us in open battle, but he did undertake to make us all the trouble he could.

Our first day's march was full of life and enthusiasm, but I recollect that some of the fellows did not feel quite so lively at night as at starting out. There were reasons for this: our officers had that morning done a not very common thing—they had issued pretty liberal rations of what was known as "commissary," and is sometimes called "tanglefoot." There were a few men who always declined such rations. Some who did not care to drink the stuff themselves drew their share and gave it to those who had a liking for it; and the effect of such double rations was quite marked. The fellows who took them started off for the Sea as if they would get there before night. They stepped high and long; they sang songs and made merry, and could not for the life of them see why the glorious march had not been begun a long time before.

But a strong stimulant generally turns out in the end to be a narcotic, and so it was in this case. The fun of the thing did not last all day; yet all fetched up in camp before morning.

Our new recruits came to us well supplied with all the government would issue to them in the way of clothing. Who does not recollect the enormous knapsacks our new men buckled on preparatory to the march across the great state of Georgia! They were something like our own knapsacks when we left Camp Randall. The poor fellows grew very sober before noon; they tried all sorts of ways of getting those knapsacks into some position where they would not seem to weigh so much; they became very solemn before the afternoon was far spent; and finally they stole sadly one by one out into the bushes by the roadside, opened up their huge knapsacks, regretfully held up one garment after another in order to decide which they could best part with.

And who cannot hear in memory the bantering remarks of the old veterans who watched the performance, as they passed gaily along with, perhaps, no knapsack at all,—only a single blanket and an oil-cloth tied up in a roll and thrown lightly over the shoulder.

Our new recruits on that first day's march threw piles of blankets, coats, and various other articles of clothing into the bushes by the wayside; and they repeated the operation on the next day and the next, until in due time they found themselves in light marching order. After that they got along as easily as the rest of us did.

I must speak in particular of one of these recruits,—Christopher Young. It would take the genius of a Dickens to give a first-class word painting of the honest old fellow. He was nearly sixty years old, I should think, but had not been long from the "Faderland." He could speak scarcely a word of English. He had a most Teutonic cast of countenance, and wore his hair banged. His clothes would not fit him at all. His little army cap was a very different affair from the big hat he was used to wearing at home. He could not really put it on at all;—he could draw it down over only the very crown of his head. This made his bangs show off nicely. He looked as to his head very much as some of our school girls do when they get on the little skull-caps so common in these days. His army blouse was cut out for a much smaller man, while his trousers were made for a taller one. While he was tugging at his coat sleeves to get them to reach below his elbows, the lower ends of his pantaloons would get down under his feet. His army shoes were several sizes too large for him, and after some wearing they turned up at the toes like a pair of sled runners.

He never could get on his knapsack, and haversack, and cartridge-box, and canteen, and make them stay where they belonged. His knapsack, always a very large one, slid down to the small of his back,—while his haversack, canteen, cartridge-box, cap-box and bayonet sheath hung in a bunch in front of him.

I have said that his name was Christopher Young, but for some reason or other he went by the name of "Schaufnookel." He was a good natured old soul, but was quite unfit to do any of the duties of a soldier: he was not made for that kind of life. I do not think he ever went on guard while he was in the service. It was considered that the old man did well if he managed to keep up with us. He became a well-known character in Co. E.

I cannot undertake to give a detailed account of each day of this march. I kept no diary at the time, but I wish now that I had done so. I shall give a general sketch of the tramp, mentioning such things as seem to me to be of greatest interest.

The left wing under General Slocum, as has been said, moved out on the road leading from Atlanta to Augusta. This looked to the enemy as if Augusta were the immediate objective point, and he acted accordingly. After tearing up the road for about seventy miles, Slocum turned south toward Milledgeville and our own line of march. When Slocum entered Milledgeville, our right wing, under General Howard, was at Gordon, twelve miles south. We had passed McDonough on the 17th, Jackson on the 18th, Monticello on the 19th, Hillsborough on the 20th, and had come to Gordon, on the railroad from Macon to Millen, on the 22d.

So far everything had gone well. The country people were thoroughly frightened, as they had been taught that Yankee meant Devil. Many of them fled before our army, leaving their property without even the appearance of being protected. Those who staid at their homes gazed in big-eyed wonder on our men. Against such an army as we had they must have felt that what resistance they could offer would not amount to much.

But the men in authority pleaded with the people to rise in their might and hurl the invader back. This is the language of Beauregard to the "*People of Georgia*:—Arise for the defense of your native soil! Rally round your patriotic Governor and gallant soldiers! Obstruct and destroy all the roads

in Sherman's flank, front and rear, and this army will soon starve in your midst. Be confident. Be resolute. Trust in the overruling Providence, and success will crown your effort. I hasten to join you in the defense of your homes and fire-sides."

The following is Senator Hill's urgent appeal: "People of Georgia:—You now have the best opportunity ever yet presented to destroy the enemy. Put everything at the disposal of our Generals. Remove all provisions from the path of the invaders, and put all obstructions in his path. Every citizen with his gun and every negro with his spade and axe can do the work of a soldier. You can destroy the enemy by retarding his march. Georgians, be firm! Act promptly and fear not!"

Six members of the Rebel Congress joined in saying: "We have had a special conference with President Davis and the Secretary of War, and are able to assure you [people of Georgia] that they have done and are doing all they can to meet the emergency that presses upon you. Let every man fly to arms! Remove all negroes, horses, cattle and provisions from Sherman's army and burn what you cannot carry. Burn all bridges and block up the roads in his route. Assail the invader in front, flank and rear, by day and by night. Let him have no rest."

So far as the negroes were concerned, they seemed overjoyed to see us. They "bressed de good Lawd, and Massa Linkum, and Massa Linkum's sojers," with all sorts of variations, and all in the same breath. We found them here, as everywhere else, our devoted and faithful friends.

Sherman directed our wing of the army to move from Gordon along the railroad to Millen Junction, an important position from a military point of view, and eighty-four miles toward Savannah. Our Corps destroyed the railroad—passing, as we did so, Toombsboro' on the 24th, crossing the Oconee river on the 26th, the Ogeechee on the 30th, and arriving at Millen on the 3d of December. The left wing had marched north of us, while Kilpatrick was dodging about here and there in a

way that was quite bewildering to the Rebels. First he made them sure that we were to attack Macon, and then he led them to believe we were after Augusta, when it was not Sherman's intention to do more than threaten either place.

The Confederates had maintained a prison pen at Millen, and General Sherman had hoped to get possession of the place and free the prisoners; but the poor fellows were hurried away to Augusta shortly before our arrival.

The day we reached Millen our foragers had a notable escapade. I'd like once more to hear Will Vincent tell the story, for I could then record it the more truthfully. Anyhow, the foragers of our regiment, having got considerable distance from the line of march, came upon a plantation that promised well for their business. They began a deliberate gathering in of good things, and got pretty well scattered about the premises in doing so. There were various yards and enclosures—all having high fences. After they had got well down to business a lot of Johnnies appeared upon the scene. Our boys heard the alarm and each one took to his heels. Several of them ran down an old field grown to tall weeds. Some were fortunate enough to get upon the hurricane deck of their mules, but others were not. Two or three caught hold of the tails of the mules their comrades had been lucky enough to mount, and, thus attached, made excellent time. Down through that field they all went pell-mell, hurryscurry! A few of the boys stumbled and fell among the tall weeds, but were not molested by the pursuers; they "lowed" to catch the "mule-back Yanks," and then come back and pick the others up at their leisure. But the "mule-backs" were not so easy to catch as they "reckoned," and when they gave up the chase they were quite crest-fallen because they could not find the fellows in the weeds. They came back looking all along. Our Will Vincent lay so near to where they passed that he could have reached one of them with his gun; but Will concluded not to hurt any of them. When the darkness came on our gallant foragers crawled out of the weeds and began to *guess* their way to camp. Some of them

got into the swamp near by and waded in water up to their waists. Those who came in first reported the others captured, as well they might do judging from appearances when they left. Company E thought they should never again see Will Vincent, Jim Mathews and Samuel Burhans; but one by one during the night they came straggling in, and I think no one from the regiment was lost. Verily, the lot of the jolly foragers was not always a desirable one.

Speaking of these foragers, who were regularly authorized to leave the line of march in search of provisions, brings to mind two other elements of our army in those days,—“stragglers” and “bummers.” A “straggler” was one who marched out of camp with us in the morning, but who soon, for one excuse or another,—to fill his canteen at a wayside brook, to pull a turnip or two from a field close at hand, or to corral a chicken that imprudently came in sight,—left the ranks and did not get into his place again during the day. He would wander along at his sweet will, keep an eye out for things grateful to the inner man, cut across lots where he could make it pay, and rest when and where he pleased,—do any way he chose so that he fetched up in camp about the time supper was ready. It was easier to march in such a go-as-you-please style; one could avoid the bad places by picking his way, save considerable walking by cutting across the corners, and get a bit of rest just where and when he chose, besides getting now and then a dainty morsel to eat. But if everybody had taken to straggling there would have been no order or system whatever. The great majority of the men must stay in the ranks.

The *bummer* was a straggler who had taken the second degree. In general, the straggler did not get far away from the line of march; but the bummer did not generally get very near to it—if he could help it. He would strike boldly out on his own account; take in all the farm houses and big plantation dwellings that he got sight of; he would keep *both* eyes out for plunder of all sorts—eatables, drinkables, smokables, wearables and ridables. He soon possessed himself of a

horse or mule in order to carry on his business with greater profit and less weariness, and when thus mounted he became gregarious in his habits. "Birds of a feather flock together," and so it was with bummers. There were often cavalcades of a hundred of them seen galloping along together, drawn into company by similar habits and tastes. They scoured the country along the line of march and did more than all the rest of the army to make the natives feel that war is not a desirable thing. If horses or mules had been driven away into the swamps to prevent their being captured, these bummers were pretty apt to get track of them and bring them out. If provisions had been hidden away in order that the army might not find a living, the bummer ferreted them out. If a neat, new little grave-yard was found in some place where one could hardly expect to find a cemetery located, the bummer would at once bring about a resurrection, and he generally found that the material substance lately interred there was good to eat, and the spirits such as make living men merry. If the bummer came across a bridge that might be useful to the enemy, he set it afire; and the same may be said of many other things that came in his way.

I suppose it was not unusual for bummers to enter houses in their searches, and I suspect they now and then made seizures they were hardly warranted by the army regulations in doing. In doing this they encountered the righteous indignation of many a high-tempered Southern dame. I do not believe any of us ever felt to respect one of our own men who entered a private house for the sake of getting watches, jewelry or money. But, while some of our bummers did do such things, I do not recollect of more than one low assault by any Union soldier upon a Southern woman; and that fellow was promptly court-martialed and shot. We all said, "Served him right!"

Our bummers were not long in getting themselves mounted on horses or mules. They felt jolly on their steeds, many of which were excellent horses,—some high bred ones. But a bummer would mount, even if the nag he had captured were

very venerable and not beautiful to look upon. He would mount, even if he had no bridle or saddle,—only a bit of rope around the animal's neck. Some of the fellows in this branch of the service presented a unique appearance when abroad in the land, but all looked well enough to us when they came into camp after a day of exciting adventure. They brought chickens, turkeys, pigs, sheep, sweet potatoes, honey, preserves and whatever else they might have smelt out during the day. Their noses were very far-reaching and serviceable.

But there came a day when our bummers suffered a reverse of fortune. We crossed the Oconee river on a pontoon bridge. An officer was stationed at the bridge under orders to take the horses and mules from all men not entitled to be mounted. One by one our poor bummers got down and walked across the bridge. The animals thus taken were used to replace the old and worn out ones in our trains; and I suspect that more than one officer was thus enabled to swap a not very stylish nag for one of a distinguished pedigree. (Ask Edwin Robinson if he did not once present (?) to a certain officer a fine bay mare.) The mules and horses thus rejected from our trains were then shot, in order that they should not fall into the hands of the enemy.

But the bumper was a fellow of boundless resources,—he was well mounted again in a day or two. Nevertheless, there came another river to cross, and he was again let down to the ground. This way of doing business soon rejuvenated our train. Our mules, on starting from Atlanta, were by no means sleek; many of them had grown old in the service and did not seem to think life worth living. Before we got to Savannah, however, after a march of 250 miles, there was a wonderful change for the better; it appeared as if heavy driving made horses and mules young and fat. Our bummers were, indeed, a tolerably useful part of our army.

But then, we could not all be bummers. A large majority of us had to be content to march in the mud and be on hand to do the ordinary duties of the soldier, rather than skurry around at will. I sometimes think that in the march of life

there are a lot of bummers—fellows who cannot abide by the reasonable restraints of society, of law, and of order. Such folks may be of some use now and then in an irregular way, but, for all that, the soldier who is found always in his place ready for any of the humdrum, every-day duties that may devolve upon him, is the man (or woman) upon whom the Great Commander sets by far the greater value. My dear young friend, do not be a bummer!

The negroes along the way “fell in” with us in large numbers. It was General Sherman’s plan neither to invite nor repel them. But they needed no invitation. As had been the case on other marches, they became hostlers, cooks, and traveling laundries. We knew that every negro that followed us left one fewer to do work on the plantation for the support of the Southern army. The Rebels looked with dismay upon this wholesale desertion of their working force.

One day as we passed a plantation house some distance from the road, a young darkey, bright and jolly-looking and about fifteen years old, came bounding down toward us. He seemed to be making a bold strike for freedom. Our boys sought to get a little fun out of him by telling him his mother would be after him very soon and bring him back; that he’d better run right back to his mammy; that she was crying already for him. He grinned and kicked up his heels, declaring that he didn’t “care fo’ dat,” and hurried on ahead of us as if anxious to get as much space as possible between himself and bondage.

After we had marched two or three miles we met the young fellow coming back. He had an anxious look on his face, and his eyes had lost much of their *snap*. He picked his way along the bushy roadside as if in a greater hurry to see his mammy again than he had been to leave her. The boys said, “You’d better hurry back! Your mammy stands by the road back there now, just crying her eyes out because you ran away from her! Come, hurry back to her before she dies!” Such remarks seemed to add mettle to his heels and a fresh anxiety

to get back. He fairly bounded through the bushes toward the rear and out of sight. A short bit of freedom had satisfied him.

As we came near the Oconee river, and all was crowded and in confusion,—marching troops, wagons, cannon, ambulances and horsemen being packed together in a mass, and all moving onward,—I saw a little black boy not more than seven or eight years old, running along, dodging this wagon and that horse, and crying, “I want my mammy! I want my mammy!” Some of the drivers, anxious about their teams, and worried and fretted with the rush of the long day’s march, yelled, as they cracked their great whips, “Get out of the way, you little black nig; out of the way, there, or you’ll get killed!” The little fellow seemed not to hear a word, but rushed on through the tangle of horses, and men, and wagons, moaning his baby cry, “*I want my mammy! I want my mammy!*”

The cry rang on till he was out of hearing, and, as the night closed in upon us, I could still hear it in imagination. Where was his mammy? I don’t know. Did he find her that night, or the next morning, or ever? I don’t know, I’m sure. What became of the little fellow? I don’t know that, but I’ve often wondered about it all these years.

Before leaving Atlanta, the government had issued to us a supply of “shelter tents.” These were bits of thin canvas about six feet square, with rows of buttons and button-holes along the edges. The buttons and holes were fixed in two rows, something as they are arranged along the front of a double-breasted coat. They could thus be buttoned together, if desirable, into larger pieces. In the corners there were places for loops of cord through which to drive tent-pins. In general, two of us “bunked” together. When we wished to set up housekeeping, we buttoned our two pieces of tent together, set up a couple of crotches about four feet high, laid in a stick for a ridge pole, drew over our tent cloth, drove pins at the corners, and we were ready to settle down. At one end we put our knapsacks for pillows, got a bit of grass or twigs or leaves, if anything of the kind could be found,

put it on the floor of our tent, spread our blankets upon it, and then said the bed was made. At the head of our bed we generally fastened an oil cloth across the open end of the tent, partially closing it. In front of the other end we built a fire of sticks or rails, and this threw a genial light and warmth into our house. We sat by the fire and boiled our coffee in an old oyster or fruit can to which a bail had been attached, holding it over the fire on the end of a long stick. Sometimes we set our coffee on the coals to boil; it was easier than holding it. But when something under it gave way, as the fire burned, and our delicious beverage tipped over into the coals and sent up an odor of coffee mingled with smoke, ashes, hissing cinders and "thunder and lightning!" we wished we'd tried the safer plan.

We cooked our meat by holding it close to the fire on a forked stick, or by frying it in a frying-pan made of half a tin canteen, and with a split stick for a handle. When the coffee was made and the meat fried, we lay down so as to recline on the left elbow, used our right hand to reach over after a piece of meat, a hard tack, or our coffee cup, and told stories, while we ate, of what happened at home "before the war;" about our school life; discussed the causes of the war; criticised the management of our generals; speculated as to future developments; talked about the events of the day; joked one another, and ate at our leisure.

Sometimes there would be thousands of camp-fires in sight, and the scene presented was a merry one. When supper was over, we sometimes sang songs, and made the old woods fairly ring with music that was hearty, if not so very sweet. Some of the boys carried violins along with them for the sake of the music in camp, and it was sweet enough to us poor, tired fellows. Now and then some of the lovers of the dance would clear off a spot and have what they called a "shindig;" but such dancing parties never lasted all night. I suspect there was nothing in them that Christian people could object to. Like the dancing before the Lord of Bible

times, it was done at seasonable hours and the sexes engaged in it separately,—at least one of the sexes did.

Before long the camp-fires had burned low, and the great army of men lay silent in as sweet sleep as ever men enjoyed in this world. Little was heard except the tramp of the guards or the occasional braying of a mule that seemed to have troubled dreams.

Just as we were in the sweetest of our dreams there would ring out in the distance the clear tones of a bugle. One could not help hearing it in spite of his trying not to do so. Soon another would wake the echoes in a another direction, and then another and another. The great camp was soon astir with life and motion. The odors of boiling coffee and frying bacon or salt pork pervaded the air, and there was a clatter of tin plates and cups.

I have said on a previous page that the march was always to begin at seven o'clock in the morning. That does not mean that all of us were to get under way at that hour. Our corps contained about 15,000 men, and these were organized into three divisions. The first division would take the lead one day, the second the next, and after that the third. It would take several hours to get started, especially if the roads are muddy. If the first division should start at seven o'clock, it would be nine or ten before the second could move, and noon before the third could get under way. If the roads were very bad, though the first division should camp at dark, the second division could not come up to camp before well on towards midnight, and the rear of the third might have to spend all night on the road, coming into camp about daylight. In such a case there was no chance for any sleep at all, as the division to be in advance during that day was already beginning to move. More than once we marched—or *hitched* along—all night, and then with scarcely a halt continued until late the following night. In general, this night marching came when there was much rain and the roads were bad; this made it all the more disagreeable.

But I have made quite a digression, leaving our army mean-

while at Millen Junction. At Millen, two-thirds of our march had been accomplished, and the four Corps had been brought pretty close together and were ready for the last stage of the journey.

At this time, Hardee and Beauregard were almost frantic in their appeals for reinforcements, and the fact that none came to them taught Sherman that the resources of the Confederacy were pretty well exhausted, all its organized forces being needed at the front.

We marched along the railroad, destroying it as we went, and being but little hindered by the feeble opposition of the enemy. One day, as we approached Savannah, an adjutant of another regiment was severely wounded by a torpedo that had been buried in the road, his horse having stepped upon the percussion cap by which it was exploded. Sherman was near by and was indignant over what he considered no better than murder. He immediately set a squad of Rebel prisoners to digging the infernal machines out of the ground. It goes without saying that they dug with fear and trembling, expecting every second an explosion that would make it necessary to call for a fresh squad to continue the work. But fortune favored the poor fellows, none of them being injured. However, the Confederates concluded not to put any more such killing affairs in our road if their own men must dig them out again.

Though we were not strongly opposed in our near approach to Savannah, it became evident that Hardee intended to do his best to prevent our entering the city—or, in fact, getting a foothold anywhere on the coast.

On the evening of December 7th, we encamped near Pooler's Station, eight miles west of Savannah. The next morning we started out as usual, as if we were to march our fifteen miles; but that would take us seven miles beyond our destination. We did not believe that General Hardee would give up the city without a struggle, yet he was letting us march pretty close to it without an attack upon our advance. In fact, we knew that morning of the 8th of December, '64,

that some change in our daily program was directly awaiting us; and we knew, too, that, as we passed the 7th, 6th and 5th mile posts in pretty quick succession, our expected change must be very close at hand. But we had no notion that we should be long in getting possession of the city: much less did we expect to be starved in the wilderness, according to Rebel prophecy.

And so we made quick time to the 4th mile post, and were already half way to the city. We were in the advance that day, and our sole topic of conversation was, "What next?" It had been a saying among us that, "So long as 'Uncle Billy' has no fire on his cigar, all is apt to be quiet; but if he has fire there, something lively is just ahead." He rode by us toward the front as we passed that fourth mile-post, and we looked for the signal; there was fire,—and *smoke*, too.

Just ahead of us was Telfair Station, and our advance was just approaching it, when—*boom!*—there was a cloud of smoke floating among the trees a little over a half mile in front of us, a screech in the air, and a solid shot struck not far from us. The change in our program had come.

The enemy had mounted a cannon on a platform car, backed it out as near to us as they thought it was safe to do, and then, after discharging it at us, had reversed the engine and run back around a curve in a deep cut, and were out of sight.

We had not long to wait before they had re-loaded and came back at us again; and they seemed to like the fun, for they kept at it. I do not recollect that any of the shots, excepting one, did any damage; that one carried away a part of the skull of a negro cook. General Sherman was reported to have said, as he saw the the decapitation, "If he had only been full-blooded, the ball would have glanced off and not hurt him a bit."

But we were not standing still all this time. The Sixteenth Wisconsin and our regiment formed in line of battle, they on the right, and we on the left of the track. We then advanced

about a quarter of a mile under cover of the heavy pine timber, stopped and began a line of works. The soil was soft sand and we made good progress. While we worked, the railroad battery was getting in its work, making a great deal of noise, but not much execution.

For a wonder, our old German comrade "Schaufnookel" was up with us that morning. During all our march he had never before come so close to the fire of the enemy, and now, as the cannon on the car made the woods ring again and again with its base solo, the poor old man was terribly frightened. He lay down near us on his back, his big knapsack under his shoulders as a bolster, and fairly groaned. When the cannon would go off again, and the ball would go tearing over us through the tree tops, he would moan, "Me too old for soldier! me too old man for soldier!"

And then Dyer would say, acting all the while as if never before had so pleasant a prospect presented itself to him, "Now, now old man, we are going to have a fight. Have not had one before since you came, but now we are going to have one sure! "Oh, oh, me *too old, too old!*" groaned Schaufnookel. Dyer continued, "Always when we have a fight somebody gets killed. Somebody's going to get killed now. May be me, may be you; don't know who, but somebody, *sure*. And then came a *boom* of the cannon and a crash of the ball that gave effective evidence to what Dyer had just been saying.

I cannot put the old man's moans on paper; they were really pitiful, and he trembled like a leaf. Yet I suspect he had a notion that Dyer was making sport of him, for some of the other boys who were, according to our dashing sergeant, waiting to be killed appeared highly amused at the conversation going on.

At last Dyer asked, "What made you come to war, anyhow?" "For *five hoondred* I coom!" spit out the old man, as if the very thought of his being such a fool made him mad at himself.

At this a great laugh went up from the boys, for, in general,

a man who had come to us as a substitute did not like to have it known; especially he did not like to have it known how much he got for himself.

Dyer ventured one more question: "Well, when you get home—if you don't get killed to-day—will you come back here again for five hundred?" "No," said the old man, "*no! not for sex hoondred, I coom!*" Then, after getting his breath, and another report from the cannon, he added, "Not for *tree tousand*, I coom!"

About this time, General Sherman ordered us to march back and around to the right, and there we went into camp quite out of hearing of the firing of the enemy, greatly to the relief of comrade "Schaufnookel."

The land about Savannah, for some miles to the west, was low, and in many places swampy. Sherman saw that Hardee, with his 10,000 troops and abundant supply of artillery, would be able to make a good defense. He knew that our provisions would not last long and that, as the country for some distance back from the city had very little forage, it must be the first business in hand so to dispose his troops around the city as to keep Hardee from easily escaping, and then seek to establish a base of supplies near by on the coast. A few miles south of the Savannah river the Ogeechee flows nearly parallel to it into the Ossabaw Sound. At the mouth of this river was situated Fort McAllister. With this fort taken, supplies could be brought up the river to a point near the main body of his army, and the question of subsistence would be settled. He put the 14th Corps in line next to the Savannah river, the 20th next to them, next the 17th, and to their right, and reaching to the Ogeechee, the 15th Corps.

We did not remain long in camp where we were first placed. A day or two later we moved with the rest of our Corps back and further to the right. This was in harmony with the general movement toward the right in order to reach Fort McAllister. On December 13, General Slocum pressed the siege of Savannah so as to keep the attention of Hardee, while, at the same time, a brigade was thrown across the

Ogeechee, and Hazen's division of the 15th Corps passed over to the south side and moved down toward the fort.

It had already been ascertained that a Union fleet was off the mouth of the river, and, after climbing to a platform upon a rice mill on the river bank, Generals Sherman and Howard had a good view of Fort McAllister, and of vessels out in the horizon that floated the stars and stripes. General Sherman has told the story of the capture in the following words:—"At two P. M., we observed signs of commotion in the fort, which betokened the arrival of Hazen, which had been anxiously expected. . . . The sun was sinking, and I was dreadfully impatient. At that moment some one discovered a faint cloud of smoke and an object gliding, as it were, along the horizon. Some one observed, 'It must be one of the squadron.' Soon the flag of the United States appeared, and our attention was divided between the approaching steamer and the assault of the fort. Another signal came from Hazen, and I replied, 'go ahead,' as a friendly steamer was approaching from below. The officers on the steamer signalled, 'Who are you?' The reply went back, 'General Sherman.' The signal came back, 'Is Fort McAllister taken?' The reply was, 'Not yet, but will be in a minute.' At that point Hazen's troops came out of the woods that enveloped the fort, with flying colors and steady pace. The fort belched forth its heavy guns, covering the assaulting party with smoke. One of the colors was seen to drop, but it rose again, and amid the white sulphurous smoke there was a pause. The smoke cleared, and now the parapets were seen to be lined with the blue of our men, whose musketry fire we could hear, or thought we could. Fort McAllister was taken, and we signalled the glad event to our friends on the gunboat, whose view had been cut off by a point of timber."

I presume Sherman was never happier in all his life than when he saw that this fort was taken; for with its capture came the assurance of his success in the great march that has become so important in the history of the war. He and

Howard went that night out to the fleet. He found that the vessels had been near there several days awaiting his arrival. Grant had sent them so that he could have a supply of provisions as soon as they could communicate with him.

Though the matter had never troubled us much, if any, we all knew that rations must be short until a new base of supplies could be established on the coast near us; and we knew, too, that were it not soon done they would grow too short for comfort. But that matter had been settled, and it was not many days before we got fresh hard tack by way of the ocean. We discussed the qualities of our new crackers, and concluded that they were much better than what we had been used to,—those that came from Jeffersonville, Indiana, and were stamped “B. C.”

We took our place in the line, immediately after the capture of Fort McAllister, upon a large rice plantation about eight miles south-west of Savannah. There we remained doing the usual duties of a besieging army until the 21st of December, the day when Hardee with his troops escaped across the river into South Carolina.

Sherman did not intend to allow this escape; he felt sure that he would soon receive the surrender of the city with its garrison; but before he had got his line established on the north side of the river, Hardee did what was the wisest thing he could do—skipped.

While in the siege, and waiting for roads to be built so that rations could be hauled through the swamps between us and the Ogeechee, we did not fare sumptuously every day. I believe we had only one full day's government rations in eleven days. The rest of our living came from a bit of forage gotten from the country, fresh beef and rice. And *such* beef! We had driven 5,000 cattle from Atlanta, and on the way as many more had been picked up by our drovers. As these cattle were poor at the beginning, and had been driven hundreds of miles with very little to eat, it goes without saying that they were not fat when we got to Savannah. It is a fact that many of them could scarcely stand alone.

When the butchers had stripped the skin off one of the poor creatures, and a couple of men were carrying a half of the skeleton away, it looked transparent in its thinness. The boys used to say they could recognize one another through it; that two of the living skeletons of the bossies had to lean up against a fence together in order to make a shadow. I will not say as to this, but I do know that many of the animals only the hind quarters were skinned and issued for use, the rest being considered as valueless. For several days this was all we got from the government, except coffee.

But we were camped on a rice plantation. I will not pretend to say how much rice we found there, but it was an immense amount, some being in the straw in stacks, some threshed, and a part of it hulled and ready for use. That in the stacks supplied provender for the mules, and the rest of it we began to use. The stock of hulled rice soon gave out, and we were obliged after that to hull what we wanted to use. Those who have never tried it have very little notion how tightly the hulls stick to the rice kernels. Not being used to the devices for separating the two, we made slow work at it. In fact, it kept us tolerably busy, as soldiers reckon it, to get enough for a living. We did the work by putting the grain into a trough, or mortar, cut into a log or stump, and then, with some sort of pestle, pounding, and pounding, and pounding. Then it required some sort of breeze to blow out the chaff, but there were many quiet days when the supply of wind was not at all equal to the demand. The negroes would hull the rice for us at fifty cents a quart, but that brought our board pretty well up.

Our cooking was simple. We put our rice into a camp-kettle with a bit of the carcass of some of the cattle I have mentioned, and boiled them together. When we had eaten this, we began at once to hull some more rice. This was working for a living. The bill of fare was the same every day. It was not quite to the liking of some of us who had never been in the habit of eating rice when anything else could be got. But I must say that the rice we got there was

quite different from that we get at our groceries in the North. It was either much better or our appetites were better,—perhaps both.

It was a high day with us when a load of fresh hard tack came into camp. We celebrated the occasion by a feast.

Our advanced lines were about half a mile in front of our camp. They skirted a rice field that had been flooded, making a lake half a mile wide. In the edge of the timber along the other side of this were the Rebels' outposts. We kept up the usual picket firing across the water, and now and then the artillery of the opposite sides engaged in a duel.

Our company lost no men at this place, but our regiment in common suffered a sad loss when Major John M. Price, once captain of Co. D, was shot by one of our own men on the picket line. He was walking between pickets one night, when one of our guards, thinking him an enemy, fired at him, giving him a wound from which he died the next day, December 20. He had been made Major when Proudfit became Colonel, and his commission was dated only a month before his untimely death. He was a fine officer in both appearance and soldierly qualities, and was much beloved by all the men of the regiment. His place as Major was filled by the appointment of Captain C. B. Wheelock, of Co. H. Only one other man in the regiment was wounded at Savannah.

I have spoken on another page of gambling in the army. I do not think there was ever so much of it in any other equal time as during the few weeks between our leaving Atlanta, November 15, '64, and our starting from Savannah, January 5, '65. Just before the former date we had been paid off. Now, money is made for circulation, and, as there was nothing to *buy* on our march, some other means must be found to start and keep up the circulation; poker and chuck-o'-luck filled the bill. The boys who made gambling a business were, indeed, diligent in that business, and they seemed fervent in spirit, but I have some doubt about their serving the Lord, by so doing. They had the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, marked on the backs of their oil cloth blankets, and boxes of dice in

their pockets, and were ready on the march, if a halt of even a minute was made, to sit down by the way, spread out an oil cloth and begin operations. A halt of a few minutes would be sufficient time for hundreds of dollars to change hands.

In this way many men soon got rid of all their money, and I suspect that some families suffered in consequence. The officers were, as a rule, not very friendly to such folly, and there was a general lookout for the officer of the day, when a crowd of boys were at the game. There was a spot near our camp in the lines at Savannah, where the gamblers congregated. Sometimes an acre of space was quite covered by them. When the officer of the day, or any of our Generals came upon them, there was a scampering, everybody grabbing all the money he could as he went. I do not recollect that many of Co. E. joined this crowd; and I presume that those who did do so did it because there was not much else to do to take up their time. Surely, idleness breeds mischief.

While at this camp some of our officers resigned. December 26, Lieutenant Linnell, of our company, was mustered out of service because of expiration of term of enlistment. The lieutenant was a most capable officer. He had been on detached service as acting adjutant; acting adjutant of the 3d Iowa, and ordnance officer on General Howard's staff. This took him away from the company so much of the time that we did not feel so familiar with him as with those officers who were always with us. It was common that the best of officers were put on such detached service. Had he remained with us, he would have become our captain.

It was at this camp that Sergeant Kinney became our 2d Lieutenant and commander of the company, and a better one we never had. After the wounding of Lieutenant Thayer, during the preceding August, Lieutenant Ephraim Blakeslee, of Company H, had been in personal command of Company E. We liked him very much. His command of us, if I remember rightly, was more a matter of form than otherwise. He gracefully yielded the general control of affairs to Kinney, who was Orderly Sergeant at the time. I think all our men

who marched to the sea would vote with both hands that Eph. Blakeslee was not only a most excellent company commander, but a royal good fellow, besides. He afterwards became captain of his own company.

After the siege had gone on a little over a week, we boys understood that a plan was under discussion to charge the enemy's works across that rice lake. I cannot now really believe anything of the kind was intended by General Sherman, yet we thought so at the time. So far as I am concerned, I do not believe I ever so dreaded anything else in my life. The very thought of it made me tremble. I do not know just how deep the water was between us and the Rebel works, but I suppose it was from two to four feet. We could wade it easily enough but for the series of parallel ditches that had been dug several feet deep in order to conduct the water upon and off the fields as desired. It was said that portable bridges, something like ladders, were to be made and carried along to be thrown across the deep ditches, and that we were to rush over them on our charge.

When we came to think how the Confederates could sweep the surface of the water with their cannon from the further edge, and that those who were, perhaps, only slightly wounded, must surely drown in their helplessness, the prospect of such a charge was not at all pleasing to us. We were more agreeable to being shot than drowned.

On the night of December 20th, Company H was on the picket line. In the night I was awakened by hearing some one talking in their street, which was next to ours. A minute later two of their men passed through our street on their way to the picket lines carrying one of those ladder bridges, up to the rice field. I then felt sure that they were going to try how such a bridge would work, and I said to myself, "It must be true that we are to make the attempt to charge across the pond." I could not go to sleep again for a long time after that. I almost wished I were an officer so that I could resign. But I was not. I thought, and thought, and finally—dropped asleep.

The next morning I awoke with a feeling of something unpleasant to happen. I can not tell how many thousand pounds were lifted from my mind when a bare rumor came to camp that the Rebels had evacuated their works during the night, nor how many tons more when we noticed that no firing was going on up at the front. The rumor proved true; the Johnnies had gone.*

It was not long before we were packing up. We marched out to a pike road that traversed the low ground and were soon passing through the lines the enemy had just left. We found several good-sized cannon that had been wholly or partly disabled, and were left strewn about. We marched on toward the city, and found that, also, vacated. We rejoiced at this happy termination of our "March to the Sea."

While plans were making for our going into camp, we were halted in the suburbs of the city. There was tolerable foraging all about us, and we never made better use of our opportunities. Turkeys, geese, ducks, chickens, pigs, hams, bacon, vegetables,—all came into camp as if by magic. Every man had something to carry when we resumed our march down town. It was a sight to look upon—a regiment, a brigade, a

*Darrow gives this account of the evacuation:—"Dec. 20.—A lot of siege guns were brought up from Fort McAllister to batter the sand-bag fort where the road crossed the rice-dam. Bridges were made to reach across the ditches, and large bundles of poles were bound together to roll along the road to the rice-dam gate. Two of the heavy guns were placed near the rice mill.


Co E's picket post, on the night of the 20th, happened to come in range of one of the heavy guns at the fort. John Griffin and I were on picket, also others of the company. We were ordered to keep up a fire, and all the cannon played well. Our dirt picket post was knocked in pieces, and we had to lie low in the ditch or get killed. The firing was to attract the attention of the enemy while the bundles of sticks were rolled along the dam-road to the gate. Then a trench was dug around to raise the gate; in this way the pond was drained. This was done because we were to storm the fort the next morning, crossing the ditches on the bridges to be carried along with us.

About midnight the fort ceased firing, and we pickets were ordered to our regiments. We knew pretty well what was the matter, and I began to boil some rice, soon after getting down to camp, for breakfast. Soon I heard some yelling at our right, and saw a horseman come galloping up to the colonel's tent. I awakened the boys of our company, telling them we should have to get ready to march, for I knew well enough that Savannah had been evacuated. Soon Proudfit's stout voice rang out, "Pack up!" I did not have even time enough for my rice to cook, and so started hungry for Savannah, Dec. 21, '64.

division, laden with the fat of the land. When we got into the streets of the city they were quite deserted. Here and there we saw some one skurrying along to get out of sight as soon as possible. All windows and glass doors were closely curtained, but we saw many anxious eyes peering at us through chinks and crevices. Some of the pale faces grew bright and many a smile came unbidden at the grotesque sight of our well-laden soldiers. One lady said, loudly enough for me to hear, to some one in the room with her, "Oh, Mary, do see that soldier with a black pig on his shoulder! And it has the hair on too! Oh, how funny!" And then both she and Mary laughed heartily. I did not wonder that she laughed in spite of her.

The people of Savannah had never seen any live Yankees before, and they looked upon us as a new species. They thought best to study us awhile before venturing out among us.

We marched straight down to the river landing. Our thought was that we were to cross directly into South Carolina and follow up General Hardee and his fleeing army; but we soon counter-marched to near the place where we foraged for supplies, and there we went into camp.*

 Just here a question occurs to me—"What in the world did Lieutenant Kinney do with the canteen of 'Savannah Water' I let him take?" I suspect it went up to the colonel's tent, but when it came back it was empty. What could Kinney and the colonel want of the *water*?

After the city had come into our possession, Captain Warren P. Langworthy, Orderly Sergeant Elias H. Ticknor, Sergeant N. D. Brown, Corporals Charles Linguist and Andrew Oleson, and Privates Ole Albert and Thos. H. Nelson, all of Company G, were detailed to carry the news of the capture out to the fleet off the mouth of the Savannah river. I will let Sergeant Brown tell the story of the expedition :

"Captain Warren P. Langworthy, of Company G, with six

*Darrow says, "The same day our regiment was detailed to storm Fort Pulaski. We got on board a boat and waited for a start, but news came that the fort had surrendered. So we marched back and camped near the cemetery." I do not recall this incident.

or seven of his men, was detailed to carry to the fleet, which lay off the mouth of the Savannah, about twenty-three miles distant, the news of the capture of Savannah, and to order our supplies to come up to Savannah instead of the Ogeechee, as previously directed by General Sherman, who was now at Beaufort, S. C., making arrangement to prevent the very movement which, on the night of December 20th, was effected by Hardee—viz., the escape of the Confederates from Savannah by way of railroad through Pocotaligo.”

“The orders received by Captain Langworthy were as follows:

‘SAVANNAH, Ga., Dec. 21, 1864.

Captain Langworthy will seize a boat and proceed down the Savannah river, and carry a verbal message to the Fleet.

By order of GEN. O. O. HOWARD,

per GEN. M. D. LEGGETT.’

“We were fortunate in securing a fine metallic life boat, which its owner had hidden under some corn fodder in his cow-shed on the shore near where the Confederate shipping was in flames from the torch applied by its late owners.

“I confiscated a fine coil of cotton rope from the doomed ship-stores, and threw it into the boat; after which we rowed down the river, past the burning shipping, to the lower end of the wharfage. Here we landed and received final orders from General Leggett, who ‘coaxed’ me to surrender the coil of rope to be used for a flag-halyard at his Headquarters. He told us to stay at the coast as long as we wanted to, but to be sure to bring back some fresh oysters for him.

“Our detail consisted of first-class river men from off the Wisconsin river—men who cared as little for the howling of the mad waters of the Wisconsin River Rapids as for the so-called ‘Rebel yell;’ but here was a new experience, and the way the boys at first ‘caught crabs’ with their oars was amusing. They were apt learners, however, and soon profited by the skill and coaching of one of our members who had been

brought up on the Niagara river. So, before the city was out of sight, we were making good progress.

“About four miles below the city we passed a Rebel fort, from which our Signal Corps had been trying in vain to communicate with Fort Pulaski. I have been told since then that J. B. Foraker, of Ohio political fame, was there when we passed, and followed us down soon after.

“About six miles below the city we suddenly found ourselves abreast of the Confederate ram, ‘Savannah,’ and her tender, both at anchor in a cove on the South Carolina shore. When first sighted by us there was but one man visible on her iron-clad decks; but soon the whole crew swarmed out to see what was up. With their glasses they must have seen that we were dirty and ragged enough to be their friends, and so allowed us to proceed without blowing us out of the water, which they could easily have done. We did all we could under the circumstances,—pulled our hats well down on the dangerous side, kept a civil tongue in our head, and hugged the Georgia shore.

“Soon after we passed her, the ram steamed up the river and threw shells into the city amongst their own women and children, and then dropped back to her anchorage, where, during the night, both the ram and tender were fired by their crews, thereby destroying what they could not defend.

“There were lots of old hulks sunken to obstruct the channel, but they proved no obstacle to our light craft. As we neared the coast we were met by a long, heavy swell from the ocean.

“It was getting dark when we reached Fort Pulaski, and the guards on the docks to the number of a dozen or so, mistook us for Rebels trying to run the blockade, and, covering us with their muskets, called upon us to come ashore or they would annihilate us, while the heavy swells made it difficult as well as dangerous for us to land at the dock.

“Captain Langworthy, standing in the bow of the boat, and in language more forcible than polite, asked them to stop threatening to shoot, and to assist us in landing. This they

did by directing us to one side of the dock, where we went ashore. When the guard became convinced of our identity they took us into the fort to the commander, Colonel Brown, of the Fifteenth New York, to whom Captain Langworthy reported the capture of Savannah with all its stores.

“Colonel Brown wrote out an order to that effect, and, calling the garrison into line, read it to them that night, setting them wild with joy. Then there was nothing too good for us. We were treated to the best to be had at the sutler’s.

“There were in the fort 240 Confederate officers who had just been under fire at Charleston for retaliatory measures. They did not share the joy of the Blue-coats, but affected to doubt the truth of the news we brought.

“Captain Langworthy went aboard the fleet after supper, delivered his message and remained all night, leaving us to enjoy the boundless hospitality of the garrison.

“The next day we were put on board the small steamer *Canonicus*, and, following General Foster’s headquarters’ boat, steamed up the river, leaving the life-boat with the generous garrison. On the way up the river the ‘blue jackets’ picked up a torpedo, and when opposite to where the ram *Savannah* was burned, we were fired upon by the Confederate crew, but without damaging any one, and I suppose our return fire was equally harmless.

“General Leggett ate his oysters by proxy; we were his proxies.”

We remained in camp at this place from December 21 till January 5, and had a much needed rest. As soon as we were settled, General Sherman wrote thus to President Lincoln:—“I beg to present you as a Christmas gift the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty heavy guns and plenty of ammunition, also about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton.” It was afterwards found that there were 250 guns and 31,000 bales of cotton—no small prize.

Congratulations and thanks poured in upon Sherman from all sides. Congress, on January 10, ’65, passed the following joint resolution: “That the thanks of the people and of the

Congress of the United States are due and are hereby tendered to Major-General William T. Sherman, and through him to the officers and men under his command, for their gallantry and good conduct in their late campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and the triumphal march thence through Georgia to Savannah, terminating in the capture and occupation of that city; and that the President cause a copy of this joint resolution to be engrossed and forwarded to Major-general Sherman."

Sherman formulated a plan of government for the city, leaving the regular city officers in authority, but requiring them to subscribe to the changed order of things. A few of the people left, but the most of them soon began to be "at home." Within a few hours, the folks who had hidden away behind doors and screens came out and got acquainted with the ways of our boys. The government of the city under Sherman was of the best, and everything settled down to peace and quiet. The poor were fed from our own supplies, and every body was treated with respect.

As I have said before, we had all sorts of craftsmen in our army. The printers went into the deserted offices of the Savannah newspapers, and in a day or two the papers made their appearance regularly every day, but with changed names; for instance, the paper from the office of the Savannah *Democrat* came out as the Savannah *Republican*. These new papers were well edited and sprightly, and were in good demand among the citizens as well as soldiers.

While we were at Savannah, some of the generous ones in the North suggested cooking and sending to Sherman's army a Christmas dinner; there was considerable talk, but no dinner. However, we were enjoying full rations, and now and then something extra, and so we did not much miss the dinner that never came.

But we had something in the way of Christmas doings. The 14th Corps, in camp to the west of us, on Christmas night began to fire off their guns in honor of the occasion. I suppose they used blank cartridges, but they made a deal

of noise for all that; and it *sounded* very much as if the enemy were attacking them. There was a commotion among the officers all around. Soon *our* men began to feel a bit like joining in the festivities, and half a dozen muskets awoke the echoes in the camp of our regiment. Immediately Colonel Proudfit—I suppose it was he—ordered us into line in our company streets. At first we did not know but the 14th Corps was in trouble, and that we were to go and reinforce them. Once in the ranks, we stood and waited, and waited. After standing an hour, we were dismissed. About that time it broke in upon our minds that we had been standing there in part for punishment for the shooting already done in our camp, and in part for what we would have done had we not been put promptly under discipline. Surely, Colonel Proudfit got the start of us that time.

Our stay in this Savannah camp was not eventful, though it was pleasant and restful. Except for some rainy weather, nothing about it would have been disagreeable.

It was here that Maurice Macaulay, then Commissary Sergeant, used, now and then, to come down to our tent, made large by buttoning five or six shelter tents together, in order to have a scuffle or a *roll* as we called it. We all lay on the ground, and the object was to kick or roll some one of the heap outside. Sometimes we got considerable sport out of the exercise. Since we always did this in the evening, and with no light burning, one could scarcely ever tell which of the crowd had hold of him. One night while the contest was on, there came up a heavy shower that fairly flooded the streets, and it came near flooding our tent, too; but we were too much taken up with our rollings and tumblings to stop on account of the weather. Maurice was on his back, and he was struggling to get a good grip upon Dyer, who, by the way, lay *vice versa*, t'other way round with Maurice, with respect to his head and feet. Maurice succeeded in getting his feet into Dyer's arm-pits, then, seizing him by his ankles, he raised the light-weight aloft, and with a mighty kick he landed Dyer frog-fashion into the mud in the middle of the

street. But this was not all the fun; when Dyer went he took the tent with him, pulling up every pin that held it down. It goes without saying, that our domestic arrangements got wet; and we all got *very wet* before the tent was in place again. We sent Macaulay to his own tent in order to prevent another such damp incident.

If my memory rightly serves me, there was another struggle near camp one day. We had two jolly sergeants that bunked together, one big the other not. Like most pairs that keep house together, they were very generally comfortable with each other; but, like all such couples, they now and then argued the case, and once in a while could not seem to come to the same conclusion. One day they were quite at logger-heads, especially the one who was not big, and he finally expressed a fond desire to give the big one a sound thrashing. For some time his big bunk-mate tried to dissuade him from such a foolish undertaking. But he was valiant if he was slender, and he wanted a chance to show his courage. At last, to please him, our jolly big sergeant told him that he'd give him the chance to pound him to a jelly if he would just go across to the other side of the cemetery close by our camp. The offer was accepted, and the two went over the fence and into the woods beyond. In a few minutes they came leisurely back among the head-stones talking as pleasantly together as if they had smoked the Calumet together. When asked the result of the battle, they both said that that was their affair and none of ours. They seemed sworn to secrecy, but the leaves and dust that still clung to the back of our slender sergeant gave a silent, yet significant, report of the proceedings beyond the cemetery.

On the 5th of January we left Savannah for our march through the Carolinas. Our losses since November 15th had been but two, the resignation of Lieutenant Linnell, December 26th, and the discharge of Leonard P. Woodworth, December 19th, that he might accept promotion in the 64th United States Colored Troops. Woodworth was the third member of Company E, discharged for a like purpose,—

Reuben W. Green, December 11, '63; S. Glyde Swain, November 13, '64, being the other two. Swain was not with the company after the Meridian Expedition, having been on detached service at Natchez since that time.

Green was fifer of our company, and as such had not been in the ranks with us every day, but he was a faithful member of our martial band. Woodworth had been much of the time a most efficient nurse in the hospital.

Glyde Swain was one of the best soldiers our company ever had; he was more than that—a gentleman always and everywhere. Though fitted in every way to be commander of a company, he regarded the position of a private equally honorable in every respect. He was cheerful under all unpleasant circumstances, and was every day, all unconsciously to himself, a wholesome example for the rest of us.

I give, in closing this chapter, some of the results of our "March to the Sea:"

We had marched two hundred and fifty-five miles. In going through the state of Georgia, we had over-run a strip of country from thirty to sixty miles wide, and we had found that there was little *within* the Confederacy to protect it from invasion and destruction. Since leaving Chattanooga our campaign had spread over one-third of the state.

About 320 miles of railroad had been destroyed with depots, car-shops, etc. Hundreds of machine-shops, cotton-gins and cotton presses were burned. General Howard estimated the value of provisions captured by the 15th and 17th Corps at \$283,202. Slocum estimates that at least 14,000 negroes joined us, 7,000 of them getting through to the coast. It is estimated that 10,000 horses and mules and 9,000 head of cattle were captured.

The above is only a portion of the loss. Fire accompanied us on every mile of our march. Houses, barns and fences were changed to ashes in a twinkling. General Sherman estimated that the loss to the state had been fully \$100,000,000, one fifth of which had been of use to his army, the balance

absolute waste. Henceforth, Georgia could not be a feeder to the Confederacy. Sherman's entire loss during the march from Atlanta was 103 killed, 428 wounded, and 278 missing.

The Rebels laughed when we started, but not when we got through.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THROUGH THE CAROLINAS.

GENERAL SHERMAN considered the operations in Tennessee by which Hood was defeated, and his own march to the sea, as two parts of the same campaign; and he proposed to add yet a third part to the great plan,—a march northward through the Carolinas, the object of which was to co-operate with Grant in the defeat of Lee at Richmond. Grant thought at first that it would be better to have Sherman's army transported by water to the James river; but Sherman preferred to march there. The plan of the latter was adopted.

The left wing of the army, the 14th and 20th Corps, was sent across the Savannah river, and the right wing, the 15th and 17th Corps, around by water to Beaufort, S. C. We marched through the city and down the river on the 5th of January to Fort Thunderbolt, seventeen miles, where we encamped a short time before dark. The country through which we passed was low and flat, but the scenery the most the way was made fine by the noble oak groves through which we passed.

The miserable water we got at this old fort will not let me forget the place. A hundred men around one well, sunk down through a muddy soil, every man very anxious to get his turn at the bucket, the water in the meantime getting low and thick with mud, the men freely expressing their opinions concerning the matter in hand, was a *sight*—or would have been had it not been pitch dark at the time.

But we survived the night; and the next morning we went on board a small vessel and steamed down to the mouth of the river and then northward toward Beaufort, which place we reached before night.

The most of us had never seen the ocean before, and we

greatly enjoyed our bit of a voyage. The day was fine, the light wind putting the sea into motion enough to give us a notion of the value of what the sailors call "sea legs." A few of the men were sea sick, "Old Schaufnookel" being one of the first to find that he had a stomach.

We landed at the sleepy old town, and went into camp on a spot level just to the landward side of it to await the arrival of the balance of our wing of the army.

All the way from Atlanta to Savannah our boys were telling how they would chase up the festive oyster as soon as they should get to "the coast." One would think, to hear the talk, that they'd rather catch oysters than Rebels. While at Savannah they saw never an oyster to run at; but here at Beaufort, our camp being close by salt water, they determined to have oysters on the half shell. And so, when they had got the hang of the tide, a lot of the fellows armed with case-knives and a hatchet or two, started out on a raid. They rolled up their trousers' legs and waded in. Sure enough, they found the bivalves in tolerably paying quantities, and one fellow after another came back to the high water mark with his arms full of them and the black mud that stuck to them.

Then came the feast. With the hatchets, the clusters of shells were broken up, and with the knives brave efforts were made to open them. The oysters seemed determined not thus unceremoniously to be turned out of house and home, but the valiant attacks of our hungry heroes were rather too much for them; for the boys, after a bit of practice, managed the business with no little skill. The shells once pried apart, the poor oysters were sucked out so vigorously that they went down at a gulp. But, oh the mud!

One of the boys of another company did not quite get the hang of the tide until he had a practical illustration of what it would do. He was wading round in the mud looking for oysters with the same carelessness he had been used to when hunting clams in the pond in his grandfather's pasture at home. All at once he found that water was spreading out

over the mud. He could hardly account for such a queer freak, but, not minding much about it, he still felt around for oysters. The water got deeper and deeper, and he decided to strike out for land. But, deep as he was in the mud, he could make very little progress. In the meantime the water was rising pretty fast. He shouted, and had the good fortune to get the attention of some of the boys on shore. News flew through the camp that a man was stuck in the mud and would soon be drowned by the incoming tide. There was a general rush for the shore of the bay. Some one got a rope, ran out on a long point of land, and threw it to our thoroughly frightened comrade; he quickly slipped the loop around his body and was drawn to land. That comrade will never forget the fact of tides.

Speaking of tides makes me think of a discussion in camp the day we reached Beaufort. One of the boys had gone down to the edge of a marsh near our camp. He said, after coming back, that there was a river close to the bank. When asked the direction in which it flowed, he said, "To the west." Some of the fellows were surprised at that, thinking it must flow eastward, toward the bay. But others who had been there said that it really flowed toward the west.

The next day some of the boys were there and found it flowing east, and they so reported on coming back to camp. Then there arose a lively dispute. Some knew it flowed west, others east. They went to see, and it did not seem to have any current at all. Afterward some of the *east* men found it setting in toward the west with a good current. They came back to camp nonplussed. At last some one suggested that the tide must be fooling with the river; and sure enough!

It was at this camp that we got some supplies sent us by the Christian Commission,—among others, some pipes and tobacco! The boys said if that was christianity, they didn't mind being converted themselves. Somehow, with the average soldier a pipe full of tobacco had a most potent influence.

Just here I must copy two characteristic letters that were written about this time. On January 21st, Sherman wrote to

Grant: "I have been told that congress meditates making another Lieutenant-general for me. I have written to John Sherman to stop it, if it is designed for me. It would be mischievous, for there are rascals enough who would try to sow differences between us, whereas you and I now are in perfect understanding. I would rather have you in command than anyone else, for you are fair, honest, and have at heart the same purpose that should animate all. I should emphatically decline any commission calculated to bring us into rivalry, and I ask you to advise all your friends in congress to this effect, especially Mr. Washburne. I doubt if men in congress fairly realize that you and I are honest in our professions of want of ambition. I know I feel none, and to-day will gladly surrender my position and influence to any other who is better able to wield the power. The flurry attending my recent success will soon blow over and give place to new developments."

Grant replied: "I have received your letter in which you say you would decline, or are opposed to, promotion. No one would be more pleased with your advancement than I; and if you should be placed in my position, and I put subordinate, it would not change our relations in the least. I would make the same exertions to support you that you have ever done to support me, and I would do all in my power to make our cause win."

In these days of selfish ambition, it is, indeed, refreshing to read these words that came from the hearts of two so truly loyal men and distinguished patriots as Generals Grant and Sherman. No wonder that we won under such commanders.

It was on the 13th of January that we moved up toward Pocotaligo, about twenty miles north-west of Beaufort. This was a station on the Savannah and Charleston Railroad, about midway between the two places, and was considered of so much importance by the enemy that he defended it with some vigor. We were not much hindered in our march, however, and we took the place, with its fort, on the 14th. Our only serious loss was the death of Captain Almon N.

Chandler, of Company K, who was killed on the skirmish line. He was a brave young officer with bright prospects before him.

Our own company was on the skirmish line the next day as we came to Pocotaligo station, a group of half a dozen houses by the side of the railroad. Upon reaching the track, we turned eastward and moved cautiously through the woods down toward the next station, Collins, three or four miles distant. We expected every minute to meet the enemy in force, yet we saw but few Confederates, and they were crossing the track some distance from us. We fired a few shots and they disappeared.

We went on down the track until we came to a clearing about a little way station, where there was only one dwelling, and that answered the purposes of a depot as well. Near by was a small building used as a mill, and a few sheds. As we came to the edge of the clearing we thought it quite likely that a lot of Johnnies might be in hiding about the buildings and platform, and that they might surprise us with a volley that would cause some of us to "turn up our toes." And so we crawled along from tree to stump, and from stump to old log, with considerable caution. At last a few of the boys made a break for the little mill. As no Rebs were hidden there, we quickly approached the other buildings. We remained there three or four hours. We got a little flour from the mill, a bit of honey from a large jug standing on the platform by the side of the track, and some reading matter from the house, which was vacant. The boys cut up the mill belts for cartridge-box belts, as they were more pliable and thicker than those we had been wearing. In a small shed against the mill-building there was a portable engine once used for running the machinery. We did not know whether there was any water in it or not, but "just for fun" we built a fire in it with a lot of pine knots lying near. They burned well, and soon steam began to be manifest. The fire got fearfully hot and the steam sputtered, yet the wheels would not go round. One of the boys gave the fly wheel a lift, and it

started at a fearful rate. The gathered rust had held it fast until a bit of a start was given, and then it fairly buzzed and roared. We scampered off to a safe distance and gazed at the little engine fairly astonished at the fuss it could make. Its motion increased at an alarming rate, and the woods fairly echoed with the buzzing and roaring it made. We expected every second to see the boiler fly into a hundred pieces, and were wondering just where they would strike. Lieutenant Kinney shouted, to nobody in particular, but with considerable emphasis, "Stop that thing! Stop it, at once!" But no one knew just how to "stop it."

At this point Jim Mathews, who had doubtless seen an engine some time before in his life, took a good look at the excited bit of machinery, which had begun to threaten to run out of the shed and chase us around the clearing, made up his mind which lever governed the action of the thing, ran to the shed, grasped that lever, and—all was still! I suspect that engine was really more dangerous than all the Rebels we saw that day; at least, it created more of an excitement than they. We gathered around it and, while it fairly sweat over its sudden exertion, we discussed steam engines in general.

Some of the boys went up to a hill near by, where there were some buildings—perhaps a quarter of a mile away. No one was there excepting an old negro. But soon half-a-dozen mounted Rebels put in an appearance, and our boys took their leave—pretty quickly, too. I think it was Darrow who proposed a plan to capture the fellows. He wanted to have several of the boys go beyond the buildings and hide near them. Two or three were then to go up to the houses as if looking for forage. If the horsemen should come out again, the men in hiding were to close about and capture them. Kinney said he had no authority to order such a move, but that Darrow might go up and try a shot at them himself; if he got into trouble the rest of the boys would be ready to help him. Josh. Tucker, having gotten possession of a good mule, agreed to go with him, and they started together.

Getting to the top of the hill and near the house, they did



N. DARROW,
Co. E.

not have to wait long before the horsemen came galloping after them. When within about forty rods from them, Darrow fired. They scarcely slackened their speed, and Darrow, finding he had no time to re-load, took leg bail for security. That was the best time he ever made. Although Nathaniel was naturally graceful in his movements, he threw his legs around that day with but little regard to the figure he cut. For twenty rods he kept ahead of Tucker and the mule, but they finally passed him, Tucker advising him to take to the woods. As the mule seconded the motion, Darrow made for the tall brush. After some lively dodging from tree to tree, and straddling over fallen tree trunks, he came in safe.

In the afternoon we marched back to Pocotaligo, and then went into camp. As the rivers in that part of the state were so swollen because of recent rains that large armies could not move readily, we remained at this place nearly two weeks waiting for the rest of the army to get into position for a general move toward the north. Our camp was fortified for defense, but we were not disturbed by the enemy. But, for all this, the Rebels hung around and made it interesting for our foragers.

It was another of Darrow's enterprises to pilot a forage train out to some corn cribs he had discovered in some of his walks into the country. Darrow rode with 'Seneca Briggs, his team being in the advance. Seneca had heard of the Darrow-Tucker enterprise, and he feared he was being led into a trap. He kept up a sharp lookout, and drove nervously. When they got to the place, the corn was half gone. The guards with the trains would not help load, and Darrow, not being used to command, could not make them do so; they had fun of their own while the teamsters loaded. But they were too nervous to get large loads, and when once they did start back Briggs ran his mules all the way to camp; and the others kept up with him. Then they all gave thanks and breathed freely. Darrow had no more enterprises to suggest after this.

Several of our brigade, while out foraging on their own

account from time to time, were captured. These were reported, during their imprisonment, as absent without leave, and their pay was ordered stopped for the time they were thus absent. Perhaps in some cases the order was reversed later.

Among those thus captured was Lafayette Bishop, of the 16th Wisconsin. Lafe was an inveterate forager; he was a typical specimen of the species known as "Sherman's Bummers." One day while at Pocotaligo, he with two comrades, George Bump, of the 16th, and Clifford Carnes, of Company B, of the 12th, were out as usual seeking what they might devour. It was their good fortune to corner an old sow with a litter of pigs that had reached shoat-hood. They secured one of the pigs, put him to death, tied his feet together, swung him on a musket between them and started for camp, about two miles away. They felt elated with their good luck. When just in sight of camp they were saying that the next day they'd go and get the old hog and bring her in. Just as they said this, eleven ugly looking Rebs jumped up from behind logs in front of them and said, "Yanks, *halt!*" taking good aim at the two foragers. The pig dropped to the ground, and they trembled from head to foot as they looked into the muzzles of the Rebel muskets. The Rebels kindly advised them not to make a bit of noise, as it might be the death of them to do so. They took the advice, and, more than that, they accepted the urgent invitation of the fellows to go to their own camp with them. This was the end of Lafe Bishop's service. He escaped once from captivity along with Clifford Carnes, George Bump and one or two others, but they were recaptured. Lafe and Bump might have avoided being taken this second time had they not determined to stay by Carnes and another man, both of whom were sick. Afterward, Bishop and Bump escaped together, and, after much care, got safe into the Union lines.

I stop here to rejoice that so few of our boys ever got inside Rebel prisons. If ever there was such a thing as a hell upon earth, the Andersonville prison pen was that place. That

prison, with all others like it, was, is, and always will be a shame and disgrace to the people of the South. The English language is too poor to picture the horrors of those places of human torture, where the highest praise was lavished upon him who could bring the keenest suffering and the deepest humiliation to bear upon men whose only offense was the patriotism and courage to defend our national flag when it had been insulted and fired upon by traitors to the best government this world ever knew.

Captain Wirz, enjoy your full reward!

We never treated their prisoners in any such manner. We were not capable of such cruelty. I have seen many wounded Rebel prisoners in our hospitals; and I have seen them get exactly the same kind of treatment, medicine and food that were given to own men.

While we waited at Pocotaligo, Generals Grant and Sherman corresponded about the plans of the proposed march through the Carolinas. It was their intention that we should march in about the same order as we did through Georgia; and that we should approach Richmond by way of Branchville, Columbia, Goldsboro' and Raleigh. The Rebels thought our objective point must be either Augusta or Charleston, and they were at their wits' end to know which of them should be the more strongly fortified and defended.

We had at this time about 60,000 men, 60 cannon, 2,500 wagons, ammunition enough for one great battle, forage for a week and provisions for twenty days. The army opposing us, under Beauregard and Hardee, had been augmented by 16,000 troops that Lee had sent from Richmond.

A look at the map and the plans of Grant and Sherman will show that all the operations of the war were now centering around one focus. General Canby was to move from the Mississippi toward the east and keep the fragments of Hood's late army engaged. Stoneman was to keep his cavalry busy at the left of Sherman's army in South Carolina. Thomas was to close in in East Tennessee. Schofield had taken New-

bern, and was after Wilmington. All these generals were to engage the attention of the enemy while we moved through the heart of the Carolinas toward Richmond.

General Grant did not care to press Lee at Richmond, for, if driven away from there, he might march against Sherman with his whole army. Grant intended, if Lee should undertake such a thing, to follow closely upon his heels; and it seemed certain that Grant and Sherman together could capture Lee's whole army. Looking these plans over, it is plain enough that our two great leaders could at that time foresee the end of the war.

Of the importance of the great march now to be begun, as compared with that from "Atlanta to the Sea," Sherman says, "I would place that at one and this at ten, or the maximum." Then, we were marching away from an enemy toward a base of supplies; now, we were about to march into the heart of the enemy's country, and away from any base.

It was on the 29th of January that we were put in motion for our march northward. The country was low and the rivers very high. In marching from Atlanta toward Savannah, we did not have many streams to cross, as our route lay, in general, parallel to the large rivers. But, through the Carolinas, we were to march at nearly right angles to every one of the many overflowing rivers of those states.

While at Pocotaligo, we were only about fifty miles from Charleston, and it was quite natural for the enemy to think we intended moving against that place. At the same time, the left wing seemed to threaten Augusta. The enemy's forces had, therefore, to be divided, so as to be prepared to defend either town. It was Sherman's plan, however, not to approach either place, but to move northward between the two, and, by destroying the railroads, so badly cripple both of them as to render them of not much use to the Rebels.

Our line of march was nearly parallel with the Salkehatchie river. Wheeler's Confederate Cavalry had been for some time placing obstructions in our roads, and they had got them pretty well filled with fallen timber. It did not much

hinder our march, however, for our pioneer corps were proficient; where the trees were too large to be removed, they cut roads around them. The enemy had also burned all bridges, but we had pontoons with which to get across streams with but little delay.

On the 2d of February we reached the crossings of the Salkehatchie, the 15th Corps at Beaufort's Bridge, our own 17th Corps at River's Bridge. The river had so overflowed the swamps along its sides that it was three miles wide, the water being from one to four feet deep. The swamp was grown to heavy timber and dense underbrush, and the roads led straight through on causeways cut across every few rods for the water to flow through.

The bridges over all these cuts had been burned, and the further ends of the causeways were guarded by batteries. When we came to the end of the causeway at River's Bridge and looked through the long, narrow opening in the forest, it seemed as if it would be impossible to get across even in the face of a small opposing force. But our pioneers went about the work of repairing the burned bridgeways as if we were to pass right over.

On February 3d, Generals Mower and Smith led their men through the swamp, the water being very cold, and from knee deep up to their shoulders. They made a lodgment below the bridge, turned on the Confederate brigade posted there, and sent it defeated and flying toward Branchville. The 15th Corps got across with but little resistance.

The enemy immediately abandoned his lines along the Salkehatchie and retired to the defense of the Charleston and Augusta railroad. On the 5th the whole army, which was now well in hand in the vicinity of these two bridges, moved forward, the next objective point being Branchville, on the above named railroad. Though the weather was very wet, and we had to wade long stretches of overflowed road, we came to Midway, ten miles west of Branchville, on the 8th of February. That day we waded eight swamps, and, when we went into camp just at dark of a cloudy day, we were awfully

tired, very wet, and ravenously hungry. We stacked arms and began preparations for supper and as dry a sleeping place as we could conjure up. When we had got well about our work, Proudfit shouted out, "Fall in!" We fell in, but our grumblings and mutterings told how little we enjoyed it. Once in line, we took the road, and as the darkness closed in around us we marched hurriedly on toward the front. We advanced four or five miles and then halted. Orders were given us to keep very still. We soon found that we were close to the enemy's lines. We remained there some time, while the position of the Confederates was studied, when we countermarched and went into camp on the very ground we left at dark. It was near midnight when we lay down, too tired to care much for supper.

There is an interesting little incident connected with our capture of the Charleston and Augusta railroad: General Sherman says that while approaching the road near Midway, he saw a man on an old white horse guided by only a rope around its neck, come tearing down the road from the front to meet him, shouting, "General, hurry up! hurry up! we've got the railroad, and are holding it till you get there! Hurry up!"

And, sure enough! the bummers in their wanderings to and fro, had come to the railroad, had pitched into the Rebels stationed there, driven them away, taken possession, and were holding it while one of their number hurried back to give notice to the main army. While the bummer was abroad principally for his own satisfaction and profit, he did not for one minute forget that he was a Union soldier, and his judgment concerning the military importance of this or that position was almost equal to that of a general.

Having broken up this railroad, we moved on toward Orangeburg, tearing up, as we went, the road connecting Branchville with that extending from Wilmington to Columbia. We reached the North Edisto river on the 11th, and went into camp an hour before sundown. Near us there was a group of negro houses belonging to the plantation on which

we camped. We pulled boards off the houses to fix bunks, found plenty of dry grass for bedding close at hand, and, after a bountiful supper, we fixed things unusually comfortable for the night. We got into our bunks early so as to have a good long sleep. Most of us had got well into the blessed land of nod, when there rang out on the still night air Colonel Proudfit's favorite order, "*Pack up!*" I do not know that all the boys were mad, but I am sure that one of them was—mad as a hornet! But what was the use? In less than ten minutes we were making good time toward the river. In the meantime a rattling fire of musketry was to be heard in our front. We expected to be rushed in a hurry into a fight, but, after marching two miles on a road running nearly parallel with the river, we halted, turned to the right into an old field and were ordered to go into camp again. The firing down by the river had ceased, and, as there seemed no danger of our getting into trouble, we were soon sound asleep again.

The musketry we had heard was an attack by Mower's division upon the enemy. His men waded the river up to their arm-pits, crept through the bit of woods bordering its further bank, and completely surprised a camp of the Confederates and drove them helter-skelter away from the river. The night was pleasant, the moon shining brightly, but it was cold enough for ice to form. We may judge that Mower's men had a cold bath.

The next morning our corps moved a mile or two further down the river and prepared for crossing. Some pontoons were put in place, but there were not enough. The bridge was pieced out with a few old scow-boats that were found along the stream—and still it was too short. But we went to the end of the bridge, jumped in and waded several rods, coming out into a long stretch of open marsh that bordered the river and reached up to Orangeburg, about two miles away. Our regiment was in the advance. Some of the companies were deployed as skirmishers, and the others, among them Company E, followed in line of battle to support the skirmish line.

Our skirmishers drove the Rebels up the long meadow until they backed up the high sand bank at the further end. We climbed the bank after them and found ourselves in the edge of the pretty village of Orangeburg. Here we had a lively race with the Johnnies. Many of the Rebs had already left the place, and a train of cars stood at the depot awaiting those retreating skirmishers. They ran for the train as if their watches had been a little slow and they were afraid they were behind time. The most of them caught on, but ninety of them got left and became our most unwilling guests.

We took up our quarters in the Court House square and had a very pleasant camping ground until the next morning. We had not got settled before we noticed fire in the roof of the principal store of the village. We were at a loss to know how it could have come there. Some of the citizens told us the store was owned by an old Jew, and that he had said if the Yankees should capture the town he would set fire to his store; he had done it. But this was not all; it was a windy day, and the fire spread to other buildings causing, in spite of all we could do, a general conflagration.

Our company was on patrol guard, and we spent much of the afternoon marching about the streets to see that order was preserved; the rest of the time we fought fire to keep it out of the dwelling houses. While we were patrolling the streets, a young lady came out of a house crying and wringing her hands, saying that her grandma was very sick and that the fires were sure to get into their house in a short time. She begged of Lieutenant Kinney that he would help in some way to get her out of danger. Kinney was moved by the pathetic appeal and assured her that he would report the case and have it attended to.

Dan Gillispie does not forget Orangeburg. He undertook to pass along a street lined with burning houses.* He did not think it would be very hot, but, before he got through, one hand and one side of his face were badly burned. He can

*Dan was carrying some honey to John Griffin, who was sick at the Court House square.



D. C. GILLISPIE,
COMPANY E.

show the scars to this day, and they bear silent testimony to no little suffering.

While we were charging into town and chasing the Rebels down the street toward the depot, we made no little noise, for every last Yankee of us was yelling like a Comanche Indian. We passed a house where half-a-dozen ladies looked down upon us from a balcony. Some of them seemed amused, but one black-haired maiden shook her little fist at us in an agony of rage. Our boys shouted as they cantered by, "Oh, you dear darlings, where are those fellows of yours. We want to see them." Her black eyes fairly flashed as she spit out between her teeth, "You'll find them! You'll find them, you will! They are waiting for you and they'll make you sorry you ever came into this state! You'll find them, yes, you'll find them, and sooner than you want to!" As we went out of hearing she was walking back and forth gesticulating with her pretty hand, stamping her little foot, and using her sharp tongue as only an angry Southern girl can do.

Just after getting settled in the Court House square, one of the Warren boys of Company H, ran up into the building and found a large Rebel flag. He felt rather proud of his capture as he hung it upside down out of an upper window.

That night we did guard duty about town. The next morning, while making preparations to resume our march, we discovered a bit of smoke curling up from the roof of the fine Court House. No one knew how fire got up there, but all the same it was there, and making lively progress. Soon the whole roof was ablaze. Then a rumor got afloat that there was in one of the upper rooms a large bomb-shell, and that when it burst it might cause a tragedy among us. We had had too much experience with shells to care much about this one, yet we could not help thinking about it. The citizens, however, were very anxious about the matter.

All suspense was soon ended by what was to us a very familiar *bang!* No damage was done, but there was something of a shower of hot bricks and fire-brands that lasted several seconds. The shell was one the Yankees had fired at

the rebellion somewhere, I believe, and, as it had not exploded, was preserved as a souvenir.

From Orangeburg we moved directly toward Columbia, thirty miles north, the capital of the state. We found the country to be higher than that we had already marched over, and gently undulating. We greatly enjoyed the drier roads and the better opportunities for foraging.

The belt of land along the Atlantic in that latitude may be roughly divided into three narrower belts. From the coast back about a hundred miles it is a flat, sandy plain, covered with a heavy growth of pines. The banks of the rivers and creeks are low, and the water, during a freshet, covers the low land on each side from a few rods to a mile or more from the stream; this overflow is generally from a few inches in depth to three, or even four, feet along the larger streams. The approaches to the creeks could not well be bridged, and so we waded in. By the time we had waded half-a-dozen such floods in any one day in that January and February weather, we felt chilly and our legs ached; and a lot of us haven't got over the leg-ache yet. Yes, we rejoiced in having dry roads.

On the 16th of February we came to the banks of the Congaree river opposite Columbia. A day or two before this, Lieutenant Colonel Strong had sent us word that it had been found that our Captain Gillispie was still living, and that he was in a Rebel prison at Columbia. This news created no small stir in our company, for the last we knew of our lost captain was at Atlanta, the 21st of the preceding July, when he led us into the charge upon Bald Hill. For seven months we had thought of him as dead, yet we *hoped* to hear of his being still alive. And now that our hope was realized we rejoiced most heartily. We wished the prisoners in Columbia might be taken with the city, but they were not; they had been hurried away to some other place of security. After this, however, we had a good hope of seeing him again, and we talked a great deal about him.

While bivouacked on the 17th opposite Columbia, there

was a very heavy wind from the west. A mile from us to the windward, the 20th Corps was in camp. A fire started by them in the great piles of dry leaves lying among the bushes, came towards us at a fearful rate, and with scarcely any warning. The boys who happened to be at hand rushed for their guns, knapsacks, etc., and beat a hasty retreat across a sandy road just east of us. They also dragged away the baggage belonging to some of the fellows who were not there to care for their own things; but, after the fire had passed by, the ground where the regiment had been was pretty well strewn with burning knapsacks, blackened guns, etc. This was a small fire, however, to what we were to see before morning.

Along toward night we fell in for the march across the river to the city, which by this time had been taken. The first troops to enter the city were those of General Wood's division of Logan's 15th Corps, and that was in the early part of the day.

It was a custom to give the honor of capturing a place to that body of troops who first planted their colors there. This the 15th Corps men did, but they said some of the bummers of our 17th Corps stole their flag and put up one of ours in its place. Thus it was that our Corps for a time enjoyed the credit of capturing Columbia.

When we crossed the pontoon bridge across the river, just below the union of the Broad and the Saluda, the wind was blowing a gale; it was hard work to bear up against it as we marched. This wind, as we shall soon see, was a fatal one for South Carolinas beautiful capitol city.

A little before dark we went into camp just to the north-west of the city. By the time we had our supper eaten, there was a terrible conflagration raging in town. There has been much controversy as to the origin of this fire. General Wade Hampton, whose home was at Columbia, and who commanded the Rebel forces last to flee from the city, charges the burning of the place upon General Sherman and

his men; but Sherman declares that the Confederates burned their own city.

The facts in the case seem to be about as follows: There was much cotton in Columbia, and the Rebels did not at all like to have it fall into the hands of our government. In order to prevent its doing so, they had strewn the cotton bales about, cut the bands, and set the cotton on fire. They then fled, leaving the fire to be blown about by the high winds. Tufts of burning cotton were carried hither and thither, setting houses on fire.

As soon as our men got into the city, they helped the citizens to put out the fire, as far as possible, and to keep it from spreading. Toward night the increasing winds scattered the smouldering cotton and thus fresh fires were begun, and, in spite of all that could be done, the conflagration swept away the greater portion of the city. Under the direction of Generals Sherman, Howard, Logan and others, our soldiers fought the flames all night long, but it was not before four o'clock in the morning that they were got under control.

I do not mean to say that none of our men set fire to anything,—I do not know whether they did or not. But we all knew at the time that the Rebels set the cotton on fire, and that the burning cotton scattered by the winds spread destruction on every hand; and we know, too, that under our generals great efforts were made by our men to stay the flames. It is said that two or three hundred Union prisoners who escaped from the prison pens at Columbia, took this opportunity to wreak vengeance upon the people for the cruel treatment they had received. I do not know about this.

But it is certain that we had no love for the rebellious little state of South Carolina as a whole: We never thought much of that little Nullification freak of hers; and we had not had time to forget her activity in beginning the little row that called us down there. We regarded her as a not very pleasant member of Uncle Sam's family, and we'd just as lief see her metaphorically spanked as not. Perhaps some of our men felt that they would like to have a hand in the business.

Anyhow, we lived in the midst of fire and smoke all the time we were in the state. Dearly did Sister Caroline pay for her treason.

Of all places in the state, we felt a special spite against Charleston and Columbia. While it was at Charleston that our flag was first fired upon, it was at Columbia that the first secession ordinance was passed. That night while the city was in flames some of our men who were partly under the influence of liquor, would whoop and yell, and say, "This is the nest where the first secession egg was hatched! *Let 'er burn!*" I heard a rollicking young fellow, who seemed to be in a hilarious mood, asking an old gentleman whose store was going up in smoke, "Say, did you and your folks think of this when you hurrahed for secession before the war? How do you like it, hey?" And much more of the same import.

The general feeling of the North toward South Carolina, especially Charleston, is shown in Halleck's suggestion to Sherman: "Should you capture Charleston, I hope that by *some* accident the place may be destroyed; and if a little salt should be sown upon its site, it may prevent the growth of future crops of nullification and secession."

In answer to this sentiment, Sherman replied: "I will bear in mind your suggestion as to Charleston, and don't think 'salt' will be necessary. * * * The whole army is burning with an insatiable desire to wreak vengeance on South Carolina. I almost tremble for her fate, but feel that she deserves all that is in store for her. Many and many a person in Georgia asked me why we did not go to South Carolina, and when I answered that I was *en route* for that state, the invariable reply was, 'Well, if you will make those people feel the severities of war, we will pardon you for the desolation of Georgia.'"

I think that both Georgia and North Carolina felt that the rebellious little state between them needed a practical demonstration of what *war* in a country *means*. She got it.

But when we marched into the beautiful capital city of South Carolina, it was to *fight* fires rather than *build* them;

and we did what we could for the unfortunate people. Sherman ordered rations issued to those who were rendered homeless, and even fed some of them from his own table.

As to Charleston, we did not go there; there was no need of it. Hardee knew it was useless to attempt to hold it after the road was cut at Branchville, and so on this very 17th day of February, while Columbia was burning, he evacuated the city. We heard of it a week later. When Charleston was occupied by our troops it suffered no devastation. But years ward, when it was shaken up by a destructive earthquake, and the people left houseless and without food, the folks in the North willingly and gladly helped to supply them with the necessities of life. Even the G. A. R.—men who were in Sherman's devastating army—took special pains to send relief to Charleston; and they did not cease sending supplies until their Southern brethren shouted "Hold! it is enough!"

After getting into camp near Columbia, on the night of February 17th, and having supper, a number of us slipped out of camp in the darkness and went down town. It would take pages to describe what we saw there, and so I shall not undertake to do so. Long rows of business blocks were rapidly being devoured by the hungry flames. The long, forked tongues reached out in every direction, and lapped up business house and dwelling, church and school, alike. The utter blackness of the great rolling clouds of thick smoke overhead only made the scene of destruction more vivid. The roaring of the flames as they were beaten about by the fierce night winds, the falling of brick and stone and burning timbers, and the yells of thousands of men along the streets, combined in making one great and awful picture of pandemonium.

Liquor in abundance was found, and it contributed largely to the general effect.

When all sorts of merchandise was only fuel to the flames, it was scarcely theft for our men to carry away what they could of it; and the most of the boys improved their oppor-

tunity. We found many things we needed,—shoes, clothing, towels, meat, tea, coffee, etc., etc.

Getting back to camp about ten o'clock, I found the most of our company in bed; but a few were still awake and sitting by the camp fires. I recollect that a certain pack-mule had failed, thus far, to put in an appearance, and that, in consequence, somebody had no bedding; that three or four of the boys, in order to kill time, went down town; that they came back feeling that "United we stand, divided we fall;" that one of them, finding that the pack-mule had not yet come, declared that he'd never sleep under blankets that another man had carried all day; that he did at last, after much persuasion, allow himself to be covered with straw; and that he went off into the "land of Nod" as if he meant to settle there. There is more that might be told right there if I could only recall it all; but I guess my memory is not good just now. Yet, I suspect Will Vincent might tell the story of the little brown jug with the broken handle,—the little jug that "googled;" and about the hams, and the soap, and the linen articles that had much the appearance of *towels*, yet lacked the fringe, but which, for all that, answered the purpose of towels pretty well.

The next morning a part of the company were up bright and early,—others did not waken so easily. But when the orders "Pack up!" and "Fall in!" came ringing from the Colonel's head-quarters, all were ready to move out. We marched down through the smouldering, smoking ruins of the beautiful city of two days before. It was a sad sight.

We took the road alongside the railroad leading north-ward by way of Winnsborough into North Carolina. We spent the day tearing up the track. This destruction of railroads came to be a skilled labor with us and we came to be adepts at the business. We used to pry up the tracks, put blocks under the rails, and then pound the ties until the spikes came out. The ties were pitch pine timber and would burn fiercely. We piled these about four feet high in square heaps on the road-bed. We then laid the rails across the top and set the

ties on fire. When the rails were red hot in the middle, both ends bent down to the ground. These ends were seized by several men, the rail was dragged to a tree near by and bent two or three times around the tree. It was then pushed down to the ground and another bent around above it; and then another and another. It was a queer sight,—trees all along the track encircled by railroad iron, the ends sticking out in forty different directions, and the road-bed littered with ashes and charcoal.

During our Carolina march, a Wisconsin man, I think it was Robert Longstaff, Co. A, 14th Wisconsin, designed a sort of cant-hook, which, in the hands of a man at each end of the rail, pushing in opposite directions, easily twisted the hot part of it into the shape of a huge auger. This method did the rail still greater damage, and in less time.

In all this hard work no two men in the company did more than our lieutenants, Kinney and Griffin. Although he was our commander, Lieutenant Kinney could not forego the pleasure of using the axe and the hand-spike. When there was anything to be done requiring extra strength, he wanted to do it. He did not set his men to work, he went to work himself—and they vied with him in doing their best. He was our *leader* more than our *commander*. And Griffin possessed the same spirit. “Mike” was a big man at work everywhere, even if he hadn’t much influence on the hay scales. And the same thing may be said of our Orderly Sergeant Dyer. It would not be easy to find three better soldiers than they were. Changing the *chevron* for the shoulder-strap did not spoil them as it did some fellows. They never gave us to understand that it was our business to address them as “Captain” or “Lieutenant,” and to touch our hats as they passed; they were “Alf” and “Mike” and “Hank” to us as much as before. They wore no insignia of rank, even, and they mingled with us in the same free and easy manner as when they belonged in the ranks.

If some martinet who loves a bit of authority should read this, he will, perhaps, smile at the habits of our excellent

officers, and say we had no discipline. But we were never under a better state of discipline than at that time. Every duty in our hard service was performed promptly and cheerfully. If ever a company ever could be said to enjoy a "home life" on a thousand-mile march, we enjoyed it then.

I said in the beginning of this sketch that our company was composed of men easy to control,—that a certain lieutenant declared that it was no trick at all to command Co. E. But before this march began a mixed lot of new recruits joined us, and, since fourteen of our original company had been discharged as non-veterans, only a few who left Delton with the company were still with us. I suppose there were not twenty-five. The *personnel* of the company was quite changed; but none of our new men; whether volunteers, substitutes or drafted men, made any trouble. All were faithful under our liberal government. Hence, I conclude that it was tact, management, good sense, on the part of our officers that maintained such excellent discipline with so little show of authority.

It is well worth the effort of all who would like to control human action, to study the secret of such easy, natural management as secures obedience without making much fuss about it.

We followed up the railroad as far as Winnsborough, thirty-five miles, leaving it of no use to the Confederacy. There we left the road and marched toward the north-east, in the direction of Cheraw. Before we leave the railroad altogether, I must speak of a little incident concerning Kinney that was quite amusing at the time. Somewhere between Columbia and Winnsborough we had stacked our arms near an old mill, while we tore up the adjacent track. By some means the mill got on fire. It was a pitch-pine structure, and burned fiercely, sending sparks and cinders in every direction. We rushed for our guns and knapsacks, some of them being pretty badly scorched before we got them.

Now, it must be recorded that Lieutenant Kinney had indulged himself in an officer's hat since he had got his com-

mission, that was quite a stunner; it was a fine affair, but it was his only departure from the same sort of dress the rest of us wore. Kinney took a pardonable pride in this new tile, and bore it on his ample head with much of soldierly dignity, as well as satisfaction.

Well, after we had shouldered arms and marched away from that burning mill, Kinney had a slight suspicion that his head itched in an out-of-the-way corner of his hat. He believed his head uninhabited, however, and took no pains to investigate. It itched a little harder, still Kinney thought such a trifle unworthy his attention. All at once, however, he cavorted into the air, grabbed his head with both hands, and said something that I cannot spell—and he said it *loud*. We feared that his service had been too hard for him, and that he had been suddenly bereft of his reason—or that he had got a bumble-bee in his hair. After some time he became quieter, and then found two or three big holes burned in his hat. Two or three sparks had alighted thereon as we marched away from the mill, and they had been quietly, yet surely, getting in their work. First they burned a little—enough to make his head itch—then the fire got a little closer, and, finally, when his scalp began to *sizzle*, the lieutenant got a move on him that astonished us. He seemed to care less for the burns than for the holes in his hat.

It was on Washington's Birthday that we passed through Winnsborough. The next day we reached the Wateree river. We bivouacked in an old field adjoining the swampy land skirting the river. While there, a negro came to us with the news that Charleston had been evacuated. As has already been said, Hardee abandoned the place February 17th, Toward night a picket line was established, with the expectation that we should stay all night, but after dark—as dark a night as I ever saw—our pickets were recalled and the line advanced. The difficulties of getting through that swamp to the river can not be understood by one who was never on a march through such a place in a pitch-dark night. But they may be imagined when I say that, though the distance was

less than three miles, our company did not get across the bridge until after daylight the next morning. One of the uncomfortable circumstances of the occasion was the deluge of rain that set in at dark and continued at intervals during the night.

Somewhere I must tell about the pontoons and how we used them in crossing the many rivers flowing across our line of march ; I may as well do that here.

A pontoon is a boat on which to build a bridge. We had two kinds,—the rubber and the canvas pontoons. The first consisted of three long rubber bags fastened side by side. In the end of each bag there was a hole stopped up with a screw plug. This plug was taken out, the nozzle of a small bellows inserted, and the bag blown full of air. These bags, I said, were made of rubber—rather, they were made of heavy canvas and coated with rubber. When thus inflated, they were about fourteen feet long and fifteen inches in diameter. These were thrown upon the water, placed side by side across the stream, stayed with guy-ropes, and the bridge was built upon them of planks fitted for the purpose and drawn along on our wagons.

The other sort of pontoon was a stout wooden frame as deep and wide as a wagon-box, but longer, and covered, when to be used, with stout canvas cloth, making a cloth boat. These boats were placed side by side after the manner of the rubber bags, and the bridge planks laid upon them. One might think these cloth boats would leak, but when once wet very little water soaked through them. Small pumps were used to keep them quite clear of water.

Our pontoon bridges were not quite so solid as an iron one, and, when a heavy load drawn by six mules came down the bank upon one of them, it was inclined to rock and bounce about right lively. This motion caused the mules to shy this way and that, push against each other, and dance various figures all the way across.

We boys had need of much caution to keep *our* legs under

us and not become sea-sick. I can hardly tell which was the more amusing—to see a six-mule team prance along over a rubber pontoon bridge or watch our old German comrade “Shaufnookel” waltz across.

Sometimes it happened that a mule driver let his team and wagon get just a little too close to one edge of a bridge, when down that side would sink, and up the other side would tip, toppling mules, wagon, teamster, load and all over into the river. There was just such a tip-over as this from the bridge across the Wateree that night while we were waiting to get across. The wagon was loaded with hard-tack, and we went down and dipped it up, soaked as it was in the muddy water, and ate it in order to eke out our rations.

It took a teamster of pretty good nerve, successfully to steer a six-mule team and a heavily loaded army wagon across a pontoon bridge in a dark, rainy, windy night.

When the rear guard had got across the river, the pontoons and planks were quickly taken up, placed on the wagon and sent forward with the rest of the train. We were well supplied with bridge material, the 15th Corps having about 1000 feet, and our Corps about 500 feet; and so not many streams were wide enough to hinder us more than three or four hours.

Our boys felt, after coming to a halt that morning, that a half a day of rest would come very acceptable to them; but after half an hour for breakfast, they had to move on with the the column, and we did not go into camp until late that night. The sky had cleared, however, and, although the roads were muddy, we got on pretty well.

Much of the road all along our march had to be corduroyed. Where fences were at hand, the rails were carried into the road; at other places our pioneers felled the trees by the wayside, and carried in the logs. Often our mules would get their legs down between the logs and could not get out. This would stop the whole train, and if nothing else could be done the poor mule would be shot and dragged out, and another put in his place. Ever so many faithful animals were thus mustered out of service.

It was about the first day of March that we went into camp near Cheraw. The weather was dark, cloudy and gloomy, and the roads were tramped and shaken into a jelly. We remained in camp there about three days; we were on short rations, as the country was wretchedly poor. Something occurred at this place that must have a paragraph by itself.

The people along our route had begun to *murder* our foragers; that is, after having fairly captured them, they had cut their throats. Gen. Kilpatrick, on the 22d of February, had reported to General Sherman that Wade Hampton's cavalry had murdered eighteen of his men, and had left them in the road with labels upon them threatening a similar fate to all foragers. Sherman told Kilpatrick that his only alternative was to retaliate man for man at once.

He also wrote, on February 24, to General Wade Hampton:

"It is officially reported to me that our foraging parties are murdered after being captured, and labeled 'death to all foragers;' one instance of a lieutenant and seven men near Chesterfield, and another of twenty 'near a ravine eighty rods from the main road' about three miles from Fosterville. I have ordered a similar number of prisoners in our hands to be disposed of in like manner.

"I hold about 1,000 prisoners captured in various ways, and can stand it about as long as you, but I hardly think these murders are committed with your knowledge, and would suggest that you give notice to the people at large that every life taken by them results in the death of one of your Confederates.

"Of course you cannot question my right to 'forage on the country.' It is a war right as old as history. The manner of exercising it varies with circumstances, and if the civil authorities will supply my requisitions, I will forbid all foraging. But I find no civil authorities who can respond to calls for forage and provisions, therefore must collect directly from the people. I have no doubt this is the occasion of much misbehavior on the part of our men, but I cannot permit an enemy to judge, and punish with wholesale murder.

“Personally, I regret the bitter feelings engendered by this struggle, but they are to be expected, and I simply allege that those who struck the first blow and made war inevitable, ought not in fairness to reproach us for the natural consequences. I merely assert our ‘war right’ to forage, and my resolve to protect my foragers life for life.”

The above letter to Wade Hampton we afterwards read in a Rebel paper, and with it an answer from Hampton saying he would put to death two of the Union prisoners he held for every Rebel that Sherman should shoot in retaliation for the murdered men. All the same, General Sherman had his orders executed promptly—and that was the last of the matter. Wade Hampton backed down, and we had no more foragers murdered.

One man of our own brigade was found murdered, a member of the 31st Illinois, and the members of his company were directed to attend to the execution of one of the Rebel prisoners held by our division. It was at our camp near Cheraw where this man was shot in retaliation. As I recall the matter, the prisoners were asked how many wished to be exchanged for the purpose of renewing their service against the Union cause, and also how many would prefer not to fight any more against the old flag. In answer to this question they separated into two groups. Among those who wished to return to their regiments, the lot was cast; it fell upon an old man who said he had, living near that place, a large family. It seemed sad to all of us that his life must be taken for such a purpose; but we did not know what else could be done. War is a stern business, anyhow, and it often calls for severe measures. I cannot undertake to say whether or not retaliation is the best thing to be done in such cases.

It was on the second day of March that this old man was brought down into a ravine between our camp and that of the 31st Illinois, for execution. The 31st was formed in hollow square, and he, with the six men who were detailed to fire the fatal shots, and the necessary officials, was brought inside. Everything was done quietly and in order. After

all preliminary arrangements, the old man was blind-folded, placed with his back to a pine tree, and given a handkerchief to drop as a signal to the firing party. When all was ready, there were a few seconds of death-like stillness and suspense, every eye being riveted on the handkerchief in the old man's fingers; it fluttered to the ground—"Fire!" said the officer—and, as the smoke floated away among the tall pines, our boys looked with sadness and sympathy upon the bleeding corpse of a brave old man who had met death unflinchingly and heroically for the crime of another man.

All of our men who spoke their sentiments concerning the matter said that if, while the old man was holding the handkerchief to drop as a signal for his own death, he had bounded away into the forest, they'd never have run a step to catch him.

As is usual in such cases, only five guns of the six were loaded; and so no one of those six men *knew* that his shot was one of the fatal ones.

I have said that the weather at this time was gloomy, and this retaliation episode added to the dark weather makes this camp near Cheraw seem the most unpleasant of any I can remember.

We passed through Cheraw March 3d. After leaving Charleston, Hardee had made great haste to get away on the only railroad open to him; and this extended northward to Cheraw. He just barely escaped us here, and crossed the Pedee river before us, burning the bridge. When his army left Charleston, much of the artillery ammunition and other stores were sent to Cheraw. And so, when we entered the place we found 24 cannon, 2,000 muskets and 3,600 barrels of gunpowder.

In the meantime, the Confederate authorities could see that, as General Lee said, "Sherman was having everything his own way." They were making every effort to concentrate against Sherman. Their only hope was to bring together in his front an army strong enough to crush him—something as Thomas had served Hood at Nashville. But the trouble with

them all was, they did not know where Sherman intended to go, and so did not know where to combine their forces, if so be they were able to do so. They are said to have remarked that if the devil had Sherman in hell he'd flank his satanic majesty and get into heaven in spite of the old fellow.

In this their day of calamity they did not know how to avoid asking the old veteran Joseph E. Johnston, whom Jeff Davis had removed at Atlanta in favor of Hood, to take the command against Sherman. We knew pretty well when he took Beauregard's place in the Carolinas that thereafter there was something for us to do in order to get to Richmond.

After leaving Cheraw, although the weather was wet and the marching bad, there was an abundance of provisions to be got. We stuffed our stomachs to make up for previous fasting, and I'm much afraid they've never forgiven us for such immoderate feeding. Our next objective point was to be Goldsborough, North Carolina, sixty miles south-east of Raleigh. We crossed the Great Pedee March 4th, passed through Bennettville on the 6th, and on the 8th crossed into North Carolina.

It was about this time that Sherman, believing that Wilmington must be taken—it was evacuated Feb. 22d—sent dispatches by secret couriers to Schofield that we might be expected at Fayetteville in a few days; that a boat ought to be sent up the Cape Fear river; that he expected to meet Schofield at Goldsborough; that he (Sherman) was progressing finely, barring rains and difficult roads, which might detain him about Fayetteville; that in such a case he would "Like to have some bread, coffee and sugar;" that he expected to be at Goldsborough by March 20th.

After getting into North Carolina very little was burned along the way. We all felt that the state was about half loyal—quite in contrast to her little sister. There was a vast difference in the way our army treated the two states.

On the 11th of March we reached Fayetteville. There is something interesting about its capture. As we approached the place several hundred mounted bummers and foragers

were in advance of the main army. If I mistake not, General Howard and some other prominent officers were in the crowd, being possessed of something of a free and easy spirit. I have heard they were there. Anyhow, the bummers dashed gallantly into town, chased out the enemy and held possession till the main army came up.

The two scouts who had been sent with Sherman's message to Schofield at Wilmington had got through, and the tug-boat Donaldson was sent up to communicate with us. The whistle of the little steamer raised a great shout in the camp, and we fairly feasted our eyes upon her. The officers got full news from the outside world, but we boys did not hear much in the way of detail. Some mail was sent out to tell the world what we were doing. We had left Pocotaligo on the 1st of February, and had now been six weeks in complete ignorance of everything in the universe excepting our own doings. No one who has not had a like experience can appreciate our anxiety to hear the latest news; especially, we wanted to hear from our homes.

What would an army of women have done in such a dearth of news?

Darrow is authority for the statement that the Donaldson brought up *oats*, *corn* and *hay*, instead of "bread, sugar and coffee," as Sherman ordered, and that he ordered the forage thrown into the river and the boats loaded with cotton for the return trip. This shows that we could quite depend upon the country for horse feed.

The Donaldson conveyed news to Schofield and Terry that we should leave Fayetteville on the 15th for Goldsborough, and they were ordered to proceed at once to the same point. Goldsborough is about fifty miles north-east of Fayetteville.

I said we got some news brought up by the Donaldson. We also got some newspapers at Fayetteville. As soon as we settled in camp there, some of our boys made for town. Running around here and there, they got into a vacant printing office. They did not know much about the art preservative, but they did manage to find out that the "form" on the

press was for that day's paper. They were not slow to see that there was a chance for the latest Rebel news. They found a pile of blank paper, put it sheet by sheet on the type and turned out several copies of the latest daily. Jim Horsington struck off one of them and brought it to camp. It was a wonderful specimen of printing,—or *daubing*,—but we managed to read it, and never was a paper more sought after than that. It was from that sheet that we read Sherman and Hampton's correspondence about the matter of retaliation.

On the 15th we were off for Goldsborough. By this time all semblance of winter was gone,—peach and plum trees being in blossom and the weather warm. During the winter we had seen snow but twice, and then only a few flakes that melted on touching the ground. But the cold winter rains had been very disagreeable. Sherman declares that no other body of men would have made the march at such a time; but I suspect that any other Union army with either Sherman or Grant for a leader would have done so.

Sherman knew that General Johnston was rapidly concentrating the Rebel army and that we should soon meet him somewhere. But he hoped to get to Goldsborough first, and then unite his forces with those of Schofield and Terry. If he could do that, there was no danger from Johnston; and if he should meet Johnston's army and defeat it, he felt that the way would then be open for him to reach Richmond and help strike the last great blow of the war. He estimated that Johnston had about 35,000 men at Raleigh.

Lee, at Richmond, was not feeling very hopeful in those days. He said, "Hundreds of men are deserting nightly and I cannot keep the army together unless examples are made of such cases. I am convinced that it proceeds from the discouraging sentiment out of the army, which, unless it can be changed, will bring us to calamity. I regret to say that the greatest number of desertions have taken place among the North Carolina troops, who have fought as bravely as any soldiers in the army."

Johnston did not mean that we should unite with Schofield

if he could help it, and so he bore down upon us, Hardee fighting Slocum at Averysboro' on the 16th, and being defeated, and Johnston himself appearing in Howard's front at Bentonville on the 19th. After some sharp fighting with the 15th Corps, he retreated to Smithfield, toward Raleigh. Our entire loss was about 1,600, Johnston's 3,000. Our Corps was in the battle, but not where the severe fighting was done. Our regiment, had, I think, only two wounded here,—John Ducey, of Company A, who died two or three days later, and Matthias Feldhausen, Company H, now of Bayfield, Wis.

After this battle our Corps swung around to the Neuse river and connected with General Terry's troops from Wilmington. General Schofield entered Goldsborough on the 21st, and by the 23d or 24th Sherman's and Schofield's armies were encamped at Goldsborough—100,000 men.

If ever our position in the Carolinas was at all critical, it was after Johnston had been put in command of all the forces in those states and began to concentrate them against us. Our success was then to be assured by meeting Schofield and Terry at Goldsborough. The battles of Averysboro' and Bentonville were Johnston's protests against this meeting, but we got there all the same, and we *whooped* and *hurrahed*.

And weren't we justified in doing so? We had just completed one of the longest and most important marches ever made by any organized army. We had gone through four hundred and twenty-five miles of hostile country flooded with water and traversed by several large rivers. Important cities had been captured, and the evacuation of others compelled. Important railroads had been broken up and an immense amount of military property destroyed. A strip of country forty miles wide had been devastated, and the Southerners taught the horrors of war. Fifty days of mid-winter had been spent in marching, and only ten in resting; yet the army and teams were in splendid condition for service. There was a universal sentiment among our troops that we could not be beaten; hence, whatever we undertook we *expected*

to accomplish—did not regard any other result as at all probable.

In connection with what Schofield and Terry had done, the whole sea-coast from Savannah to Newbern had been taken in sixty days, and there was, for immediate future work, an army at Goldsborough, in splendid condition, of 100,000 men. Better than all this, we could begin to see the end of the war not far off. We were in a position to operate with General Grant,—the object in view when Sherman planned his “March to the Sea.”

Oh, the mail we got at Goldsborough!—the first that had reached us since leaving Pocotaligo, February 1,—fifty-two days before. Never was news from home more welcome. Some of the boys had dozens, *scores* of letters—and a veritable *love-feast*!

I have said that our army was in splendid condition. So it was; but it is to be doubted whether there was ever a raggeder or a dirtier one. Our clothing was tattered, and our faces begrimed with smoke; and I suspect that our manners corresponded somewhat with our appearance; we neither used elegant language nor ate our bean soup with a fork. It is said that orders were issued to Schofield’s men not to make sport of us because of our appearance. If this be true, it was certainly very kind and thoughtful of Schofield; but his men might have sneered their noses off for all we cared—we had other business to take our attention.

But, a few days after reaching Goldsborough, we drew a good supply of clothing. We scrubbed ourselves with soap and water and shaved, coming out as good looking as Schofield’s boys. We remained in camp there a little more than three weeks, leaving for Raleigh on the 10th of April.

I must here mention our Corps Badges. Each Corps had a distinctive badge by means of which its members might be known. The 20th Corps had for its badge a Star; the 14th, an Acorn; the 15th, a Cartridge-box marked “40 Rounds;” the 17th—our Corps—an Arrow.

Comrade Truell has kindly sent me a copy of the original order naming our badge. It is as follows:

HEADQUARTERS 17TH ARMY CORPS.

GOLDSBOROUGH, N. C., March 25, 1865.

General Orders, }
No. 1. }

The Badge now used by the Corps being similar to the one formerly adopted by another Corps, the Major-General Commanding has concluded to adopt as a distinguishing badge for this Command, *An Arrow*.

In its swiftness, in its severity of striking when wanted, and in its destructive power when so intended, it is probably as emblematical of this Corps as any design that could be adopted. The Arrow for Divisions will be (2) two inches long, and for Corps Headquarters one and one-half inches.

The 1st Division Arrow will be red, the 3d Division white, the 4th Division blue, the 9th Ills. Mtd. Infy. same as 4th Division, and for Corps Headquarters it will be of Gold or any metal gilt.

The Badge will be worn on the hat or cap.

It is expected that every officer and man in the command will, as soon as practicable, assume his badge.

The wagons and ambulances will be marked with the badge of their respective commands,—the arrow being twelve inches long.

By Command of MAJOR GENERAL F. P. BLAIR:

Sgd: C. CADLE, JR.,

A. A. Gen'l.

As we belonged to the 3d Division, we wore the white arrow. The wearing of the Corps Badge was never made obligatory, yet men took great pride in wearing it. At the time the order was issued there were no opportunities of getting them, but many of the boys were ingenious, and with a few simple tools they changed silver dimes into arrows.

I should, perhaps, have spoken before this of the skill of soldiers in making various bits of jewelry. Camp life often

became very monotonous, and any harmless employment that served to pass the time pleasantly was a blessing. A common way of using up time was making rings, watch-charms and other ornaments out of gutta percha, horn, choice kinds of wood, and such shells as were to be found in the rivers we crossed. The skill and taste some of the boys manifested were surprising. Many a fellow sent his wife or sister, or best girl, highly polished rings or breast-pins, set with silver or pearl stars, crosses or hearts, and I suspect that not a few of the little tokens are still in existence, and are prized above rubies or diamonds; for in many cases the hands that fashioned them were never again permitted to clasp the fair fingers that wore the dainty rings or fastened over throbbing hearts the dainty breast-pins into which so much of honest love had been wrought.

Our health since leaving Savannah had been, on the whole, good—never better. The only loss to our company since leaving Savannah, a period of four months of as hard service as we ever saw, was the death of Joshua L. Boyd, April 9th, at David's Island, N. Y., and of Amund Amundson, February 1st, at Savannah. Both of these were new recruits.

There is little to record of our stay at Goldsborough. We rested faithfully and did the routine duties of camp life.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE END OF THE WAR.

ON the 28th of March, General Sherman met Grant and President Lincoln at City Point, near Richmond. It was there planned that Sherman should march on to Richmond. Up to this time Grant had not desired Lee to leave Richmond, for, had he been able to unite his forces with those of Johnston by a quick march before Schofield and Terry joined us, our army might have been made to suffer a crushing defeat. But that crisis was passed, and so Grant was ready to push matters at Richmond. He did so by a series of brilliant operations that caused Lee, on the night of April 2, to abandon the Rebel Capital—the prize so eagerly sought during the past four years. General Lee fled toward Danville with Grant in hot pursuit.

This news came to us at Goldsborough and caused such rejoicing as I cannot describe. Time and again we had heard the report, "Richmond is taken!" and as often had we shouted ourselves hoarse to show our joy, only to learn later that it was not so. But at this time there seemed no doubt about the matter; it was just what we expected. Two of our boys got their canteens filled for the occasion, and then they proceeded, strangely enough, to empty them. They seemed to have no little fun in doing it. They gave as an excuse for their capers that Richmond was not in the habit of being taken more than half-a-dozen times a year, and that such an occasion was well worth celebrating. They made fun enough for all the rest of the company.

On the 10th of April we filed out of camp toward Raleigh, sixty miles to the north-west. The occasion was quite like a gala-day performance. All the bands of the great army were filling the air with lively music, and the men sang songs and shouted. Two or three of the columns were in sight of one

another for some miles on the roads up the valley of the Neuse, presenting a most enlivening spectacle.

Two or three days out, we heard that Lee had been overtaken and captured. Again we celebrated and hurrahed, though the news seemed too good to be true. But all doubts were soon set aside when we began to meet the soldiers of Lee's late army going home on parole. They strung by us singly and in groups, and acted as if they were glad to go. The war, we could see plainly enough, was nearing an end, and we became anxious that the end should come soon. We had enough to talk about and speculate upon to make the four days between Goldsborough and Raleigh seem very short, and, almost before we knew it, we came out upon the brow of a hill with the beautiful capital of North Carolina only three miles from us, and in plain sight. This was April 13.

Johnston, in the meantime, had moved out of Raleigh, and was in camp near Durham, twenty-five miles north-west from the city. We marched through town and about three miles beyond, where we went into camp for the night.

The next morning it was raining very hard; we were ordered into line, nevertheless, and were soon on the march in the direction Johnston had taken. The rain came down in torrents, and poured in a broad sheet over the brow of a slope we climbed to enter a large open field at the top. Once in the field, we found that a great many regiments were standing there in the rain. We, too, were halted, and took our soaking as patiently as we could.

Soon we discovered a rift in the cloud, and through it a patch of the deep blue sky. We began to cheer, and the shouting very soon became general. We noticed that the troops off at our left seemed crazy with joy and we thought they must take special delight in a bit of blue sky.

Yet the cheering seemed to have some regularity about it. One regiment would break forth into joy, then another, and another. This betokened good news, each regiment cheering as the tidings was announced to them. While we were wondering what could be going forward, Colonel Proudfit rode

out into an open space a little to one side, and beckoned to us. We rushed around him expectant. When we had crowded ourselves into the smallest possible space and got still, the colonel said: "Boys, Johnston has sent in word that he would like to agree upon terms of surrender; and so we have been halted. It is very likely that our chase after General Joe Johnston is at an end."

And then *we shouted*; *we whooped* and *hurrahed* with all our might, and acted our joy to the best of our ability. Surely there was a rift in the cloud.

The rain ceased; the sky cleared; the sun shone out; we went into camp on that very ground; practically, the war was at an end.

General Sherman met Johnston that day under a flag of truce. They arranged for a conference to be held on the 17th, when the details of the proposed surrender were to be agreed upon. This gave us a few days' cessation of hostilities, during which time we rested in camp. The time for which we had so long hoped and prayed seemed just at hand, and we were too happy for the full expression of our joy. We shouted and hurrahed a great deal at the first, but we could not keep that up all the time. So we settled down to a quiet enjoyment of the glad prospect before us. But we could hardly realize the truth of what was coming to pass.

Alas! there seems to be no joy wholly unmixed with grief. That great grief that overspread the nation came to us April 17, '65. Abraham Lincoln, our good president, had been assassinated on the night of the 14th. I can not tell how we were shocked by such sad news. How well I recollect Maurice Macaulay's coming to the company that day and saying, "Boys, there is sad news, terrible news, too bad to be true, it seems to me; President Lincoln has been shot, and is dead!" Maurice looked as if overwhelmed with grief, and my good bunk-mate, Eddy Cole, went by himself, sat down with his head between his hands, and wept honest, manly tears of sorrow. When Johnston was told the sad news that day, even he was grief-stricken; he had felt that the good

president would treat the Confederates magnanimously in their surrender to the United States' authorities. Indeed, there was no one, friend or foe, who was possessed of the common instincts of humanity, that did not truly mourn because of the cruel death of the beloved Abraham Lincoln.

At their meeting on the 17th of April, General Sherman told Johnston that he felt justified in offering him the same terms of surrender that Grant had given Lee. Johnston was satisfied with the terms, but thought some other articles of agreement necessary in order to get his army back to the state where the men belonged, and thus prevent their breaking up there into disorganized mobs of guerrillas. The two generals then made memoranda of several articles of agreement, some of them being of a civil rather than military nature. These memoranda were to be sent to Washington to receive the approval or disapproval of the authorities there. In the meantime a truce was agreed upon, to be ended by either general after forty-eight hours' notice.

These articles of agreement between Sherman and Johnston were read at Washington before the President—Andrew Johnson—and his full cabinet, General Grant also being present. None of them believed Sherman empowered to treat in the least concerning civil matters, and all were opposed to the plans sent up by him.

It may, no doubt, truthfully be said that some present at that meeting were angry because Sherman ever presumed to make any such articles of agreement; and one of them, Stanton, Secretary of War, seemed to become an enemy of the brave and noble general who had rendered such untiring, skilful, heroic service during the four years of war just closing. His criticisms were severe, ungenerous, and entirely uncalled for, and his unkind action in the matter influenced many others not acquainted with the facts in the case almost to doubt the loyalty of the man who had been conducting, for almost a whole year, a campaign against the Rebels that was not only able, brilliant and successful, but one that will live in history when Edwin M. Stanton, his

critic, is quite forgotten. *Shame* upon every man who thus sought to humble General Sherman !

When the plans of Sherman and Johnston had been rejected, General Grant offered to go in person to Raleigh and notify Sherman of the action taken at Washington. Stanton gave him this direction before he started:—"The President desires that you proceed immediately to the headquarters of General Sherman, and direct the operations against the enemy." This would seem to take all authority from Sherman.

At the same time, General Halleck, at Richmond, ordered Generals Meade, Sheridan and Wright to move into Sherman's department, and to pay no regard to either his orders or his truce with Johnston. Also, General Thomas and the generals under him were directed not to obey Sherman. And all this without the gallant commander's knowing anything about it. In the meantime, these orders were published in the papers throughout the North, especially those liking a sensation, and the natural consequence was that everywhere people were asking, "What has Sherman been doing ? Is it possible that he would turn traitor to the government he has striven so nobly to save?"

We did not hear much of this insulting treatment of our loved commander while at Raleigh. Stanton did not take so much pains to publish the matter to him and to us as he did to the rest of the world.

In the meantime we waited, and hoped that the surrender of Johnston would soon become a settled fact. We went into camp in a better place, and soon had everything about us convenient and pleasant. Yet we lived for a few days in a sort of suspense that was not very pleasant. We half feared that affairs would take some turn to set us off on another long campaign. We knew well that, if Johnston should undertake it, he could lead us a lively race clear to the Mississippi. We hoped he would not do so,—did not believe he would—yet we did not *know*.

I must relate just here an incident concerning our old German comrade "Schaufnookel." When we moved out of Goldsborough, on the 10th, he began to straggle early in the day. He saw a column of men moving on a road some distance from camp and, thinking it our Corps, he cut across to save time. Once with those men, he could find none that looked familiar to him, but he kept on, thinking he would find us at night. We missed the old man when we went into camp, but thought he'd fetch up before morning. Morning came, but he did not. We did not see him that day nor the next, nor the next. At length we gave up looking for him. We thought he must have been gobbled up somewhere, or, perhaps, suffered a worse fate—we could not guess what.

After we were settled in camp at Raleigh, we were surprised to see our old man come up the company street. "Oh, Coomp'ny E! Coomp'ny E!" he cried over and over again, the tears rolling down his wrinkled old cheeks. He fairly cried for joy. We began to ply him with questions as to where he had been. "Oh, Swansy Corps! Swansy Corps! Ich mit Swansy Corps fife days, mit Swansy Corps fife days! Oh Coomp'ny E! Coomp'ny E!" We asked what he had to eat. "Oh, Swansy Corps gife me sugar; Swansy Corps gife me coffee; Swansy Corps gife me meat! Oh, Coomp'ny E! Coomp'ny E!" He laughed and cried by turns, and acted as if he were dead in love with those who had so often made sport of him. After this he was pretty careful not to let us get away from him.

On the 24th of April we were ordered out on a grand review in the city. We were considerably surprised to find General Grant sitting by the side of Sherman as we passed the reviewing stand. We wondered why he should be there. We suspected he had come to command further operations against the enemy.

I used to think that my chum, Eddy Cole, could prophesy: it seemed as if when he got to looking wise and serious he was pretty apt to see just what was going to be, especially when he foretold a thing I did not want to have happen.

Well, as we broke ranks after this review, Eddy said, "We've got to march to-morrow, you see if we haven't! General Grant has come here for the purpose of having us move against Johnston, and will himself take command; now you just mark my word."

I did not want to believe in Eddy's prediction, but I'd learned that things were apt to turn out about as he said. And so I expected marching orders; we got them that night.

The next morning saw us taking the road to the northwest. We made pretty good time, stopping at noon to rest about ten miles out of camp. General Johnston had been notified of the close of the truce, and we were once more after him. We did not at all like it, yet there seemed no way to help it. But the place where we stopped was very pleasant, and as we stayed there all the afternoon we got good natured. I recollect that the boys had a sort of concert there, and the way our national songs teased the air was quite a new thing for those regions. I don't know whether Jim Bowman can sing now, but his bass was a caution in war times.

We spent the night in that camp, and the next day we enjoyed ourselves in the same place. There were Rebel soldiers all the time passing down the railroad track toward Raleigh, and our orders were not to disturb them; this seemed very strange to us, but everything was going to show that the war was over, and we did not more than half believe we should ever follow Johnston any farther.

When Sherman had ordered the truce ended, he sent to Johnston this significant note:—"I therefore demand the surrender of your army on the same terms as were given to General Lee at Appomattox, April 9th instant, purely and simply." On the 25th he had received word from Johnston that he would like to meet Sherman at the house of James Bennett, between the two armies, on the 26th. Grant would not go with Sherman, but suggested that he demand of Johnston just what was demanded of Lee. I suspect that had General Grant been like most men, he would have gone and received the surrender of Johnston himself, and would have

taken the glory of it to himself. In this here, as everywhere, may be seen the unselfish motives of the man.

And so it came about that, while we were enjoying life in the leafy woods on that 26th of April, Johnston was really surrendering to Sherman. We knew of the conference they were holding, and awaited in almost breathless suspense the result. The evening came on clear and bright, the moon fairly flooding the woods and fields with light. We sat and discussed the situation. At length we heard the train that had taken Sherman out to the conference; it was returning. It swept by our camp, making the old woods echo and re-echo with its rushing and roaring and puffing.

One of the boys said, "The train will stop at Logan's headquarters, two miles down the road. The result of the conference will be made known there, and, if favorable, we shall know, too, for the boys down there will cheer so that we shall hear them."

We listened. The train was slowing up. It stopped. All was silent. And then — a long and prolonged cheer. A few seconds later, cheers broke out a little nearer to us. There were renewed cheers as the tidings flew toward us from regiment to regiment. We knew well enough what the result of the conference had been, yet we were very anxious to hear of it directly. When the regiment on the opposite side of the ravine from us began to shout as if they were all mouth and lungs, we knew our turn was soon coming. We had scarcely got a good ready for the appropriate expression of our feelings when Lieutenant Kinney came across the ravine saying, "Boys, the thing is all settled, and we are to march back to Raleigh in the morning." And then—but how can I tell it! If there be any mode of expression of joy that we did not employ on that occasion, it is either one we had not yet learned or some new-fangled affair that has been invented since the war. We built a great big fire that threw our shadows out into the moonlight; we chased one another through the bushes; some of the boys who were in bed when the tidings came, got up and joined in the ceremonies in *undress* uniform;

they climbed trees at some risk of scratching their bare shins on the knots ; they shook the branches and played squirrel ; one of them put on his accoutrements and went through the manual of arms ; the old “s — t — t — l drill” originated in Delton, was revived ; — all these things were done after we had shouted ourselves hoarse. When we had got fairly tired out, we went to bed and dreamed of home.

The next morning, April 27th, we marched back to Raleigh. The war was at an end, though there were two smaller armies yet to surrender, those of Kirby Smith, west of the Mississippi river, and Dick Taylor, in Mississippi. These surrendered,—Taylor, May 4, and Smith, May 26th.

All our conversation began to turn on the question of *going home*—when and how ?

We had suffered no loss during the time covered by this chapter, from the 10th to the 27th of April.

I should have mentioned before this that on the 11th of February Kinney had been commissioned First Lieutenant, and Griffin, Second Lieutenant. But they did not get their commissions until later. I think it was at Goldsborough that Griffin yielded the position of Orderly Sergeant to Dyer.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FROM RALEIGH TO WASHINGTON.

I SAID, in closing the preceding chapter, that all our conversation after Johnston's surrender turned upon the *how* and the *when* of our going home. The general sentiment concerning the *when* was — the sooner the better ; as to the *how*— almost any way, so as not to march another mile. With reference to the *when*, our wishes were granted ; for we were started off on the 29th, three days after the surrender, by way of Richmond to Washington ; having been given transportation over the old and reliable Foot and Walkers' line. It goes without saying that we were not pleased with the *how*. But then, as we had our wish in one respect, we did not complain about the other.

We started out from our camp near Raleigh on the afternoon of April 29th ; the next day we began the march in good earnest. We'd never had such a march before. There was no enemy to watch or care for, and no foraging was done. The fires that had followed us on all our marches had gone out, and they were not rekindled. At night we put out only camp guards ; no more picket duty to do. Everything about the march seemed strange—almost unreal. We could hardly take in the fact that we were homeward bound.

It was said, at the time, that Generals Blair and Logan had made a thousand-dollar bet, the money to go to the one who should get his Corps to Petersburg ahead of the other. Because of this strife, we were led on our way as if on a forced march. While on the move, we averaged about twenty miles per day. We did not exactly approve of marching on a bet, yet our anxiety to get home kept us from complaining much of the good time we made.

The Roanoke river flowed across our line of march about half way to Petersburg. Since both Corps had only pontoons

enough combined to bridge this river, it was evident that the Corps first across must be the first in Petersburg, and the one to win the bet. The two roads on which we marched united just before reaching the river. The Corps whose advance first reached the union of these roads was, according to established custom, entitled to cross first. Hence, there was a lively race for that point. When the advance of the 17th got there, Logan and his staff, and a few bummers, had preceded us; but the advance of his leading division did not come up till after our arrival, even though that division had been put in light marching order to beat us.

But we had to stop and give them the right of way. They crowed over us some, and we got cross about it. It took them a full day to get over the river, and during that time we lay in camp.

It was here that we heard in full of the shabby way Secretary Stanton, General Halleck and others had treated Sherman on account of the memoranda of Articles of Agreement between him and Johnston, and which had been sent to Washington for approval or rejection. To say that we were angry, *very* angry, would be putting it rather mild. Every man was thoroughly aroused to indignation;—especially were we moved to this feeling when we read that certain Northern papers were saying that the boys of Sherman's army fairly shed tears because their commander had done such a thing as to pen those Articles of Agreement to send to Washington. That was heaping insult upon injury.

If Stanton, or Halleck, or any stay-at-home editor who was sneering at Sherman, had come into our camp that day he would have found his reception altogether too hot for him. The boys said then that, should one of them happen to call on us, he'd shed tears of bitter regret that he had not kept at a safe distance. But none of them came.

It was May 5th when we crossed the river and continued our march. That day we also crossed the Carolina border and set foot upon the sacred soil of the Old Dominion. A trio of beautiful girls that might fitly represent "The Three

Graces'' stood by the gate in front of a farmhouse near the line, and they were the first Virginians we saw. We did not find their equals in marching from there to Washington.

Quite frequently during our marches pretty girls would come out and look at us as we passed ; and we poor fellows, who had not for months—even years—met a young lady face to face to speak to her, used to feast our eyes on their loveliness. Naturally enough, the line of march would slow up when such beauty was in sight,—the boys, loth to march on, casting lingering glances back over their shoulders so long as any view was possible. This, of course, kept the line slowing up back toward the rear, and made the fellows there wonder what was hindering progress. They were quite likely to growl about such hitching along, but when they reached the point of interest, they, too, cast back long and lingering glances.

This slowing up at any point meant that a good bit of running must be done in order to make up time. We used sometimes to trot along a mile or more after passing such a roadside magnet, before catching up. If it happened to be a pretty warm day, this was not an agreeable exercise.

Whenever there came a time of hitching along on good roads, our 2d Lieutenant used to declare that there were some of those tormented girls up there in front; and he wished that either they'd have the sense to stay in the house where they belonged or that the men would have the sense to go along and not linger and gaze, and half stop the whole line of march. But I used to observe that when we reached the front gate where the girls stood, not a man in our company would linger and gaze longer than he. And I record this to his credit.

Our army used to be a sight to the negroes. They had been told in many places that Yankees were not like other folks ; that we were not more than half human ; that we had horns;—and other like ridiculous lies. Because of this, it is no wonder that they gathered by the roadside, as we passed, to see the menagerie. And it is likewise not to be wondered

at that many of them were half afraid of us. They would grin, and scrape, and bow, and, on the whole, afford us a great deal of amusement. They were generally very polite, and whenever we spoke to them they would touch their hats or remove them altogether. And, for all the falsehoods the Southerners had told them about us, they knew, as if by intuition that we were favorable to their freedom. They were always friendly and true to us.

I have said that most of them were very timid as they stood watching us pass. They were naturally afraid of guns. Some of our mischievously inclined boys took advantage of this fear, to get sport out of them. When a long row of them stood by the side of the road in front of some farmhouse, the whole row grinning and shying, one of these boys, having a cap on his gun, would step out of the ranks, point his musket directly at some bashful youth or maiden, and snap the cap. Our army gun caps made a noise like the discharge of a pistol, and would scare the darkeys nearly into fits. Sometimes, when a cap was thus snapped at a row of them sitting on the fence, they would scream, let go, and keel over backwards upon the ground, their feet kicking around in the air. It was cruel sport, but we couldn't help roaring with laughter at the antics they cut.

One day while marching along a road that was hemmed in by tall bushes on each side, we found two old negroes, with a yoke of oxen hitched to a cart loaded with sacks of flour. They had got the team into the bushes on the upper hill side, just barely clear of the track, and were waiting for the army of some miles in length to pass by them. They had evidently been in that position a good while, for the oxen were nervous and fretful. Every man that passed felt called upon to pay his respects to either the oxen or the darkeys by making such remarks as suited his fancy. One of the teamsters stood by the oxen trying to quiet them, the other by the cart wheels ready to give a lift to keep the cart from backing into the road. Altogether, their situation was one in which Job himself must

have been put to it to keep patient. Just as our company passed them, one of our rogues quickly put the muzzle of his gun to the leg of the old man by the cart-wheel, and snapped a cap. The poor old negro was stricken with terror; his leg came up with a spasmodic jerk, his hand reached down convulsively as if to ward off the bullet, and his eyes rolled up in their sockets as if to look back into his head. He was astonished when it was all over, to find himself unhurt; but I presume he suffered as much as if there were a bullet put through the calf of his leg.

After this, Kinney very sensibly gave orders that such sport be stopped. It was too cruel.

In writing the early part of this sketch of our service, I found much to record in the way of uproarious sport and jollity. I recall much less of that sort of thing in connection with our later service. I suspect that the grim experiences of war took something of the *boy* out of us. But now as we found ourselves out from under the stern influences of war,—as we began to breathe in the spicy fragrance of an atmosphere of peace,—we began to relax, feeling a strong inclination to raise the very mischief in one way or another.

On the 7th of May we approached Petersburg. It was with a very deep interest that we looked over the works where Grant's army had been so long entrenched in the siege. But we were shocked, in marching over the scene of the battles that just preceded the flight of Lee, to find in many places bodies so scantily covered with earth that their feet, hands or heads were exposed to sight. We held our noses as we passed by, and breathed more freely when we went into camp nearer town.

I have said that our Corps was marching to Petersburg on a bet against the 15th. Now as to which got there first: My recollection of the matter is that while the pontoons were being put down at the Roanoke, a cavalry regiment of our Corps managed to get across the river at another place,—perhaps by swimming their horses. The colonel with his men pushed ahead for Petersburg, leaving our Corps mark, two chips with

a blaze between, on the trees. Logan found this mark all along the road, and was puzzled about it.

The cavalry colonel, on reaching Petersburg, telegraphed to Washington that the advance of the 17th Corps was there awaiting orders. Directions were sent back that the 17th should lead the advance of our army from there to Washington. When the main body of our Corps got to Petersburg we found the 15th all there; but the next morning they had, according to orders, to submit to our passing them and going on our way.

Comrade Darrow has a somewhat different story to tell of this matter, and it is this: "We set out from Raleigh on Sunday evening, so as to have a fair start on the next day. In this way we got ahead of Logan, and put our Corps mark on the trees by the roadside. The following day we found marks of the 15th Corps on the trees as we advanced, and continued to find them till we came to a large river, I think the Roanoke, where our advance came to the bank and found Logan and his staff there claiming the right to cross first, as the advance of the 15th Corps was first there. Blair had to give way and go into camp two days to let Logan's Corps cross; but Blair claimed that, as he did not anticipate this delay, we were likely to get out of rations. He, therefore, wanted to get a lot of wagons across, with a guard, to proceed to Petersburg for the purpose of getting a supply of provisions to bring back to us. He loaded us down with five days' rations, in order to empty the wagons, and had our best teams hitched to them. But Logan would not allow them to cross the river till his Corps was all over, and he even kept his rear from crossing till late at night, thinking that Blair would not then attempt to go over till morning.

"But Blair, with a part of a cavalry regiment as guard, and his picked teams hitched to the empty supply wagons, crossed and drove sixty miles that same night, going by the whole of Logan's sleeping 15th Corps. Then there was a race between this supply train and Logan, with his staff, for Petersburg.

“Blair’s train and cavalry so stopped up the road that Logan could not pass them. When they neared Petersburg, they even got to running their horses, but Blair came in ahead. He got permission from Washington to go through the city first, and we all felt highly elated over the strategy of our general. Of course the 15th Corps had to go into camp till we passed them, and we were in no hurry; we were as slow about it as Logan had been to cross the Roanoke.

“To reward us for our victory we had all the whiskey dealt out to us we wanted, and then we were given time to sober off.”

When we marched past the 15th Corps, they were an angry lot of men. The conversation between them and us was more forcible than elegant. Indeed, it savored strongly of war. But it all ended in talk,—with a bit of crowing on our part. We marched up to near Richmond—twenty-two miles distant—that day, May 8, and went into camp, the 15th Corps, rather sullen, camping in our rear.

General Halleck was in command at Richmond. His insult to General Sherman, with reference to the surrender of Johnston, had been forgotten by neither us nor our gallant commander. But now, as we had marched into his dominions, he desired to have us pass him in review in going through the city. This implied that he regarded Sherman as subordinate to his authority. Of course Sherman resented any such action. He informed Halleck, by message, that if he could not pass through Richmond without being subject to his dictation he could go around it, and would do so. But Halleck took in his horns of authority, and for the very best of reasons—he couldn’t do any other way.

Because of this matter, we were hindered two or three days opposite Richmond, near the little town of Manchester. Our boys were so incensed that they sought in every possible way to show their indignation. They laughed at the white gloves and polished shoes of every soldier they saw belonging to the Army of the Potomac; they fairly gutted the town

of Manchester; they stoned the guards at the pontoon bridge,—and they did all this to show their contempt for Halleck.

On the 12th of May we again took up the line of march, crossing the pontoon bridge over to Richmond, passing along by the famous Libby Prison, up through the principal streets, by the Capitol, and out toward the Chickahominy. We had always been used, in passing through cities, to marching in order and making as fine a show as possible. But we passed through Richmond as we did through the country on our long marches,—“route step” and “at will.” I do not know whether Hallack saw us or not. I suspect that he may have watched us through the window of some house along the street we took.

It is best that I say here, concerning this matter between Sherman and Halleck at Richmond, that I can find no historical account of it; I give it as I understood it then and recall it now. Whether correct or not as regards the details, I feel sure that what I have written expresses the true spirit of the matter.

I must relate a little incident of our passage through Richmond that will help to illustrate something about our men: At somebody's headquarters on the street there was on guard a splendid looking soldier,—tall, well-formed and neat. He stood looking quietly at us as we passed. A ragged, dirty young boy with a devil-may-care swing to him, strolled out of our ranks and up in front of this guard. He cocked his head sidewise and, with an impudent stare, looked him over from head to foot. Then discharging a mouthful of tobacco-juice upon his well-blackened shoes, our young scapegrace moved on with a “take that” sort of air. Of course he bore the guard no ill will; it was only an expression of his contempt for General Halleck.

But I must confess that our men had got into a bad habit of speaking lightly of “them Potomac fellers.” If it had been in these days they would have called them “dudes.” I fear that our continued successes had puffed us up not a little. And then our peculiar mode of life, always on the march,

little chance for cleanliness, and our being ragged half the time, had made some inroads upon our notions of politeness.

Our soiled and worn clothing gave us a rather shabby appearance by the side of the men we found on the Potomac. We fancied they stuck their noses up at us, and we fell back on the defensive. If we did not wear good clothes, we did out-talk them, and we felt that we could out-wit them at any game. Had the circumstances and experiences of the two armies been reversed, their manners and characteristics at this time would have been reversed.

From Richmond we marched to Fredericksburg over the great Virginia battle-ground of the past four years,—where that army of the Potomac for which we showed a bit of contempt, had fought as if life was nothing to them when the honor of our flag was at stake. Almost every foot of the ground testified to the ravages of war; the soil everywhere was made sacred by the blood of patriots : it seemed like one great burial ground.

I think it was on the 16th of May that we passed by the battle-ground of the Wilderness, leaving that of Chancellorsville to our left. Toward night we came to the heights above Fredericksburg, marched down the road along the famous stone wall, noticed the bullet-holes in the houses as we passed down the streets, crossed over the Rappahannock where there had been many a shower of shot and shell, marched up to the plateau beyond the river, and went into camp for the night. It seemed on that peaceful evening impossible to feel that we were in the midst of a region that had seen such fearful and continued carnage in the past.

Some of the boys recalled the fact that a little way down the beautiful valley of the Rappahannock once lived Mary, the mother of Washington. It was to this home that he came to bid her an affectionate adieu before going to New York to be President.

The next morning we moved on toward Washington. After marching by more old camps and battle-fields, we camped, on the 18th, a few miles from our national capital,

and about west of Alexandria, where we remained three or four days getting a bit of rest. While there, some of the boys wandered up the western slope of Arlington Heights, and from there got a view of the city on the other side of the river grown so famous in the annals of war. I can never forget the delightful surprise with which I first saw Washington. I was strolling alone over those hills. I came to the top of one of them, when, looking up, my eyes were greeted by one of the loveliest views they ever looked upon. Below me the noble Potomac swept down through the broad valley to the right, widening as it approached the Chesapeake Bay. A little to my right was Alexandria, where young Ellsworth fell because of his devotion to the old flag. To the left, across the river, spread out over the foot of the slope of the Maryland hills, lay the capital city of our nation,—bright in the morning sun, and glorious in her complete victory over those who had sought her humiliation and the destruction of the free nation at the head of which she stood. The crowning beauty of all this lovely and inspiring view was the Capitol rising in noble grandeur in the midst of the scene, its white walls and great rounded dome radiant in the bright sunlight.

I did not know, as I walked to the summit of this hill, that the city would be in sight, and so the scene which opened up before me was a magnificent surprise. I could scarcely realize that I was looking upon the city of Washington. I feasted my eyes a long while before leaving the spot. Then I went down into the valley, took the road up to Long Bridge, and undertook to cross over to the city; but a guard there persuaded me not to do so.

I am not certain whether or not some of our company went on a visit to Mount Vernon, a few miles to the south of us; but I think a few did. I cannot see now why we did not all of us take special pains to visit the place made sacred by the home-life, death, and the tomb of George Washington. But we were seeing so much in all our marches that we did not have a proper appreciation of points of his-

toric interest; our minds just then were more taken up with thoughts of home.

On the 23d of May we marched around through Alexandria and went into camp a mile or two below Long Bridge. This move was preparatory to the Grand Review, in which we were to take part next day.

This Grand Review, a fit closing scene to the great war just ending, was, indeed, a notable event. On the 23d of May, '65, all of the Army of the Potomac that could be got together at Washington marched in review down Pennsylvania avenue and past the White House, which was the grand reviewing stand. Here, upon a balcony, sat President Andrew Johnson and the great generals of the war looking down upon the battle-scarred veterans of the Potomac as they marched by, proud in the thought that their work was done,—well done,—and that, as the result of the victories gained and the peace secured, their marching and fighting was at an end. All the day long they swept by in one solid streetfull of orderly-moving, well-disciplined soldiery.

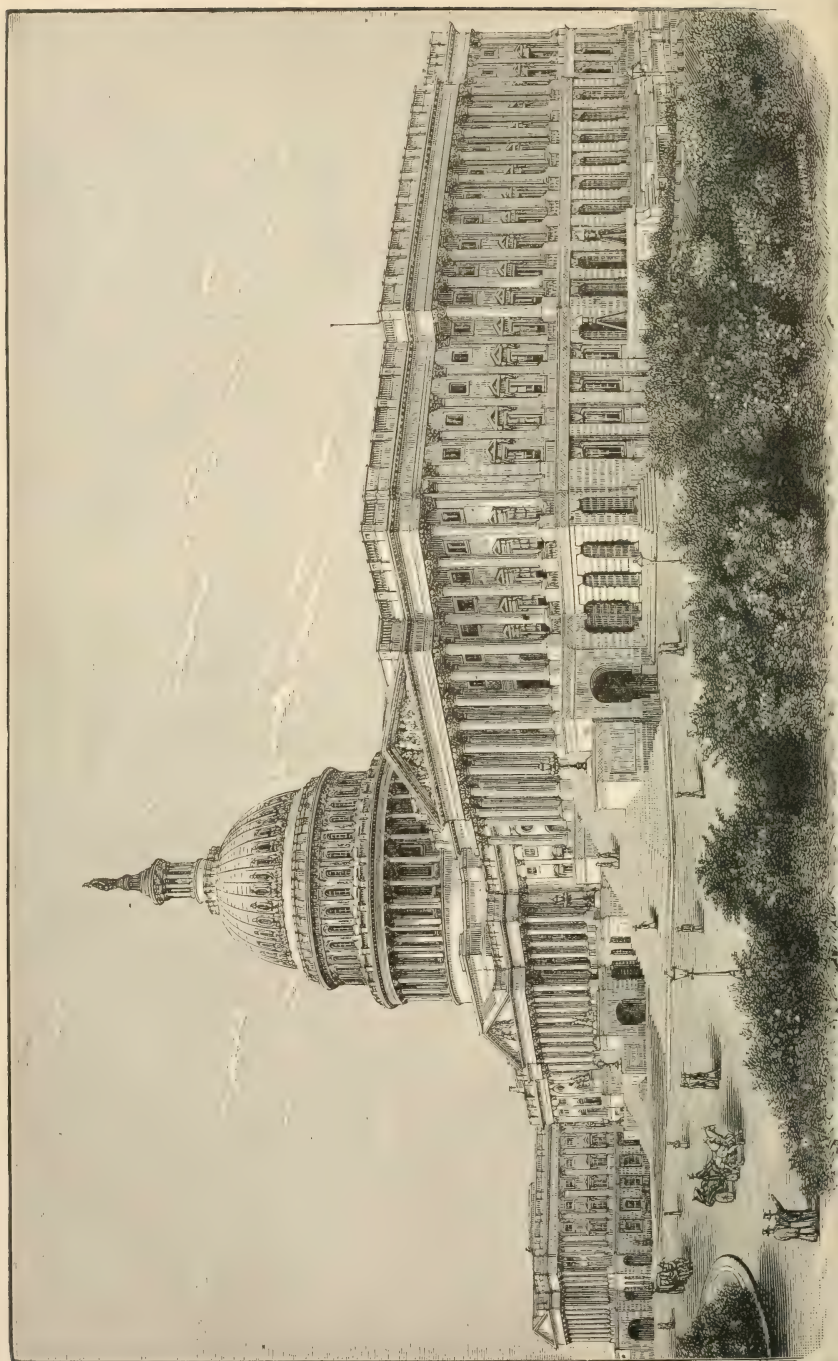
It would have been a great privilege for us to look upon that notable pageant; but we were in preparation for taking part in the no less interesting review of the following day. I suspect that even greater interest attached to our army than to that of the Potomac. People everywhere had heard so much of "Sherman's Bummers" and their doings, that they regarded us as a fabulous lot of beings, allied, perhaps to cyclops, or centaurs, or Mexican Greasers. In fact, we more than once heard ourselves mentioned in Virginia as, "Sherman's Greasers." And so, an immense mass of people crowded into Washington to see the "menagerie" on street parade.

When "Old Sol" peeped over the Maryland hills at us on that 24th of May, he found us in a bustle of preparation. It was plain enough that something was to be done. We were rubbing the dust off our old shoes, shaking it out of our shabby coats and trousers, giving our rusty guns a rub, and trying the effect of soap and hard water upon the tar, pitch, and lamp-black that got stuck to us in the Carolinas.

Just as we were about getting into line, we were made happy by a most agreeable surprise ; for who should come into camp but our long-lost and deeply-mourned Captain John Gillispie ! He was given a hearty greeting, but our joy in seeing him was not unmixed with sorrow. His pale face, that told plainly of much suffering, and his armless sleeve, caused no little sadness to come into our gladness. Our thoughts went back to the 21st of July, ten months before. We recalled his, "Boys, you do me proud !" at the end of that terrible charge. We thought, by association, of Will Stowell, Clem Boughton, John Stults and Charley Fields; and of others who were taken from us by wounds on that day, and many of the events of the charge came into our minds fresh and vivid. His appearance among us seemed much like a resurrection from the dead.

We very much wished that our captain might take charge of the company and march with us through the Grand Review; but he declined, saying that, as Kinney had led us all through the long march, it was fitting that he should also lead us through this grand consummation of it. Yet when the company was forming he playfully stepped in front of us and gave two or three of his old time commands. This was the last time, if I remember rightly, that he ever stood before Company E while they were in rank. He was mustered out of service on the 7th of June,—two weeks later,—after more than four years of most efficient, soldierly activity, excepting the time spent in prison.

When all was in order, we moved up the road to the bridge, which is, I believe, a mile long, crossed over to the city and ascended the hill on which the Capitol stands; here we halted while our columns closed up. While waiting, we gazed upon the great building and admired its wondrous beauty; we looked down the streets of the city, seeing here and there the spires and towers of its great churches and public buildings; we played all sorts of pranks and chased one another around. The people thereabout must have been surprised that the so-called



"Sherman's Greasers" did not steal something and set a few houses on fire.

It was while waiting there that the heart of the writer of this sketch was made glad by his father's coming to greet him. It was a happy meeting. His father and brother were members of the 37th Wisconsin, of the 9th Army Corps.

In due time all was ready for our march down Pennsylvania Avenue. Our regiment, formed by platoons, twelve men abreast, the most of our wagon train going along on a side street. Two or three wagons, however, and a few pack-mules followed each brigade as they were wont to do on the march, the object being to give those who viewed the parade something of a notion of our appearance on the march.

Each brigade was preceded by its commanding general and a brass band; each regiment by its field officers and martial band. We moved around to the west side of the Capitol, along Pennsylvania avenue to the White House, and then out to our camping ground about two miles north of the city.

In this review there was no attempt at mere military display; the individuality of our army—if I may use the expression—was preserved. Those who watched the Potomac army pass on the day previous, said that the men marched as if on a prize drill, erect, and as steadily as if moved by machinery; that our army, though in perfect order and straight lines, had the long, swinging step of one who has no short journey before him.

It was an occasion worthy to be remembered. The day was beautiful. Thousands of people had gathered from all parts of the country to view the grand pageant, and see the men who had marched from Tennessee to Savannah, and from Savannah to Washington. Pennsylvania avenue was lined—*crowded*—on both sides with men, women and children; the windows were crowded, roofs covered and small boys perched in the trees. Never before was such a scene witnessed on the American continent. The President sat, surrounded by his cabinet, members of congress, foreign ministers, distinguished strangers with their wives and children, in front of the White

House ; all were interested spectators of what was passing before them.

Suspended across the streets and over our heads, were all sorts of mottoes, banners and other devices to bid us welcome and do us honor ; and, as we read them in passing, we felt proud that we were entitled to call ourselves "Sherman's men." At every step along the way handkerchiefs fluttered from fair hands, and cheers rang out from the thousands on either side of us. Besides this, it was a perfect carnival of music ; patriotic airs from the bands in the procession echoed and re-echoed among the tall and stately buildings, while our drum corps rattled away at "Yankee Doodle," "Dixie," and "The Girl I Left Behind Me." In response to this hallelujah chorus the dogs pertaining to our wagon trains barked, and the many roosters mounted on the wagon tops, or perched on the backs of our pack-mules, crowed lustily.

One may well think of this as a joyful occasion ; for indeed, it was. I wish I had the power to picture it to you more vividly, but it must have been *seen* rather than be *read about*, for a full appreciation of it. Yet there were elements of sadness in it. Our bullet-riddled battle-flags, ragged and tattered with long exposure, told only too plainly of the perilous and severe service that had decimated our ranks. Those who looked on must have thought of these things, and I am sure that we boys whom God had spared to see that glorious day of triumph thought of our dead and wounded comrades and wished they could be with us.

Aye, more,—wherever we turned our eyes that day, they were saddened by the heavy black drapings that told of Lincoln's death. Oh, that our beloved President—our "Father Abraham" might have been spared to see his boys come marching home ! that we might have looked upon his strong, manly, kindly face !

The supreme moment of a "review" in the army is that of passing the reviewing stand. Every soldier in a company has a pride in having that company pass the reviewing officer in the straightest line possible. In order to have this done,

he cannot take even a glance at this officer. however much he would like to see him. And so it was a little provoking that we could not get a look at the great men on the stand in front of the White House. It was our business, not to see but be seen. Yet I think some of us recognized the heavy jaw and determined expression of President Andrew Johnson, though we had to twist our eyes nearly out of our heads in doing so. If it had been Lincoln in his place, I am afraid our line would have been broken up. As it was, the appearance we presented was good enough, and we passed on to our future camp tolerably well satisfied.

General Sherman rode at the head of his army until he reached the reviewing stand, when he wheeled out, dismounted, and ascended a stairway to take his seat by the side of General Grant. As he reached the top of the stairs, General Grant, the President and members of his cabinet arose and cordially greeted and congratulated him. Secretary Stanton was there and offered his hand, but *Sherman* "*affected not to see him.*" Stanton had done his best to humiliate Sherman, but this was our grand old commander's day of triumph.

I have said that we went into camp about two miles north of Washington; there we remained till the 7th of June,—two weeks. Just across the road from us was the 38th Wisconsin, and some of our boys found old friends and neighbors in that regiment. Once or twice a bit of rumpus occurred between certain beer drinkers of the two regiments. During all our campaigning the past year we had seen comparatively little drunkenness, for liquor could not easily be gotten. But as soon as we came out of the woods and into the settlements, some of the fellows undertook to make up for past omissions.

Most of us had passes to spend one or more days in the city. We found that whoever expects to "do" Washington in a day or two has a large contract on hand. Yet we got a bit of a look at the Capitol without and within, the Smith-

sonian Institution, the Treasury building, the Patent office, the White House and other places of interest.

Some of our regiments did not get along very well with those of the Potomac Army alongside of which they were in camp. In some cases there were quite serious collisions. I suspect that our men were not very courteous in their manners, and that they were more than half to be blamed. Many of us found friends in the various Wisconsin regiments about us, and we enjoyed our visits with them. One day our Al. Griffin had a visit with General Charles Griffin, a relative of his.

It was on the 30th of May that General Sherman issued to his army his farewell address. It is so good that I shall copy it entire, for we shall all want to read it from time to time :

“HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
In the field, WASHINGTON, D. C., May 30, 1865.
“SPECIAL FIELD ORDERS, No. 76.

“The general commanding announces to the Armies of the Tennessee and Georgia, that the time has come for us to part. Our work is done, and armed enemies no longer defy us. Some of you will be detained in the service until further orders. And now, that we are about to separate, to mingle with the civil world, it becomes a pleasing duty to recall to mind the situation of national affairs when, but a little more than a year ago, we were gathered about the twining cliffs of Lookout Mountain, and all the future was wrapped in doubt and uncertainty. Three armies had come together from distant fields, with separate histories, yet bound by one common cause—the union of our country and the perpetuation of the government of our inheritance. There is no need to recall to your memories Tunnell Hill, with its Rocky Face Mountain, and Buzzard Roost Gap, with the ugly forts of Dalton behind. We were in earnest, and paused not for danger and difficulty, but dashed through Snake Creek Gap, and fell on Resaca, then on to Etowah, to Dallas and Kenesaw; and the heats of summer found us on the banks of the Chattahoochee, far from home and dependent on a single line of road for supplies.

Again we were not to be held back by any obstacle, and crossed over and fought four heavy battles for the possession of the citadel of Atlanta. That was the crisis of our history. A doubt still clouded our future, but we solved the problem and destroyed Atlanta, struck boldly across the state of Georgia, secured all the main arteries of life to our enemy, and Christmas found us at Savannah. Waiting there only long enough to fill our wagons, we again began a march which, for peril, labor and results, will compare with any ever made by an organized army. The floods of the Savannah, the swamps of the Cambahee and Edisto, the high hills and rocks of the Santee, the flat quagmires of the Pedee and Cape Fear rivers, were all passed in midwinter, with its floods and rains, in the face of an accumulating enemy; and after the battles of Averysborough and Bentonville, we once more came out of the wilderness to meet our friends at Goldsborough. Even then we paused only long enough to get new clothing, to reload our wagons, and again pushed on to Raleigh, and beyond, until we met our enemy suing for peace instead of war, and offering to submit to the injured laws of his and our country. As long as that enemy was defiant, nor mountains, nor rivers, nor swamps, nor hunger, nor cold had checked us; but when he who had fought us hard and persistently, offered submission, your general thought it wrong to pursue him further, and negotiations followed which resulted, as you all know, in his surrender. How far the operations of this army have contributed to the overthrow of the Confederacy, of the peace which now dawns on us, must be judged by others, not by us. But that you have done all that men could do, has been admitted by those in authority; and we have a right to join in the universal joy that fills our land because the war is over, and our government stands vindicated before the world by the joint action of the volunteer armies of the United States.

“To such as remain in the military service, your general need only remind you that successes in the past are due to hard work and discipline, and that the same work and dis-

cipline are equally important in the future. To such as go home, he will only say, that our favored county is so grand, so extensive, so diversified in climate, soil and productions, that every man may surely find a home and occupations suited to his tastes; and none should yield to the natural impatience sure to result from our past life of excitement and adventure. You will be invited to seek new adventure abroad; but do not yield to the temptation, for it will lead only to death and disappointment.

“Your general now bids you all farewell, with the full belief that, as in war you have been good soldiers, so in peace you will make good citizens; and if, unfortunately, new war should arise in our country, Sherman’s army will be the first to buckle on the old armor and come forth to defend and maintain the Government of our inheritance and choice.”

By order of

W. T. SHERMAN,

L. M. DAYTON,

Major-General.

Assistant Adjutant-General.

General Sherman was in love with his army, and the army to a man fully believed and trusted in him. The most cordial relations always existed between him and his officers, and this “good-bye” severed most tender ties. But, for all that, the old boys continued to cherish the same kindly feeling for the old general as long as he lived; and when he died, all who survived him were mourners.

From the beginning of this chapter up to the date of our leaving Washington, June 7, the following changes took place:

On the 7th of June Captain Gillispie was mustered out of service,—term expired.

On the 31st of May Corporal W. H. Harrison, Nathan D. Harrison, Ferdinand Truell, *Edwin M. Truell, James A. Cope, Robert Bond, Samuel D. Burhans, Oran M. Wharry,

*Ed. Truell had been brevetted First Lieutenant to date from July 21, '64, the day he was wounded. Also by resolution of Congress, he was awarded a medal of honor for gallantry in action on that day. Though mustered out on the same date as the others, he had not of course been able to be with us since he was wounded. A cut of the medal granted Comrade Truell may be found on page 315 of this book.

Elias L. Stevens, Henry Banker, Batheson Bender, Carver Clary, Stephen D. Fairchild, Christian Gastmeyer and Reinert Larson were mustered out because of expiration of term of service; for the same reason, James Price was mustered out on the 22d of May, and George Adams June 7.

George W. Bailey died of disease at Kilbourn City on the 20th of May, and Ethelbert Barton at Washington, May 29.



CHAPTER XXVII.

WE GO TO LOUISVILLE.

IT was on the 7th day of June that we began our last journey in the South—from Washington to Louisville, Ky. We went by way of the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. to Parkersburg, on the Ohio river in West Virginia, thence by steamboat to Louisville.

This was a pleasant change from our long marches. The Baltimore & Ohio is notable for the picturesque country through which it extends, and we greatly enjoyed the beautiful mountain scenery along the road. We crossed to the south side of the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, and from there we ascended the valley of that river to its headwaters at the top of the highest ridge of the Alleghany Mountains. We passed through Harper's Ferry in the night, so we could not get a good look at the place where Old John Brown undertook to strike a blow for liberty, and where the sturdy old man's life was made the penalty for his unwise effort. But we did get an impressive view of the place lying all peaceful and quiet, the dark, shadowy mountains standing like grim sentinels to keep guard over her. We passed, I believe, through twenty-eight tunnels on this road, some short, others long—one being seven-eighths of a mile through. At times the train crept along the hill-sides where we could look to our right away down, down upon the tops of tall trees, and to our left up the mountains whose tops were hidden in masses of cloud. A bit of stone upon the track would have rolled the cars over into the deep valley below us and killed more of us than the Rebels ever did. I think some of us were then more anxious concerning our lives than at any time before since we left home. Having passed through all the dangers of the camp and field, we did not care to run into any accident then that would cost us either life or limb. It was a common saying among the

boys, "Who'd want to live through the war to be kicked to death by a mule!" It was a member of Company C, I think, who said that, when he first went into the service he did not expect to live to come home, and so he was reckless of what he did; but, now that the war was over, and he was still alive, he meant to take mighty good care of his life and run no risks.

The next day after leaving Washington, Orrin Waldo, of Company G, was killed by the cars at Clarksburg, West Virginia. He stood by the edge of a platform reaching close to the cars. The train backed up suddenly, rolling him between the platform and a car. It seemed sad for him to be thus killed on the way home.

It was on the 9th of June that we reached Parkersburg and went into camp for the night. The next day we boarded a steamer and began a delightful ride down the Ohio river. The hilly banks were green, and the air over the water fresh and sweet with the fragrance of flowers. Everybody on board our little fleet was happy, and the good people along the river must have thought us on a grand holiday excursion.

After proceeding some distance from Parkersburg, we were changed to larger boats, such as could not reach the upper ports. The river spread out wider and we grew happier, if possible, than before. As usual, when on the river, our boats had a lively trial of speed. The races were long and exciting, our boys cheering lustily because our own boat gained the victory over all the others.

On the 11th we passed Cincinnati, and the next day we reached Louisville and went into camp near the river, about two miles below the city. Our position was not a very pleasant one, the ground being low, and the weather hot and wet. After remaining there two or three days, we marched out to a new camp on the well-shaded ridges two miles east of the city. There we found ourselves most pleasantly located, and we settled down to enjoy the last of our camp life, expecting soon to be mustered out of the service and go home.

In this camp we got a better supply of rations than we had

been used to getting for more than a year; and, besides, we were able to buy all the "garden sass" we chose. Potatoes could be gotten for two dollars per bushel, and other things at corresponding rates, and we fairly reveled in good things. Though such prices seem high now, we considered it good fortune then to get fresh vegetables at any price. Those of us who were worn out and thin because of our long marches and exposure, began to grow fleshy and ruddy,—a most desirable thing to do before going home. By the time we had got the pitchy smoke of the Carolinas quite off us, and had drawn a full supply of fresh clothing, we presented a very different appearance from what we had done two or three months before.

But, in spite of our pleasant camp, good food, clean clothing, fresh air, and above all, the return of peace, our happiness was far from complete: we were ten times more anxious than ever before to go home. We could be content so long as we were in active service, but, when the object of that service had been attained, we did not wish to remain in the South one day longer. Of course, we knew that it must take some time to do the necessary work of mustering out so many troops, and we were willing enough to bide that time, but while we waited certain rumors haunted and vexed us.

There was trouble in Mexico at this time. At the instance of Napoleon III., of France, Maximilian, archduke of Austria, had accepted the crown of Mexico, which had been offered him by some of the notables of that unsettled country. This was in 1863, and the so-called emperor came to Mexico in June, '64. This setting up of a monarchy on American soil did not much please Uncle Samuel, for he had long before hinted to the European powers that he would not stand by and see such a thing done. And now that France had undertaken, while Uncle Sam was busy putting down a rebellion in his own family, to snub the old gentleman, he did not feel particularly sweet toward her.

When our war was well done, it was quite natural that we should expect Uncle Sam to turn his attention to France, as

represented in Mexico. But we did not at all like to hear any rumors about a campaign in that hot and pestilent country. We were perfectly willing that Maximilian should be soundly spanked and sent away, but *we wanted to go home*. The thought that we might have to go to Mexico plagued us: and we borrowed a great deal of unnecessary trouble concerning the matter. Our anxiety and suspense came to be worse to bear than our hard service of a year before. We talked much about it, and I suspect more than one had dreams of camp life in Mexico. We wanted to hear something definite about the matter. The boys believed our general officers could tell us something about what was to be done.

General Logan was at that time a great favorite with us, and we had a notion that he ought to make a speech to us and tell us plainly whether we were to be sent home or to Mexico. One night a great crowd got together in an uneasy, excited state, and they set off on a run toward Logan's headquarters. The crowd being once in motion, men ran from almost every direction to join it. When it reached Logan's tent the men surged around it and began to call, "A speech! A speech! Logan! General Logan! A speech! A speech!"

An officer came to the door saying that General Logan was not there. But the boys shouted, "Yes, he is! He's there! We can see him! A speech! A speech! General Logan! Logan, Logan!" Whether the general was there or not, the boys did not get the speech they wanted; they retired more uneasy and dissatisfied than before. And so we went on fretting our gizzards to our hearts' content. I suspect that if we had not in due time come to know that our muster-out rolls were in actual preparation, we should have become harder to control than we had ever been; but greatly to our satisfaction our minds were, in the early part of July, set at rest upon the question of soon going home.

An idle mind is said to be the devil's work-shop; experience certainly teaches us that when nothing else is to be done, there's apt to be mischief brewing. I suspect that our great army of criminals would dwindle away for want of recruits

were there no idlers to draw from. Keep a boy busy and he is fairly safe. but if idle by habit the odds are greatly against him.

When the 25th Wisconsin was mustered out of the service, on the 7th of June, those men in that regiment whose time had not yet expired were transferred to our regiment. The following named, all from Co. F of the 25th, were assigned to our company: Frederick Artus, Walter D. Bell, David E. Bennett, Chas. H. Berry, Benjamin Benson, George Boardman, Chauncey Bunce, Erastus Campbell, Wilmot Champlin, Henry C. Davis, Wm. B. Denning, Leroy Easterbrook, John Getts, George Goodrich, Geo. C. Hall, Oscar E. Hamlin, Christopher Heineck, Chas. Heiser, Ole Hendrickson, Lorenzo Jones, Benjamin Kauffman, Edward Lamere, Caleb C. Lane, Thomas Laskey, John Latsch, Timothy A. Lewis, James Livingston, Michael Malloy, Benjamin Marlow, Oscar Mott, Nelson W. Rice, Jacob Shaffner, Henry Schroeder, James Severson, Henry Smith, James Travis, Arnold Ueberseitzig and Geo. Whitbeck,—thirty-eight in all.

We did not have much time to get acquainted with these men, as they were with us but a little while. They were quiet and agreeable, and there was, before our muster-out, a friendly feeling growing up among us.

Captain Gillispie, having been mustered out at Washington, came to Louisville and opened a sutler shop close by our camp. The boys were glad to have him so close by. When he began trade we were all without money, not having been paid off in a long time. But he handed over to the boys anything they wished, telling them to pay when they could. I do not think he ever kept any account of what the boys of Co. E got. But his freely trusting them when they were without money did not terminate to his disadvantage, for he had a great run of trade, and I think there were very few who did not settle up promptly when pay day came. Genuine confidence is not often abused; and there was always a mutual confidence between Captain John Gillispie and the boys of Co. E.

It was on the Fourth of July that General Sherman came to see us and to bid us a last good bye. In the forenoon our division was formed in a hollow square near our camp. General Sherman, accompanied by Logan and Blair, rode into the square, and for the first, last and only time Sherman made us a bit of a speech. He praised us for our good qualities as soldiers in the camp, on the march, and on the field; he told us we had won a name of which any soldiers might be proud; that it was considered throughout the North a proud distinction to be known as one of "Sherman's men." He urged us to be as good citizens as we had been soldiers. He stopped suddenly and said, "Good bye, boys!" then galloped out of the square and away, while we gave him three such rousing cheers as are not often heard.

Many of our boys on that Fourth of July, '65, saw General Sherman for the last time. Some of us since then have seen him at the Grand Encampments, especially at Milwaukee, in '89; but the intervening twenty-four years had greatly changed him and us, from what we all were at the close of the war.

As we now look back over the past, every one of us feels proud ever to have served under so able a commander, so true a soldier, so pure a patriot, and so good a man as General William T. Sherman.

On the 5th of July, the governor of Wisconsin sent commissions to our company, by virtue of which Lieutenant Kinney became Captain, 2d Lieutenant Griffin became 1st Lieutenant, and Orderly Sergeant Henry H. Dyer, became 2d Lieutenant. They were not mustered into their new positions, however, for we were all mustered out of the United States service a few days later. I wish they might have been fully installed into the positions they so well deserved.

Captain Kinney was on leave of absence from Louisville, and Lieutenant Griffin prepared our final muster rolls, and on the 16TH DAY OF JULY, '65, we were mustered out of the service of Uncle Sam by Lieutenant A. P. Noyes, of the 16th Wisconsin, and our discharges were made out and signed on that date. It was a great day for us; no doubt in our minds

that night as we lay down to rest about soon going home. But then we found ourselves on the morning of the 17th more anxious than ever to know just *when we were to start*.

We managed, however, to rest tolerably content when we saw regiment after regiment march away; we knew our turn must come before long. We could not, after all, repress a feeling of sadness as the camps broke up one after another. Regiments which had so long been associated on the march and in the camp naturally came to have a real attachment for one another: but we cheered them heartily as they marched away, and, as patiently as we could, we wondered whether we should go to-morrow or the next day.

At last our regiment alone remained of our division. We knew then that we must be the next to go; and it was with no little hilarity that we received our orders to move on the 18th. We packed up with an alacrity not to be excelled—even if we were going into battle. When packing up to leave dear old Wisconsin, we obeyed as if we were delighted to do so; we hurrahed and made merry. But I suspect that the jubilee on that occasion was mostly put on. In packing up at Louisville, though we did not, perhaps, make quite so much noise, we were genuinely happy through and through; unless, indeed, some of us could not help thinking of the dear comrades we had left behind,—those we wished might have lived to go back home with us. Yes, I am sure there was a bit of sadness mingled with our cup of joy that morning.

In bidding good-bye to our camp life at Louisville, we were taking a final leave of all camp life in the army; that was the last camping ground of Company E. I suppose some of the incidents of our last abiding place would be of special interest, but I do not seem to recall many of the events. I do not believe there was much, anyhow, to relieve the monotony of our daily routine. We now and then went to town, to church or to the theatre. Some of the boys trod crooked paths campward after a day in town.

Many of us had friends in neighboring regiments, and we used to go and visit them. After pay-day, we often went

shopping, having an eye to trim looking suits of citizens' clothing.

A thought of Alfred Starks comes to me just here, and I must tell of a mishap that befell him of a rainy day. The company street was very muddy and slippery, and the bit of slope where our tents were pitched was treacherous.

Starkey had got on his new clothes, and looked slick; and he knew it. He was walking down the street with his brisk step, when of a sudden his feet shot up in front of him and Alf. *sat down!* His legs made a picture in the soft mud of an acute angle, and he supported himself in an upright position by his two hands, which were reaching through the mud after *terra firma*.

"Wah! *wah!* WAH!" wailed Starkey, and, as he sat there meditating upon the uncertainty of all things earthly, the boys made such consoling remarks as they could think of. I suspect that Alf. carried some of that mud home with him to Dellona.

Here is another story that I have often told as connected with our camp life at Louisville. I have verily believed that the incident occurred there. But I find now that one of the men concerned in it was mustered out at Washington, before we came to Louisville at all. Yet there must have been such an incident somewhere, else how could I remember it?

Our James Cope stood six feet five inches and a half in his stockings, while Jimmy Cornish's height was so small that I can not remember it. Jim and Jimmy constituted the "long and short of it" in our company. Quite naturally they had a habit of chaffing each other about their bigness and littleness. One day Cope said:

"See here, Jimmy, I should have more pay than you!"

"I'd like to know why that is, you old elephant, you!" spit out our Jimmy.

Jim, the big, coolly answered, "Because I am in greater danger of being shot."

"Prove it, old Lengthy," shouted Jimmy.

"Well," said Cope, "a ball that would go over your head would hit me in my stomach."

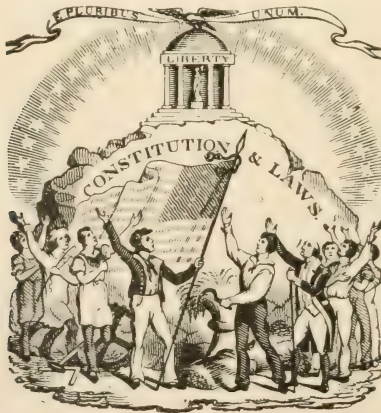
"Yaas," retorted Jimmy, "and a ball that would go between your legs would hit *me in my stomach!*"

Cope crawled as far into his tent as he could get, Jimmy following him with a defiant eye, while the boys roared with laughter.

I have said that the most of us got our discharges on July 16, but between June 7th and that date the following named persons were mustered out:

*Sergt. Henry W. Stutson, June 16; *Almond T. Hutchinson, June 18; Edward Lamere (of the 25th Regt.), June 21; Henry Smith (of the 25th Regt.) June 22; *Abner Allen, June 23; Benjamin Marlow (of the 25th Regt.), June 27; Caleb Lane (of the 25th Regt.), June 30; Benjamin Benson (of the 25th Regt.), June 30; Arnold Uebersetzgig (of the 25th Regt.), June 30; Neilse Attleson, July 3; Christopher Larson, July 5, *died July 15*; Gilbert Nelson, July 8; Christopher Young, July 13.

*Absent from the Company after being wounded near Atlanta.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

I CAN not tell with what glad hearts we marched out of camp at Louisville on that blessed morning of July 18, '65. We could hardly realize that we were actually discharged from the service, and were to have a free ride to Wisconsin.

When we got down to the street that led into the city, there stood General Leggett's tent alone. As the regiments to which his various staff officers belonged had gone home, these officers, one by one, had gone with them, and, as we, the last regiment in his Division, marched up to his tent to bid him good-bye, he looked lonesome. He had been as good a commander as any like body of troops ever had, and we felt very strong attachment to him. It was because of this attachment that we often called him "Pap" Leggett. We knew that he had a big heart and that he felt a fatherly interest in his boys. We fancied that he dashed a tear or two out of his eyes as Colonel Proudfit formed us in close order before his lonely looking tent.

After we were in position, Colonel Proudfit saluted him, and said: "General,—We are discharged from our country's service, and we have come to bid you good-bye. We are not glad to leave you, beloved commander, but we have now been away from our homes, many of us, at least, nearly four years; our country is saved, and we are rejoiced to-day that we are now returning to our homes and friends. General Leggett, we came to our country's service from the farm, the workshop, the store, the office, and the school; my men were peaceful industrious citizens of Wisconsin. And now we intend to return quietly to our duties at home; and I expect the men of this regiment, having been faithful, honorable soldiers, will become at once as good citizens of our "Badger State" as

they were before the war. General Leggett, we shall always remember you kindly, and to-day, as we leave you, we wish you a long and a happy life. I now bid you, General, in behalf of my men, an affectionate farewell."

General Leggett's reply to Colonel Proudfit made us think all the more of him. He spoke in great praise of our service while under his command, in particular of our part in the charge before Atlanta on July 21, of the previous year. He thanked us warmly for our heartiness in responding to every demand made upon us whether in camp, on the march, or on the field of battle. After some wise and wholesome advice to us concerning good citizenship, and wishing for us a safe journey home and long and happy lives of usefulness, with a voice tremulous with emotion he bade us good-bye. We gave him three hearty cheers and then marched away, leaving him alone in camp; but I suspect he did not stay there long.

Our leave-taking was, indeed, an impressive one, and the kind thoughts there expressed have followed more than one of the old boys all through the years since then, making better men of them. When we looked into the benevolent face of General Leggett at our reunion at Madison, in September, '87, I could not help thinking of his good words when he gave us his parting blessing at Louisville. I thought that the same warm heart was still beating in his bosom and imparting to him the same generous impulses as of old; and because of this his face looked beautiful to me.

We marched down through the city and along the river bank to Portland, a little town opposite New Albany, Indiana. Crossing over from there, we were soon loaded on a train of freight cars and rolling away toward Chicago. We had a feeling of disgust as we boarded that train that we could not, after all our rough service of four years, have been given a ride home as passengers, rather than as coarse freight. Our company rode on flat cars, and there were so many of us crowded together that we were in danger of being spilled off every time the engine gave us a jerk. We hardly

dared go to sleep at night for fear of being dropped by the wayside. The first night out we were treated to a deluge of rain that threatened to wash us off, if the engine failed to jerk us loose from the train. There was little comfort in that ride, but *we were going home*, and we tried to make the best of it.

The people at the stations along our route cheered us right lustily as we made brief stops among them, and we returned the compliment. In general, our ride through to Chicago was uneventful; but our "Mike" gave us a sensation on the morning of the day we arrived there. He and Captain Nungesser, of Company D, got off the train at a way station, and, thinking there would be time for them to do so, went to eat breakfast at a restaurant. Just as the good things for which they had called were placed before them, the train started—and *they* started. The street was very wet, because of a recent rain, but Captain N. did not mind the mud; he took amazing strides through the slush, and got there. But Lieutenant Griffin did not care to splash about in the water, and so was more deliberate, picking his way along quite leisurely. He acted as if saying to himself, "No use in being in a fret about this matter, splashing mud all over one's self in so undignified a manner. I'll get there all the same."

When he did get to the train the cars were rushing along at good speed. He undertook to climb on, and did so, but horrified all who were watching him by falling between the cars upon the track. No such terrible shock had been given us before since our enlistment. We expected to see men killed in battle, and we mourned the sudden loss of our beloved comrades, but we were not at all prepared to have one of our company officers ground to death under the wheels of the train that was taking us home after having passed safe through all the dangers of our long service.

We watched the track until the remainder of the train, seven cars, I believe, passed over him, and there we saw him lying between the rails; but, as we looked, the corpse got up, took a look at the train fast leaving it, brushed a bit of dust

from its clothes, and then — walked deliberately along the track. On our arrival in Chicago we found it there—a pretty lively corpse, too. Mike was not much the worse for his adventure, excepting a pretty badly used up toe that caused him to limp about for the next few weeks.

On that same day the writer of this sketch got all the toes of his left foot crushed while foolishly attempting to climb upon the train when it was in motion. The rheumatism has found a favorite abiding place in that foot, and it is giving him a twinge now and then as he writes about the matter. Also, a member of another company got his foot badly crushed that day. He was climbing upon the cars and carelessly stepped upon the coupling irons; the buffers came together just then and made sad havoc of his poor foot.

It was on the 20th of July that we got to Chicago. Here we found passenger cars awaiting, and we rode from there to Madison like people. It was a saying among the boys all through the war that Chicago was on the southern border of God's country. As far south as Chicago we used to ride in passenger cars; from there we went as freight. The good people of the city entertained us right royally whenever we were detained there long enough to eat. Comrade Darrow writes to me that on the occasion of this home-coming they gave our regiment a splendid reception and an excellent meal at the Soldiers' Home in the city. I do not know about this, for I went hobbling along the streets between depots on a lame foot, and lost track of the regiment. I am mad now to think I lost the square meal the rest of the boys so much enjoyed. Yet, though I did not get a bite of it, I say, Bless the patriotic, generous, women of Chicago!

Comrade Darrow contrasts the action of the people of Madison with those of Chicago. He thinks they scarcely knew when we came home; or, if they did, they did not think it worth while to pay any particular attention to us. I cannot say as to that, my whole attention being taken up by the aforementioned lame foot; yet it may be that Darrow is right.

We arrived at Madison on the 21st of July. While rolling

slowly along the bridge across Lake Monona, one of our boys made a bit of a speech befitting the occasion. I will not undertake to say just now whether or not he was *stimulated*, but, if I remember rightly, his tongue was unusually glib. He stood in the aisle, steadying himself with one hand on the back of a seat and the other reaching up to a silvered ring screwed into the top of the car, through which a bell cord might pass. On finding that he could unfasten the ring, he held it in his hand, and spoke to this effect:

“Boys, do you know that we of Company E are having our last ride together? When we get across this bridge and to the depot over there we shall scatter—never more to be all together again. Boys, we’ve been a long while together; we’ve marched and ridden thousands of miles in company, and now we are just at the end of it all. Say, boys, have you stopped to think of this? It is so, anyhow; and now I want to know if there’d be anything wrong in my keeping this ring to remember our last ride by. Say, boys, what do you think about it? If you think I ought not to take it, I’ll put it back; but if you think it’s all right I’ll put it into my pocket and keep it just to remember you all by. We are close to the depot; what do you say, boys? Shall I keep it?”

At the conclusion of this little speech the boys all shouted, “Keep it, Jim! Keep it! Put it into your pocket and keep it! That’s all right, Jim!”

Jim echoed the “all right,” as we rolled up to the depot, and pocketed his keepsake.* We all laughed heartily at this bit of genuine sentiment on Jim’s part, and hurried out of the cars; and *just then*, in a certain sense, Company E became a thing of the past. We were free to go when and where we pleased. We had our final discharges, and all that remained for us was to get our pay and transportation home. We were told we could go to Camp Randall for quarters if we chose, or we might go to our homes. Our pay would be ready for us the 9th of August. We could either get it in person on that day, or have it sent to us.

*I wonder whether or not he has it yet.

Most of the boys went to camp, but one after another. they hurried away to their homes. Just the minute we got off the cars at Madison that 21st day of July, 1865, our Company history ended; to write further would be to give the history of separate individuals. And so this sketch is done.

There was a strange feeling within each of us as we left the depot that day. It was not easy for us to realize that we were free to go and come as we pleased. So long accustomed to "passes," if we wished to go away from the company, in spite of us we felt uneasy in walking up the street without one.

I felt the strangest of all, having gone to a hotel, to find myself sitting at table by the side of our big Major Wheelock, and talking with him on equal terms. Other officers and privates were mingled promiscuously together at table. Surely there was a new order of things. Our soldier days were past and we were all citizens together.



CHAPTER XXIX.

CONCLUSION.

I SAID, at the close of the chapter just preceding, that when we stepped off the cars at Madison on that 21st of July, '65, "Company E" became a thing of the past. So it did, as a formal organization; but, for all that, "Company E" continued to exist in spirit, and so it continues to the present day. And I suspect that the old fraternal feeling grows stronger as the years go by. As the old boys straggle one by one over into the "last great camping ground," leaving the squad still on the march smaller and smaller in numbers, all the old love remains; and it is strong enough to bind the remaining few pretty closely together.

For a few years after the war it was not an uncommon thing for a lot of the fellows to happen together here or there, yet, because they so often enjoyed the privilege, they did not think so much of it. But now, after time and ripened thought have hallowed the associations of those years we spent in the camp and field together, and we are so scattered that we seldom see one another's faces,—some of us never,—a bit of a visit between two or three of the old comrades has come to be a glad and happy reunion.

Underneath all this fraternity of feeling, there lies a company pride that exalts the letter "E" above all others in the alphabet, and that sees something in the number "TWELVE" that makes it the best of all. Yes, in its best sense, "Company E. Twelfth Regiment Wisconsin Veteran Volunteer Infantry," still exists. And now I lay down my pen with the devout prayer that we may all be reunited in the Camp beyond the river, where our Great Commander has called all whose service has been loving, faithful, and loyal, to glorious quarters, a sweet rest, and an eternity of peace.

PART III.

SONGS, LETTERS, BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND NAMES OF SURVIVORS OF THE TWELFTH WISCONSIN.

CHAPTER XXX.

SONGS.

THE stirring events of the camp, field and march moved some of the boys to write verses. I have a string or two of them which I will give as specimens of camp rhymes. Verily the muses did not desert a fellow because he wore army brogans and ate hardtack. I do not know who was the author of these rhymes, but I think he belonged to the 31st Illinois Regiment.

CAMPAIGN OF THE CAROLINAS.

Sherman, with his boys in blue,
Started from Port Royal
To scour the old Palmetto State—
The first that proved disloyal.
We soon did run against some Rebs,
Who looked upon our figures,
And found it was the Yanks had come,
Instead of "Foster's Niggers."

The Johnnies saw our boys advance,
And quickly spiked their guns, sir,—
Then picking up their haversacks,
They started on a run, sir;
"Stop, Johnnies!" cried the boys in blue,
"We've come to pay our bills, sir,"
Then every man did point his gun
And give them Yankee pills, sir.

The Third Division, General Force,
Did bravely lead the van, sir,—
If any boys can scare the Rebs,
They are the ones that can, sir.
The Johnnies saw who were behind,—
I tell you what is so, sir,—
They ran like rats into their hole,
Fort Pocotaligo, sir.

We captured the Savannah road,
 And burnt the ties and rails, sir,
 And consequently played the deuce
 With all the Rebel mails, sir.
 Sherman's men were never whipped,—
 They knew the use of triggers,—
 They took this fort which for two years
 Had beat "Old Foster's Niggers."

The swamps and rivers they were bridged
 By Yanks where they did go, sir,—
 But where that Sherman was to strike
 The Johnnies did not know, sir.
 Some said Augusta was the place,
 And Branchville he would try, sir,
 But none of them could see so well
 As Sherman's practiced eye, sir.

The Rebs at Salkehatchee Creek
 To stop us did their best, sir,—
 But General Mower and his men
 Did wade up to their waists, sir;
 They charged the Rebels through the swamp
 In spite of their big guns, sir,
 The Johnnies did get up and dust—
 Sure this was Yankee fun, sir.

The railroad to Augusta town,—
 The place of shot and shell, sir,—
 At Midway we did visit it,
 The boys said, "Give it—*fits*, sir!"
 We placed the rails upon the ties
 And heated them red hot, sir,
 Then twisted them around the trees
 And left them there to rot, sir.

At Orangeburg we next did find
 The Rebels strongly posted;
 They said they'd drive the Yankees back—
 Of this they strongly boasted,
 But Sherman sent brave Force around
 With his brave Third Division,—
 The Johnnies sent a parting shot,
 Then left their strong position.

The Branchville and the Camden road,
 The Yanks did vent their spleen, sir,
 And such a time of twisting rails
 Was never till then seen, sir;
 We made them into curling tongs—
 It was in bad repair, sir,
 The Branchville and the Camden road,
 When left by General Blair, sir.

Columbia, that Rebel nest
 Which first did breed secession,
 We soon did hoist the stripes and stars
 And have in our possession.
 We trampled on the Rebel flag,
 And thought it was in reason
 To burn the town right to the ground
 To pay them for their treason.

The Southern ladies they did feed
 Their turkeys, geese and chickens
 For Yankee soldiers, and we found
 Them most delicious pickings.
 And Sherman said, "My boys in blue
 May eat the eggs and ham, sir,
 For everything that they can find
 Belongs to Uncle Sam, sir."

The Columbia and Charlotte road
 For miles we did tear, sir,
 And when the Johnnies saw the wreck
 Oh, didn't they just swear, sir!
 We burnt their depots and their stores,
 And leveled all their tanks, sir,—
 And since that day the Rebels pray
 The Lord to curse the Yanks, sir.

Full forty miles this sort of work
 The Yanks did leave behind, sir,—
 The Johnnies like good railroad hands,
 But we were not the kind, sir.
 At Winnsboro', then, we changed our course
 And started for Cheraw, sir;
 No earthly power could Sherman stop,
 For where he starts he'll go, sir!

The Rebels from behind their works
 Did look and see our "bummers,"
 And then they turned upon their heels
 And proved themselves good runners;
 The First Division gave them chase
 And ran them through Cheraw, sir,—
 They never stopped to look behind,
 But o'er the bridge did go, sir.

We captured here an English gun—
 A present from John Bull, sir,—
 When we have settled with the Rebs
 We'll pay John back in full, sir.
 We'll pay him for his privateers,
 And make Old England ring, sir;
 We'll give John Bull to understand
 That cotton is *not* King, sir.

Wilmington, and Charleston, too,
 The Rebels did vacate, sir,
 Which stopped the boasted British trade
 And left them desolate, sir.
 Then Beauregard to Charlotte went,
 The Rebel papers say, sir,
 Because he thought the Yankees meant
 To march along that way, sir.

Sherman played his part so well
 The Rebels were sore vexed, sir,—
 They could not tell where he would go
 Or where he would strike next, sir.
 They often thought to head him off
 And catch him in a snare, sir,
 But every time they sprung their trap
 They found he was not there, sir.

The Yankee flanker fooled them all,
 In spite of all their cunning,
 For first to this town, then to that,
 He kept the Johnnies running.
 They said at last that if Old Nick
 Had Sherman fast in hell, sir,
 He'd break Nick's center, flank him out,
 And soon in heaven would dwell, sir.

The Richmond papers said that we
 At last had roused their lion,—
 That soon he'd pounce upon the Yanks
 And send them North a-flyin'.
 At Fayetteville we met this beast,
 And heard his awful growl, sir;
 But when we pricked him in his flanks
 He ran off with a *howl*, sir

Then forty thousand Johnnie Rebs—
 Joe Johnston at their head, sir,—
 Did make a stand at Bentonville,
 But — ran and left their dead, sir.
 "Surrender!" shouted boys in blue,
 "No, *never!*" was the cry, sir;
 Then we did charge with bayonet,
 And smite them hip and thigh, sir.

At Goldsboro' we camped a week or two,
 And Sherman thought it best, sir,
 To send North for that "Christmas meal,"
 And give his soldiers rest, sir.
 While there we heard of Richmond's fall,
 And shouted ourselves hoarse, sir—
 We'd waited for this news *so* long—
 We went half wild, of course, sir.

To Raleigh next we took our march,
 Through mud up o'er our shoes, sir.
 But we were happy all the way,
 For we had heard good news, sir;—
 Though Lee had just got up and got,
 He could not get away, sir;
 Grant went and caught him on the fly
 And sent him home to stay, sir.

When Johnston heard what he had done,
 He d d the same himself, sir,
 He gave his army up to us,
 And went home for his health, sir.
 The war was done—our fighting o'er—
 Then what should Sherman do, sir,
 But march us north to Washington
 To join the Grand Review, sir.

Brave Sherman! he was sent by God—
 And it was God's decree—
 To lead his soldiers through the South
 And set the bondmen free;
 To trample on the bastard flag—
 The hated stars and bars, sir—
 And hoist the Flag of Liberty—
 The glorious Stripes and Stars, sir.

The following remarks will explain the foregoing verses :

1st verse—We started from Port Royal, or Beaufort, Jan. 13th; 2d and 3d verses—Captured a cannon which the Rebels had spiked. Jan. 14th, one company of the 12th Wisconsin and one company of the 45th Illinois were on the skirmish line and, supported by the balance of the 45th Illinois, drove the enemy into Fort Pocotaligo; 4th verse—The Rebels evacuated the fort and we took it and captured the Savannah and Charleston railroad; 5th verse—The Rebels destroyed all their bridges, but pontoons were always ready, and they could be thrown over the widest river in a few hours. The Rebel press could not agree in respect to Sherman's movements. Some said he intended to march to Branchville, others to Augusta, but many declared there was no telling where he would strike; 6th verse—On Feb. 3d, General Mower charged the Rebels across the almost impassable swamp at Rivers' Bridges. The boys under his command, 1st Division 17th Army Corps, fought while standing and wading in ice-cold water nearly up to their waists; they drove the enemy pell-mell; 7th verse—Here we struck the railroad to Augusta and cut off all communication with Charleston; 8th and 9th verses—Sunday, Feb. 12th, the 1st and 3d Divisions 17th Army Corps charged through the Edisto river. The enemy fired a few shots and left in confusion, leaving us in possession of the beautiful little town of Branchville and the Branchville and Camden railroad, which we destroyed, and thus cut off all communication with Charleston and Columbia. The 12th Wisconsin hoisted the stars and stripes over the Court House. Warren, of Company H captured a large Rebel flag. We captured 90 prisoners here; 10th verse—The brave commander of the 15th Army Corps, General John A. Logan, has the honor of the capture of Columbia, although some of the 17th Corps stole their way into the city in advance of the 15th. Columbia was evacuated Feb. 17th; 11th verse—Explains itself; 12th and 13th verses—Sherman changed his course at Winnsborough, and, leaving the Charlotte Railroad, moved upon Cheraw, where the enemy had stored a large amount of ammunition

and many guns for safe keeping; 14th, 15th and 16th verses—The 1st Division 17th Army Corps chased the Rebels through Cheraw and over the Great Pedee river. We captured the town March 3d, and found 17,000 muskets and 31 cannon. We here got possession of the railroad from Charleston to Charlotte; 17th verse—The Rebel papers were completely nonplussed as to Sherman's movements; they used much space in discussing the matter; 18th verse—Some prisoners captured at Cheraw said there was no use in fighting Sherman, anyhow,—that if the devil had him in his dominions he'd flank Old Nick and get into heaven in spite of him; 19th verse—The Southern papers about this time declared that we had roused their "Lion," whatever that might mean, and that we were soon to be caught in his clutches; 20th verse—General Johnston, who had been put in command in the Carolinas, massed his whole force against the 14th Army Corps, but in vain. The 20th Army Corps reinforced them and the two Corps stood their ground against several charges. During the night of March 20th, the 15th and 17th Corps came up when the enemy was routed, and he left the field in great disorder; 21st verse—While we were at Savannah the people of the North discussed the plan of sending us a Christmas dinner; they forgot it, perhaps; or they may have found the undertaking too big to carry out. But we were so happy to know of the fall of Richmond that we did not want anything else for a week or two; 22d verse—On the way to Raleigh we heard of Lee's surrender and the disbanding of his army; 23d verse—General Johnston surrendered near Raleigh, and his soldiers went home. We began our march to Washington by way of Richmond, taking part there in the Grand Review on the 24th of May; 24th verse—A word of praise due to our commander.

Here is another bit of history in verse, written by one of the boys. I do not know to whom to credit it.

SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN IN 1864-65.

On the second day of May, of eighteen sixty-four,
We began this great campaign with the 14th Army Corps,
We met the Rebs at Tunnel Hill, and at Rocky Face, you know,
Where Hooker, with his flanking Corps, did prove their overthrow.

They left their camp at Buzzard's Gap, and said they were determined,
As Johnston he had set a trap to bag our General Sherman;
But Sherman knew a thing or two,—sent Hooker to the right,
Where the Twentieth Corps fixed bayonets and put them all to flight.

The Coosa River then they crossed—retreating, burned the bridge,—
Then Johnston said he'd have revenge for the loss of Rocky Ridge.
So at Dalton, for another fight, to stop he did conclude;
Although we suffered from the heat, we close behind pursued.

The Chattahoochee Johnston crossed, and to Milledgeville he went;
Said he to Brown, "Old Georgia's lost—there's no reinforcement sent;"
Said Governor Brown to the General, "Do you think it is too late
For us to make another stand? or shall we leave the state?"

Our Sherman thought to play a trick—to the river he fell back;
It took old Hood a day or two to get upon our track;
We started for the railroad line, and cut off their supplies;
This made the Johnnies look around and open wide their eyes.

On the first day of September Pat Cleburne, for a spite,
He thought he'd have a little fun while the "Acorn Boys" he'd fight,
But Davis with the 14th Corps, and the 20th you may bet,
Taught Cleburne's men a lesson they never will forget.

Hood thought that at Atlanta he'd have a better chance,
But the 15th Corps with "Forty Rounds," soon made the Johnnies dance;
The 17th did the flanking which won the citadel,—
Hood could not stand 'gainst such a fight, and from it ran pell mell.

Now still you hear the tidings, "Brave Sherman is all right,
His army took Savannah by fighting day and night;
He cleared the road to Charleston,—'Old Beauregard' had to get,—
And now he's off toward Richmond, and he will be there yet."

Hark the cheering news, my boys, "Columbia he has taken,—
He has gone through South Carolina and lived on Southern bacon;"
His men are lean and ugly, but no danger do they fear,—
They can whip their weight in wild cats—these Western volunteers."

Now Johnston has surrendered to Sherman and his men—
We'll stack our guns and sabers, and homeward we'll return:
But if our Country's e'er assailed, and needs more fighting men,
Old Sherman's army's ready to 'list and fight again.

Oh, long will be the years before this war's forgotten
By the jolly boys in blue who have trod the land of cotton;
And from this generation down, all through the coming years,
Their children's children will be proud of Sherman's volunteers.

I wish to preserve in this book a song that, sung with a will, will never fail to stir the old boys clear to the tips of their fingers and toes. It is entitled,—

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

Tune, Old Rosin the Bow.

Our camp-fire shone bright on the mountains
That frowned on the river below,
While we stood by our guns in the morning,
And eagerly watched for the foe,—
When a horseman rode out from the darkness
That hung o'er the mountain and tree,
And shouted, "Up, boys, and be ready,
For Sherman will march to the sea."

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men;
For we knew that the stars on our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And the blessings from Northland would greet us
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then forward, boys, forward to battle!
And we marched on our wearisome way;
We stormed the wild hills of Resaca—
God bless those who fell on that day.
Then Kenesaw, dark in its glory,
Frowned down on the flag of the free,
But the East and the West bore the standard
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Still onward we passed till our banners
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,—
And the blood of the patriot dampens
The soil where the traitors' flag falls.
But we paused not to weep for the fallen
Who slept by each river and tree,
Yet we twined a wreath of the Laurel
Before we marched down to the sea.

Oh, proud was our army that morning,
As we stood by the cypress and pine—
When Sherman said, "Boys, you are weary;
This day fair Savannah is mine."
Then sang we a song for our chieftain,
That echoed o'er river and sea,—
And the stars on our banner shone brighter
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

I must put down here still another song,—a song that is sung by every loyal man, woman and child that can sing. It is that grand old army song and chorus,—

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll have another song,
Sing it with a spirit that shall move the world along,—
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS—Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! for the flag that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the Sea
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the Darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful sound,—
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found,—
How the sweet potatoes, even, started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia.—CHO.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears
When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for years,
Scarcely could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia.—CHO.

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast,"
So the saucy Rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast,—
Had they not forgot, alas, to reckon with their host,
While we were marching through Georgia?—CHO.

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main,
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.—CHO.

The following poem was written by Fred Emerson Brooks, the eloquent California poet, and was read by him at the G. A. R. reunion held in Boston. General Sherman sat on the platform and during the reading shed tears in spite of him. I have put it here to preserve it to those who read this book after we are gone. Surely, it is worthy of preservation:

SHERMAN'S MARCH.

Excuse a blind old soldier if too eager in his quest
To feel the copper button on the lapel of your breast,
I've been so blind I haven't seen a comrade since the war,
But know the grip of fellowship found in the G. A. R.
I know you are a hero, though you tell me not your name,
So I shall call you comrade, for the meaning's just the same.
I've come to see the general—he's here, I understand;
Now comrade, lead me to him, for I'd like to shake his hand.

I know it is an honor,
But you'll tell him this for me,
That I marched down with Sherman
From Atlanta to the sea.

'Twas the march of all the ages—from Atlanta to the sea,
Then back again to Richmond, one long march to victory!
A thousand miles of marching, with a hundred thousand men,
And a thousand banners flying—there was plenty fighting then;
For 'tis something more than marching, with the elements at play,
And the swarthy storm king fighting his battalions in the way.
It is something more than marching when every step you go
You are forced to fight with nature a still more stubborn foe

I could tell you all about it
If you'd listen unto me,
For I marched down with Sherman
From Atlanta to the sea.

I could tell you all about it and the reason why 'twas done
For oftentimes the greatest battle is with smallest carnage won!
Those great chieftains, Grant and Sherman, peerless military twain,
Planned to settle the Rebellion in a doublefold campaign: □
While Grant held Lee at Richmond, Sherman marching through the South,
Cut off hope and all resources save what's in the cannon's mouth.
When your enemy is helpless it is just the same, you know,
As when you've thrust a rapier through the vitals of a foe.

Yes, I'm a blind old veteran,
But proud as I can be
That I marched down with Sherman
From Atlanta to the sea.

Lee well knew those marching thousands meant his final overthrow,
 And to yield far greater courage than cause useless blood to flow,
 Had those concentrated armies—veteran blue and veteran grey—
 Sought to settle the rebellion in one final, fatal fray,
 Fate's red history of battle would have held another page
 With recital of a carnage never known in any age;
 And the sunset of rebellion would have made the earth more red,
 With the blood of many thousands, than the sunset overhead.

When I am dead, my comrade,
 'Tis enough to say of me
 That I marched down with Sherman
 From Atlanta to the sea.

Some gained their fame at Gettysburg, when fame was nearly lost,
 At Fredricksburgh, Antietam, too, 'twas learned what fame may cost.
 One climbed to fame at Lookout, fighting far above the clouds,
 At New Orleans one sailed to fame, lashed to the flagship shrouds.
 One rode to fame at Winchester! At Appomattox town,
 Upon a modest soldier glory laid a modest crown.
 And howe'er so many battles owe success to Sherman's name,
 As a mighty man of marches he'll be always known to fame.

What ? You were down through Georgia ?
 Then you have marched with me
 When I marched down with Sherman
 From Atlanta to the sea.

Let's give three cheers for Sherman; Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
 Why are you silent, comrade ? is there something in your craw ?
 What ! profess to be a comrade and yet refuse to cheer
 The grandest of all generals ? What motive brings you here ?
 Why come to these reunions if you haven't any soul ?
 There's a home for crippled soldiers who are neither sound nor whole.
 Why, you're more deserving pity, sir, than pension, too, I swan,
 Than the poor shattered veterans with arms and legs all gone !

If you won't cheer Uncle Billy,
 Well, you can't shake hands with me,
 For I marched down with Sherman
 From Atlanta to the sea.

Why there's not another being in this nation, I dare say,
 Not even yon Confederate, brave enemy in grey—
 On such a grand occasion would refuse to cheer, when bid,
 The man who saved the Union, or led the men who did.
 Uncle Billy loved the soldiers, for he had a heart within;
 I heard him down in Georgia shout above the battle din,
 We were rather busy fighting, but this sentence I recall:
 "You brave boys who do the fighting, you're the bravest of them all !"

What ? You are Gen. Sherman ?
 Then you'll have to cheer for me !
 For I marched down behind you,
 From Atlanta to the sea.

One day in the streets of Bolivar, Tenn., I picked up a scrap of paper on which the following parody of "Maryland, my Maryland" was printed. I copied them, and a day or two ago I found the copy, yellow with age, among some old letters. I feel that the verses are worth saving:

BOLIVAR, MY BOLIVAR!

BY VAG. A. BOND, F. F. V.

Air, Maryland, My Maryland.

The provost guard is on thy street,
 Bolivar, my Bolivar!
 I hear the tramp of vandal feet,
 Bolivar, my Bolivar!
 With proud contempt thy sons they treat,
 But smile on every girl they meet,—
 Thy subjugation is complete,
 Bolivar, my Bolivar!

Since thou the Southern creed embraced,
 Bolivar, my Bolivar!
 Thy name's dishonored and disgraced,
 Bolivar, my Bolivar!
 Aye, lowly in the dust thou'rt placed,—
 Thy hen-roosts robbed, thy fields laid waste;
 The bitter dregs thou now must taste,
 Bolivar, my Bolivar!

In vain for help on Price ye call,
 Bolivar, my Bolivar!
 The die is cast, thou'rt doomed to fall,
 Bolivar, my Bolivar!
 E'en now I hear thy chickens squall,—
 Thy jayhawked cattle sadly bawl;
 Thou'lt lose thy hogs, thy sheep, thy all,
 Bolivar, my Bolivar!

Thy cotton's sold to Northern Jews,
 Bolivar, my Bolivar,
 For "greenbacks," which thou canst not use,
 Bolivar, my Bolivar!
 Nor canst thou shake those fetters loose,
 Nor yet resent such vile abuse,
 While Court House stands near Calaboose,
 Bolivar, my Bolivar!

But don't despair,—nay, don't repine,
 Bolivar, my Bolivar!
 On thee a brighter day may shine,
 Bolivar, my Bolivar!
 Meantime, bring forth the generous wine—
 Thy native juice of Muscadine:
 We'll drink to days of "Auld Lang Syne,"
 Bolivar, my Bolivar!

CHAPTER XXXI.

LETTERS.

THE following letter from General Leggett was written to E. W. Arndt, of Company H, Secretary of our Regimental Association, to be read at our reunion at Kilbourn City, June 15, 1892. These kind and appreciative words from our loved and respected Division Commander will be highly prized by all who had the honor to serve under our good "Pap Leggett," and so they are given a place in this book.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, June 14, 1892.

E. W. ARNDT,

My Dear Sir:—I have neglected to write to you until the last minute, hoping that I might be with you the 15th and 16th; but as we leave on the 21st for a brief European trip, I find that my business affairs will occupy every minute of my time up to the hour I leave. I regret this exceedingly, for nothing would give me more pleasure than to meet the officers and men of the gallant old Twelfth Wisconsin on this occasion. I never can forget their magnificent service on the 21st and 22d of July, 1864, when, under the lead of their gallant Col. Bryant, they so magnificently charged the Bald Knob, in the very face of a destructive fire, and captured that stronghold from General Pat. Cleburne, the hardest fighter in the Southern Confederacy. In his report to his superior officer, Cleburne says of this affair, that "it was very short, but the most intense fighting of the war."

The next day Cleburne, with his divisions of Texans and Arkansans made the first assault upon us from the rear. Smarting under his defeat of the previous day, he was determined to wipe out the stigma by recapturing the Hill from the men who took it from him, but he was repulsed. However, in his assault, he killed the glorious McPherson, captured General R. K. Scott, the Commander of my Second

Brigade, and severely wounded by a ball through the head, General M. F. Force, the Commander of my First Brigade. Col. Bryant was the ranking Colonel of the First Brigade, so I notified him to assume command. I remember how anxious I felt at the time, as the 12th had been with us but a few days, and we had no knowledge of its fighting qualities. I remained near by this Brigade during the next two charges, and became satisfied that the First Brigade would fully maintain its prestige under its new commander. Col. Bryant commanded as steadily and wisely as if he had been a brigade commander for years, and the old regiments of the brigade quickly reposed in him all the confidence they had been accustomed to bestow upon their idolized commander, General Force.

From that day to the close of the war the 12th Wisconsin was taken into full fellowship with the other regiments of the old 3d Division of the 17th Army Corps, and no divisions in the Union army saw more hard service or more hard fighting. It never attempted to take a position and failed. It was never driven from a position it attempted to hold, and was never defeated in battle.

These are facts of history which the survivors of your regiment, and of all other regiments of the division, may well remember with pride.

My most earnest greeting to all the survivors, officers and men of the old 12th Wis. V. V. Inf'y.

Truly, etc.,

M. D. LEGGETT.

The following letter, written by General Force to N. D. Brown, of Company G, is kindly furnished by Mr. Brown for the pages of this book. We all loved and respected General Force as a commander, and we shall all be glad to read now and then these words from him:—

CINCINNATI, Sept. 6, 1884.

N. D. BROWN,

Dear Sir:—Your letter about the 22d of July, 1864, was mislaid, and I am late in answering it.

Our brigade carried Bald Hill on the morning of July 21st

by assault; no other troops assaulted. The Iowa brigade next on our right made a demonstration and went part of the way up the hill, and returned to the camp at the foot. The 12th and 16th Wisconsin made the front line, and I went up with it. The 20th, the 30th and the 31st Illinois made the second line and Captain Walker, A. A. G., went up with it.

When we threw up works, the 12th Wisconsin — Colonel Bryant being the senior colonel — formed the right of the line. I think the battery was placed at, or about, the 12th. The 12th had just joined the brigade, and, on the morning of the 21st, just before we started up the hill, I rode slowly along their line and said quietly, "I want you to do your best to-day." The men looked at me with such a bright and determined glance that I felt no doubt of the success that followed their splendid charge.

Solid traverses thrown up by the 12th on the night of the 21st materially helped in holding the hill the next day, when we were attacked on three sides.

I saw a good deal of the war, but I was not connected with anything handsomer than the charge on the morning of the 21st.

Very truly yours,

M. F. FORCE.

Having recently received a letter from General Force, I will also give that:—

OHIO SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' HOME,

SANDUSKY, OHIO, NOV. 1, 1892.

H. W. ROOD, 12th Wis. Vet. Inf.,

Dear Sir and Comrade:—I am glad to know that you are getting up a roster of the 12th Wisconsin. It was late in the war that I became acquainted with your regiment, but in a few days—on the 21st of July, '64—I learned to prize and rely upon it.

When I formed the brigade in two lines, the 12th and 16th Wisconsin making the first line, and the three old Illinois regiments the second line, the Illinois officers felt some misgivings at having the new comers put in the front. But when

you moved up the steep hill under the murderous fire of Cleburne's men, leaving the ground strewn with dead and wounded as you advanced, then steadily closing on your colors and sweeping over the enemy's works with a parade line, the Illinois men welcomed you as veterans, and never doubted again.

After reaching the Atlantic, the representatives of the 12th on my staff suffered heavily. Major Price, picket officer, was killed before Savannah. I called for Lieutenant Chandler to fill his place; he was killed before Pocotaligo. I called Lieutenant Sullivan to fill his place, and he was wounded at Bentonville.

Let me see the roster and rekindle the old fire by recalling the old memories.

Very truly yours,

M. F. FORCE.

The Roster of Wisconsin Soldiers says that Lieutenant Sullivan was wounded at Atlanta instead of at Bentonville. The General may have forgotten the place. General Force is Commandant of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home at Sandusky, Ohio.

FROM COLONEL BRYANT.

MADISON, WIS., September 30, 1892.

MY DEAR BOYS :

The history of Company E will, of course, after its reaching Camp Randall, be a history of the 12th Wisconsin Regiment. It was a grand regiment—second to none. I loved the boys, and they never disgraced themselves nor their commander. Their first and most important lessons in the art of war were well learned in the autumn of '61, at Camp Randall. With those lessons learned—they having confidence in their officers, and in one another, touching elbows when the march was long and the shock of battle fierce—their soldierly bearing was observed and favorably commented upon by all, in the fray as well as when on parade.

Their marches were long—from the prairies of the west, where the wild buffaloes roamed, they never turned back till they reached the dashing waves of the Atlantic—a detail of the regiment carrying the news of the evacuation of Savannah to the fleet outside the harbor.

Some brave spirits went down in the shock of battle—others fell by disease; but the regiment went “marching on.” As soldiers, they knew no betters; as citizens, in the more than a quarter of a century of their country’s prosperity, they have stood with the best.

Slowly, but surely, the grey hair, wrinkled brows and faltering steps come on apace: but the hearts of the “Boys” are still youthful when they remember the “Mess house” at Camp Randall, and the charge at “Bald Hill.”

Time will soon brush us aside, and, but for your book, we should soon be forgotten. Yet we helped make history, for we fought with Grant, Sherman and McPherson for the preservation of our country.

I hope, Comrades of the 12th Wisconsin Infantry, that you will all live to a good old age, with liberty-loving sons and dutiful daughters to make life happy. And when we get over to the other shore may you be heroes and comrades all, is the prayer of

Your comrade and friend,

GEORGE E. BRYANT.

WORDS FROM COLONEL PROUDFIT.

I am sure the boys will like to have preserved the following good words from Colonel Proudfit, taken from a private letter concerning our history. After speaking of the pleasant relations of himself and Colonel Bryant with the regiment, he says,

“I feel that whatever fault was ever found with your two colonels, either by superiors or inferiors in rank, had reference mostly to their skill or judgment as soldiers. Both of them did as well every day as they could under the circumstances. The constant care of both, much more than you could realize or appreciate, was the comfort and safety of the

men; and the men would have followed either of them into any danger and thought it all right, for neither ever *sent* the men—they always went along with them.

“And it was one of the happiest regiments, taking it all in all, that I ever knew of. It was afflicted with very little of the jealousy, quarrels and bickerings so common in the army, either among the officers or the men. The quality of horse sense was abundant, and a blessed good thing it is in armies as well as elsewhere. And after the lapse of many years we all remember better the pleasant parts of our experience than the rougher ones.”

CHAPTER XXXII.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.—REGIMENTAL OFFICERS.

COLONEL GEORGE E. BRYANT.

GEORGE E. BRYANT was born at the village of Baldwinville, town of Templeton, Worcester county, Massachusetts, on the 11th of February, 1832. His father was George W. Bryant, his mother Eunice Norcross Bryant. His grandsires fought at Lexington and Concord, and Bunker Hill.

He fitted for college at Black River Academy, Ludlow, Vermont; and afterward became a Cadet of Norwich University, Vermont, with such fellow students as Generals G. M. Dodge and T. E. G. Ransom. He read law with Norcross & Snow, at Fitchburg, Massachusetts, and was admitted to the bar at Worcester, Massachusetts.

In 1856, he formed a law partnership with Myron H. Orton, Madison, Wisconsin. He was elected alderman in 1861, county judge in 1865, 1869, and 1873; was state senator in 1875 and 1876; was secretary of the State Agricultural Society five years; was Quarter-Master General under Governors Harrison Ludington and Wm. E. Smith; was appointed postmaster at Madison, Wisconsin, by President Arthur, and again by President Harrison.

In 1858 the Governor's Guard (afterward Company K, 1st Regiment Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, three months men) was organized in his law office. He was Captain of the Madison Guard in 1861, and that was the first company tendered and accepted by Governor Randall for the suppression of the rebellion.

With those "Minute Men" he did his part, fighting at "Falling Waters," and standing picket at Edward's Ferry.

He was employed by Governor Randall to drill the "Eagle

Regiment,"—the 8th Wisconsin Infantry— from August 27th to September 26th, '61; and was afterward made Colonel of the 12th Wisconsin, his commission being dated September 27th, '61. He was in command of the 3d Brigade, 4th Division, 16th Army Corps, from February 5th, '63, to June 10th, '63; in command of the 1st Brigade, 3d Division, 17th Army Corps, from July 22d, '64, until he was mustered out of the service, because of expiration of term, November 6th, '64.

He *worked* the regiment in Camp Randall, in the autumn of '61, until every maneuver known to regiments was thoroughly mastered by the men, and in the years that followed *no* regiment could out-march, out-fight, out-maneuver, or out-shine the 12th Wisconsin, of the 17th Army Corps.

Colonel Bryant was married in 1858 to Susie A. Gibson, of Fitchburg, Massachusetts,—a lovely Christian woman. A daughter and two sons have helped to make the Bryant home, across Lake Monona from Madison, a happy one.

COLONEL JAMES K. PROUDFIT.

James Kerr Proudfit was born at Argyle, Washington Co., New York, July 24, 1831. His education was received in common school and village academy, all before he was twelve years old.

The father, James, died in 1839. The widowed mother with her four children—two sons and two daughters,—of which James K. was youngest, and the late Hon. Andrew Proudfit, of Madison, Wis., was the eldest,—moved to Wisconsin Territory in the spring of 1843, settling at Brookfield, near Waukesha, where they cleared up a farm in the wild woods. In 1847 the family removed to Delafield, Waukesha Co., where the brothers engaged in farming, milling and store keeping.

In 1850 James became clerk in a store in Milwaukee. In 1852 he went to Manitowoc, thence to Appleton, thence to Waupun, afterward back to his home at Delafield, and, in the spring of 1855, to Madison, where he and a partner became

proprietors and editors of the *Argus* and *Democrat*, and state printers. In 1858 he held the office of city treasurer.

April 17, 1861, he enlisted as a private in the Governor's Guard, which became Company K of the 1st Wisconsin (three months) Infantry. This was the company of which General Lucius Fairchild was Captain, our Lieutenant Col. Poole was 1st Lieutenant, and in which our own Captain John Gillispie served. April 20th, three days after his enlistment, Proudfit was promoted to Ensign, or 2d Lieutenant. In this capacity he served until he was mustered out of the service, Aug. 21, '61, because of expiration of his term of enlistment.

The regiment was sent at once to do guard duty on the Potomac above Washington. July 2, '61, it was in the battle of Falling Waters, Virginia, when the first Wisconsin blood in defense of the Union was shed,—Geo. C. Drake, of Company A, being killed there, and several wounded. Here the renowned T. J. Jackson, afterwards known as "Stonewall Jackson," was beaten. Owing to the defeat at Bull Run, the regiment served an extra month, returning to Milwaukee for muster out August 21, '61.

September 27, '61, Lieut. Proudfit became 1st Lieutenant and Adjutant of our Twelfth Regiment. He served us in this capacity until July 30, '63, just after our return from Jackson, where we went at the close of the siege of Vicksburg; then, by request of nearly all the officers of the regiment, he was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel, although the Major and all the Captains outranked him. This was an unusual honor,—one of which any officer might well feel proud. On the 21st of November, '64, Colonel Bryant having returned to the state at the expiration of his time of service, Lieutenant Colonel Proudfit was made our Colonel, in which capacity he served us till the end of the war. And no regiment could have a better commanding officer than he proved to be. He was brave, efficient and soldierly in all his duties; and he has never in the years since the war lost his tender regard for the boys who followed him on the "March to the Sea," and "Through the Carolinas." I fancy I hear his "PACK UP!" now as I

write, and I feel almost constrained to hunt for my knapsack.

It was a well-deserved honor conferred upon Col. Proudfit, when, March 13, 1865, he was brevetted Brigadier-General "for energy and ability in the discharge of his duties."

At Louisville, Ky., July 16, 1865, he was mustered out of the service with the regiment, and was honorably discharged at Madison August 9, next following.

In September, 1865, Governor Lucius Fairchild appointed General Proudfit Assistant Adjutant General of Wisconsin, and May 1, 1866, Adjutant General, to succeed General Gaylord. In the spring of '68, he resigned this position to engage in private business. While Adjutant General of Wisconsin, he largely prepared and superintended the publication of a very full report of the part taken by the state in the war.

In the fall of 1865 he was elected to represent the Madison district in the state senate in the sessions of '66 and '67.

In the spring of '66, he with others, organized the order of the Grand Army of the Republic, in Wisconsin; and he was elected and installed Department Commander, June 7, of that year, being the first Department Commander ever elected.

In 1872, Gen. Proudfit was appointed by President Grant U. S. Surveyor General for New Mexico. In the discharge of his duties as Surveyor he was in Santa Fe until he resigned in 1876, when he settled in Wyandotte, now Kansas City, Kansas, where he has since resided. He is a member of the Masonic Order, and is a Knight Templar. He is also a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Gen. Proudfit was married in 1855 at Delafield, Wisconsin, to Emelie Theresa Kreuz; she died at Kansas City, Kansas, April 28, 1884, leaving two sons and four daughters. One of the sons, James D., resides at Santa Fe, New Mexico; the other, Herbert K., is in Kansas City, Kansas. Of the daughters, Mrs. James T. Newhall lives in Santa Fe and Mrs. O. Z. Miller and Miss Grace Proudfit are in Kansas City, Kansas. Julia, the youngest, died February 10, 1892.

Col. Proudfit's portrait will be found opposite page 74.



F. B. BRYANT,

1st Lt. and R. Q. M.

wounded men from the front, near Kenesaw Mountain, to the hospital at Rome, Georgia, where he remained on duty till July 28th, when he returned to the regiment, then before Atlanta. August 1, '64, he accompanied sick and wounded in ambulances to the 17th Army Corps hospital at Marietta, near Atlanta, where he was on duty till the 14th of September. After this he was at different times on duty with Worden's Battalion, the 17th Wisconsin Infantry, the Pioneer Corps of the 3d Division of the 17th Army Corps, the 20th Illinois Infantry, the 15th Ohio Battery, and the Artillery of the 3d Division, 17th Army Corps, being medical officer of the three last named organizations at the same time.

He was relieved from duty with the 20th Illinois, April 29, '65, and from the 15th Ohio Battery and the 3d Division Artillery June 6, '65, when he rejoined the regiment, being mustered out with it July 16, '65, at Louisville, Kentucky.

Since the close of the war, Dr. Marston has continued the practice of medicine. His present home is in Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

F. B. BRYANT.

Quartermaster F. B. Bryant was born in 1839, at Rushville, New York. In 1857 he went to Madison, Wisconsin, and took employment as bookkeeper for the banking firm of Williamson & Barwise.

On the 1st day of November, 1861, he enlisted as a private in Company C of the 12th Regiment, then in Camp Randall. On the 1st of May, '62, he received an appointment as Quartermaster Sergeant of the regiment, which position he held until November 21, '64, when he was commissioned 1st Lieutenant and Regimental Quartermaster; this position he held till the close of the war. After his discharge he was in the employ of the Quartermaster's Department at St. Louis, Missouri.

In 1866 he went to Nebraska, and located in Omaha, where he has resided ever since. For several years after settling in Omaha he was in the employ of the Quartermaster's Depart-

ment there. Since then he has been connected with banking interests in that city. He holds high rank in the order of Odd Fellows, having been elected to most of the higher offices; at present, 1892, he is a representative from Nebraska to the Sovereign Grand Lodge of the United States.

Comrade Bryant is a member of the Nebraska Commandery of the Loyal Legion, and of U. S. Grant Post G. A. R., No. 110.

NORMAN S. GILSON.

Judge Norman S. Gilson, of Fond du Lac, was born in Middlefield, Ohio, March 23, 1839. In April, 1860, he came to Wisconsin to study law with Hon. L. F. Frisby. He enlisted at West Bend as a private in Co. D., of the 12th Wisconsin, September 17, 1861, and was with the regiment until June 10, 1862, after which, until after the battle of Perryville, he was with Gen. Robert B. Mitchell in the Army of the Cumberland. He rejoined the regiment in October, 1862, was promoted Sergeant Major, May 3, 1863, and was commissioned First Lieutenant of Co. H., 58th U. S. C. I. at Natchez, Mississippi, August 17, 1863. Afterwards he became Adjutant, and then Lieutenant Colonel, of the same regiment. Later he was brevetted Colonel of Volunteers.

He was Judge Advocate of the District of Natchez, and of the Department of the Mississippi on the staffs of Major Generals Osterhaus and Wood. He served as Judge Advocate of the Court Martial at Vicksburg, which tried Captain Frederick Speed for overloading the steamer, *Sultana*, whereby the lives of over 1,100 paroled prisoners of war were lost on the Mississippi river near Memphis, April, 1865. He was mustered out of service at Vicksburg, June 12, 1866, having served four years and nine months.

In 1867 Mr. Gilson graduated from the Albany law school, when he began the practice of law at Fond du Lac. He has been both City and District Attorney. In 1880 he was elected Circuit Judge, and was re-elected in 1886 and in 1892.



N. S GILSON,
COMPANY D.

MEMBERS OF COMPANY E.

CAPT. ABRAHAM VANDERPOEL.

PORTRAIT OPPOSITE PAGE 47.

Abraham Vanderpoel was born in Columbia County, New York, on the 1st day of April, 1806. He was married, in 1825, to Christina Gifford.

In 1828 he removed to Oswego County, and, settling in the heavy timber land, cleared up a large farm. In 1838, with his wife and seven children—two boys and five girls—he moved to the Territory of Wisconsin, and settled at Jefferson, in the county by the same name.

Two years later he removed to Waterloo, in the same county, where he lived until 1858, when he changed his residence to Newport, in Sauk County.

Mr. Vanderpoel was a member of the Second Constitutional Convention of Wisconsin—the convention that framed our present constitution—from Jefferson County. This convention was in session from December 15, 1847 to February 1, 1848.

In the year 1850 he was a member of the Assembly for Jefferson County.

In September and October, 1861, he raised a company for service in the Civil War, his commission as Captain dating from Oct. 3. This company was recruited at Delton, near Newport, and was known locally as "The Wisconsin River Rifles." It afterwards became Company E of the Twelfth Wisconsin Infantry. He commanded the company until May 3, 1862, when he resigned on account of ill health, his disease being scrofula. The same disease was the cause of his death, in a hospital at Fond du Lac, Wis., Sept. 28, 1874. His business through life had been that of a farmer.

CAPTAIN JOHN GILLISPIE.

(BY LIEUT. M. GRIFFIN.)

PORTRAIT OPPOSITE PAGE 34.

Captain John Gillispie was born on the 22nd day of October, 1839, at Newton Stewart, in Penningum Parish, Scotland. He was the third son of John and Mary Gillispie. In

1843 he emigrated to the United States, locating at Lawrenceville, St. Lawrence County, New York. Captain Gillispie became a resident of the town of Dellona, Sauk County, Wisconsin, in the year 1857, and entered the public schools as a student during the following winter. In the winter of 1860 and 1861 he attended the Delton Academy, in the village of Delton, Sauk County, Wisconsin. On April 17th, 1861, he enlisted as a union soldier at Madison, Wisconsin, and, upon his muster into the service, he became a member of Company K, First Regiment Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry for three months, and served with his company until the expiration of his term, and was mustered out August 21st, 1861, by reason of the expiration of his term of service. He participated in the battle of Falling Waters, and was within hearing of the guns at the first battle of Bull Run, and often described the indignation prevailing in his Regiment because Gen'l Patterson, who was in command, would not move his troops to the relief of Gen'l McDowell on the battle field of Bull Run.

Upon being mustered out of the three-months service Capt. Gillispie returned to Wisconsin, and at once began recruiting a company for the three-years service. Early in September, 1861, enough enlistments had been secured to form the nucleus of an organization, which at that early day in its history was known as the "Wisconsin River Rifles," but which afterwards became Company E, 12th Regiment, Wisconsin Infantry Volunteers. Capt. Gillispie's enrollment therein occurred on September 7, 1861. As soon as the requisite number of enlistments had been secured, a meeting for the election of officers was held, and Captain Gillispie was chosen First Lieutenant, and was commissioned as such October 3, 1861. This was in accord with his own desires, as he preferred that an older man be chosen to command the company,—which was done in the person of Captain Abraham Vanderpoel; but who, on account of his advanced age, resigned in May following, when Capt. Gillispie was commissioned Captain, May 20, 1862, to rank

from May 11, 1862. Capt. Gillispie was constantly with, and in command of his Company until taken prisoner on the 21st day of July, 1864, before Atlanta, Georgia. He re-enlisted as a veteran with his Company in January, 1864, at Natchez, Mississippi. On the 21st day of July, 1864, in a charge made by the Regiment on the Rebel works on the east side Atlanta, Georgia, Capt. Gillispie was wounded in the left arm and side, and taken prisoner. His left arm was amputated by a Rebel surgeon on the following day, and he was incarcerated in the following Rebel prisons until paroled on the 19th day of March, 1865, viz: At Macon and Savannah, Georgia; at Charleston and Columbia, South Carolina; and at Libby Prison, Richmond, Virginia.

On May 19, 1865, on the arrival of Sherman's army in Washington, Captain Gillispie visited his Company, but did not assume command. He was mustered out of the volunteer service, and honorably discharged, June 7, 1865, on account of physical disability and expiration of term of service by Special Orders No. 294, War Department, Adjutant General's Office, dated June 10, 1864. Capt. Gillispie subsequently entered Hancock's Veteran Reserve Corps as First Lieutenant of Company K, 22d Regiment. He was promoted to the rank of Captain and served about six months, when he resigned and returned to Wisconsin, taking up his residence in Sauk County. On the 15th day of May, 1866, he married Miss Jane Lorette Huggins.

On Captain Gillispie's return to Wisconsin in 1866, he engaged extensively in farming, in the town of Dellona, Sauk County. He was elected a member of the Assembly from his Assembly District in 1867, and re-elected in 1868. In 1869 he removed to Kilbourn City, Wisconsin, where his widow, who survives him, still resides. Capt. Gillispie died on the 21st day of January, 1871, in consequence of his wounds, from which he had been a constant sufferer to an extent that greatly interfered with the execution of his plans for a more successful civil career. Immediately after his death, steps were taken to assemble as many of the surviving

members of the Company as was possible at the village of Delton, where the Company was organized, for the purpose of holding a memorial meeting, and giving expression to their sorrow for his early and untimely death, and their appreciation of their old Commander and of the service which he had rendered his country, resulting in the sacrifice of his life for the preservation of the American Union. The effort was successful, and seventeen of the old members of his Company assembled in February, 1871, in the Academy building, in Delton, where Capt. Gillispie had attended school prior to the war, and adopted proper resolutions, and listened to a memorial address upon his life and character.

Capt. Gillispie was essentially a soldier,—impulsive, exceedingly quick of comprehension, of ready decision, forceful and magnetic. When on duty he was a very strict disciplinarian, but off duty was exceedingly kind, gentle and considerate to his men. The influence which he exerted over the members of his Company was absolute, not because of his authority as their Commanding officer, but by reason of their regard and esteem for him. Of fine soldierly bearing himself, he infused a military spirit into every soldier in his command. So well equipped was he for a leader of men that all members of his Company when on duty could readily determine from the approving glance or frowning flash of his eye whether or not they were fulfilling his expectations. The Company was always proud to be called to duty under his command, knowing full well that should they be lacking in the requirements for making a creditable record their Commander would, by his tact, his military genius, and his great faculty of conveying to his men by his silent demeanor his own comprehension of the situation, save them from failure. He, too, took great pride in his Company, and never withheld the meed of praise which it merited. Naturally very generous, in this particular he was exceedingly so, and his Company as an organization, and each of the men individually, never failed to receive from him proper recognition of meritorious or good soldierly conduct.

Captain Gillispie was a man of more than ordinary ability; his natural ability was excellent, and his education ample to have made him a success in civil life. But for his service in the army, and the fatal wounds received, he would undoubtedly have become a man of much greater mark and influence in civil life; but whatever he was, or however bright the prospects of his career in life at the time of his enlistment may have been, he sacrificed it all for his country and in its service.

As a commanding officer there was a charm and an inspiration in his bearing and words of command which none who witnessed and heard them can ever forget. The last command the writer heard him give was on that fatal morning of July 21st, 1864, while he was at the right and in front of the Company under the enemy's fire, when, drawing his sword and pointing to the enemy's works, he glanced along the line and obliquely facing the works pointed to the same with his drawn sword, and in his peculiarly tragic attitude, gave in magnetic tones the command, "Charge, Boys, Charge!"

Capt. Gillispie was brave and fearless,—never halting or hesitating in the discharge of any duty because of impediments or obstacles to be overcome in the accomplishment of the objects sought to be attained. When he saw his duty plainly, his motto was to do or die. His example as an officer and a soldier are worthy of our highest admiration, and the members of his company will ever cherish his memory.

LIEUTENANT L. T. LINNELL.

PORTRAIT OPPOSITE PAGE 200.

Lewis T. Linnell was born in Jefferson County, New York, Feb. 13, 1839. His parents were Samuel and Mahila Linnell.

During the winter when he was six years old, his father loaded the family—mother and six children, three boys older and two girls younger than Lewis—into a covered sleigh, and they all took a sleigh-ride through Western New York, across the Niagara River on the ice, below the Falls, through

Canada, and into the western part of Michigan, where they stopped near Ionia, and settled on a farm for two years.

In the spring of 1847, the family traveled by wagon to Chicago, thence to Rockford, Winnebago, Co., Ill. Here, in the autumn of '47, the father and children were called to mourn the loss by death of the mother. Having lived at Rockford until the fall of 1851, another move was made, with two ox-teams and wagons, to a location six miles west of Delton, Sauk County, Wisconsin, where a home was established on a quarter section of new land. This was the family residence when Lewis, Sept. 7, '61, enlisted in what came to be Company E, 12th Wisconsin Infantry.

He had, before enlistment, studied two years at the Delton Academy, and one year at Wayland University, Beaver Dam, Wis., and had taught four winter terms of school, beginning in the winter of 1856-57.

Lieutenant Linnell made a most excellent soldier and officer. He was remarkably cool-headed in time of danger, and was both brave and efficient everywhere. He was much on detached service, having acted as Adjutant of our regiment and of the 3d Iowa, and Ordnance officer of Gen. Howard's staff.

After being mustered out of the service—Dec. 26, '64, because of expiration of term of service—he returned to the old home at Delton; but in June, 1865, he moved to southern Illinois, settling near Cobden, Union County, where he was engaged for two years raising fruit for northern markets.

After this he moved into the village of Cobden and engaged in mercantile pursuits until 1877, when he organized the Cobden Exchange Bank, and opened a real estate office, in which business he has continued till the present time—1892.

On the 21st of April, 1864, Lieut. Linnell was married to Miss Isabella A. Longley. They have had six children, four of whom are living. The eldest, Bird McPherson, graduated from the Lake Forest University in the class of '89, and is now a Senior in Rush Medical College, Chicago. The second son, Lewis Mitchel, is cashier of the Cobden Exchange Bank;

Grace, the eldest daughter, is a student at Lake Forest, and the youngest, Florence, is at home with her parents.

In politics, Linnell has always been a republican. His first vote, in 1860, was cast for Abraham Lincoln; and his last, in 1892, for Benjamin Harrison. He has held several positions of trust under the government; has always been considered a strong partisan and an active worker in his party.

He is a member of the Cobden Presbyterian church, and has been one of its elders since 1872.

LIEUTENANT J. H. THAYER.

James Harvey Thayer, son of Ezra and Thirza Sheldon Thayer, was born at Marlborough, Windham County, Vermont, on the 4th day of September, 1833. He was one of a family of eight children, five girls and three boys. He remained at home, working on his father's farm, till he was twenty years old, attending the district school till he was eighteen. After this he spent some time in attendance at a select school at Newfane. He also taught school a part of the time before moving, in June, 1856, to Newport, Sauk County, Wis., where he engaged in lumbering, which business he followed till the breaking out of the war.

As already recorded, on page 20 of this book, he enlisted Sept. 7, '61, as a member of what became Company E, of the 12th Wisconsin. He was thus one of the first men in the Company, only one enlistment being recorded before that day; that one was Captain Vanderpoel, Sept. 4.

When the election of officers was held, Thayer was chosen First, or Orderly, Sergeant. No better choice could have been made, for Sergeant Thayer was one of the best officers any company ever had. He was a good business man, prompt, methodical and faithful. He was always at his post of duty from the time of his enlistment till he was wounded, at Atlanta, on the 14th of August, '64.

When Captain Vanderpoel resigned, in May, '62, Sergeant Thayer became our Second Lieutenant, which rank he held at the time of his death, Oct. 7, '64. As a commissioned

officer his good qualities were just as marked as they were when he marched at the head of the company with a musket. Too much cannot be said of his efficiency, his good judgment, his manly bearing. Prompt and energetic himself in the discharge of every duty, he expected every man in the company to do whatever was assigned him.

Lieutenant Thayer's worthy character not only deserved, but won and held, the highest esteem of the men of the company. He had a cool, quiet manner that he did not lose in the presence of danger, and this made him a particularly good officer to take charge of any perilous enterprise. Had the way been opened for him, he would have been worthy of any promotion, and fit for any official position.

After Captain Gillispie was wounded and taken prisoner, on the 21st of July, '64, at Bald Hill, Atlanta, Lieutenant Thayer had command of the company, Lieut. Linnell being on detached service. A little more than three weeks after Bald Hill—August 14—we were stationed in a very dangerous position, the enemy's lines being close to us. Balls dropped in among us every now and then. The most of them struck the ground or the trunks of trees, but once in a while some poor fellow was hit. There was no safety for any of us, day or night. But the daily experience of that terrible summer of '64 had made us so familiar with danger and death that we did not mind much about our deadly little visitors, excepting when they hit somebody near us.

One day Lieut. Thayer was sitting on a bunk that had been built close to the works, and was talking to some of the boys sitting near him, when a ball came through the woods in our front, passed just over the top of the works, and struck him in the side, passing between the fifth and sixth ribs. The boys thought at first he was mortally wounded, and that he would soon die. They gathered around him, all trying to do what they could for him.

It seems that he and William Moshier*—the two had been

*Comrade Moshier has said to me more than once, "I did *love* that man."

fast friends—had once promised each other that if anything happened to either, the other would stand by him to the last. Just after the Lieutenant was wounded, he asked, “Where is William Moshier?” Will was soon at his side and supporting him in his strong, loving arms.

The wound, as I remember it, was as if a knife had been thrust between his ribs into his side. I suppose the ball must have been flattened before hitting the Lieutenant by striking against the limb of a tree.

The surgeon was soon at hand and ordered the wounded man taken to the hospital. He said, “Will, I want you to go with me.” A detail was soon got for Moshier, and he went with Thayer to the hospital, near Marietta, to act as his nurse as long as needed.

No man could have served our wounded Lieutenant and comrade more faithfully, tenderly and skillfully than did Will Moshier. He was not well himself, and he really needed attendance, but he scarcely ever left the bedside or ceased for one moment his careful attention, except to get such sleep as was actually necessary. I know all this, for I was in the same hospital myself, and was often where I could observe the loving devotion bestowed upon Lieutenant Thayer.

At first he began to improve quite rapidly, and we thought he would surely recover. The doctor was kind and cheerful, and Thayer was very hopeful. About the last of September, however, he began to lose strength and to grow worse in every way. The doctor soon saw that he must die. He became very weak, but his mind was clear to the very last. I was with him at the time of his death. During the last forty-eight hours he was too weak to speak, but Will Moshier stood over him and understood by every look just what he wanted. His great desire had been to get home before he died, but that blessed privilege was denied him. His life ebbed quietly away—so quietly that we hardly knew when the last breath came. At the very last he looked up with all the expression in his eyes of a well man.

All along during his sickness he was very patient, full of

courage, and hopeful. He was pleased with all that was done for him, and thankful for every kindness. He thought that everything his faithful nurse did for him was just right. Moshier says that the Lieutenant did not like to call on him nights for help, because he wanted him to get all the rest he could: and that he should have tired quite out had it not been for his patient's gentleness and gratitude.

On post mortem examination, it was found that one of his lungs was quite gone, but the ball could not be found. The surgeons thought it was the jar of the ball against his ribs that cause the decay of his lung.

Comrade Moshier carefully prepared his body for burial. He made as good a coffin for him as he could, wrapped him in blankets, and saw him decently buried about four rods northwest of the main hospital building—the old Military Institute near Marietta, Georgia.

Moshier expected that his body would be removed to the North for final interment, but it never was.

I would like to present a better sketch of Lieutenant Thayer's life and army service, but it has not been easy to get many facts concerning his early life. I have tried, however, to speak truly concerning his character, though I feel that I have failed to do him full justice. I am indebted to Comrade Moshier for most of what I have written about his sickness and death.

We could not secure a picture of Lieut. Thayer.

CAPTAIN ALPHEUS E. KINNEY.

Alpheus E. Kinney was born on the 25th day of August, 1840, at Crown Point, Essex Co., New York. In the fall of 1849 he moved with his parents to Rosendale, Fond du Lac Co., Wisconsin. In the following February the family moved to the town of Fairfield in Sauk Co., Wisconsin. What education he got was obtained at a district school before he was fifteen years old, after which he was engaged at hard work on the farm.

When the war began he was working out by the month.

He enlisted in what became Co. E of the 12th Wisconsin, on the 7th day of September, '61, being one of the very first men in the Company, and went into quarters at Delton four days later. On the 1st of October he was appointed sergeant. He was always with the Company and always on hand for duty till the close of the war. We had no more faithful soldier or officer than he was from first to last.

On the 28th of December, '63, he re-enlisted. On the 28th of March, '64, he was promoted to the position of Orderly Sergeant. November 21, '64, he was commissioned Second Lieutenant of the company; February 11, '65, First Lieutenant; and July 4, '64, Captain. As the war had closed at that time, and the regiment was soon to be mustered out of the service, Comrade Kinney was not mustered as Captain. July 16, '64, with the rest of the company he was mustered out of the United States service, after which he went with the regiment to Madison, and from there to his home in Sauk County.

During the summer of '66 he was engaged as a watchman on a Mississippi steamboat. In '67 he bought a farm and on the 9th of May of that year, he was married to Jane E. Fuller. He was a member of the Town Board of Supervisors for Fairfield four years.

In the summer of 1879 he went to Dakota Territory and secured a quarter-section of land, returning to Wisconsin late in the fall. He went to Dakota again the next spring, returning to the Wisconsin home again in December. In the spring of '81 he moved his family—wife, one girl and two boys—to their future home in Dakota, where they have since resided. He had been a member of the Township Board, and a member of the County Board of Commissioners of Brookings Co., three years. During the past three years he has been Township Clerk, and during the past two years Township School Clerk.

His little daughter, Lulu M. Kinney, died November 10, '81, age ten years. One son, Earl R. Kinney, was born May 7, '74, the other, Carl W., July 7, '79.

Captain Kinney's post office address is—Dec., 1892,—Estelline, South Dakota. He wants any of the boys who go to that country to pull on his latch-string.

LIEUTENANT MICHAEL GRIFFIN.

Michael Griffin was born in County Clare, Ireland, September 9, 1842. With his parents, he came to America in 1847, residing first in Canada, then in Ohio, removing in 1856, to Newport, Sauk County, Wisconsin, where, September 11, 1861, he enlisted in what became Company E, of the 12th Wisconsin Infantry. He was, with the rest of the company, mustered into the United Service November 5, '61; and was appointed Sergeant on the same day. He served continuously with the company till he was mustered out, July 16, '65, because of the close of the war.

At the battle of Bald Hill, Atlanta, Georgia, July 21, '64, he was wounded in a charge upon the Rebels' works. He was commissioned Second Lieutenant February 11, '65, and mustered on the 30th of the following March. He was commissioned First Lieutenant July 5, '65, but, owing to the close of the war, he did not muster as such until several years later, and then only to complete the record.

After being mustered out of service he returned to Newport, and, during the following fall, he began to read law in the office of Hon. Jonathan Bowman, of Kilbourn City, Wisconsin. He was admitted to the bar of the Circuit Court at Portage City, May 19, 1868, after which he practiced his profession at Kilbourn City till the spring 1876. During this time he held the office of Town Clerk and was a member of the County Board of Supervisors. In 1875, he was elected to the Assembly from the first district of Columbia County.

During the session of the legislature of 1876, he was a member of the joint committee that investigated the administration of Governors Washburn and Taylor, and conducted the proceedings on behalf of the committee.

At the close of the session of 1876, he removed to Eau Claire, where he has since resided, and has been actively

engaged in the practice of law. He was appointed City Attorney in 1878, '79 and '80. In 1879, he was elected State Senator from the thirtieth district, as a republican, of which political faith he has always been a consistent adherent.

Lieutenant Griffin is a leading member of the G. A. R., having served several terms as Post Commander. He has served two years as Judge Advocate of the Department of Wisconsin. In February, 1887, he was elected Department Commander, in which capacity he served one year.

In 1889, he was appointed by Governor W. D. Hoard Quartermaster General of the state, with rank as Brigadier General under the law, serving two years in that position. In August, 1890, he was chosen Chairman of the Republican State Convention that met in Milwaukee for the nomination of state officers.

Lieutenant Griffin is a member of the Wisconsin Commandery Military Order of the Loyal Legion; also of the Commandery, Chapter and Blue Lodge of the Masonic Fraternity, Knights of Pythias, and Royal Arcanum.

He has always taken a deep interest in the cause of the Union soldier, and the Grand Army.

His name has been prominently mentioned by his party adherents in connection with the offices of Member of Congress from his district and Governor of the state.

Comrade Griffin was married on the 6th of September, 1871, at Kilbourn City, to Miss Emma I. Daniels. They have had but one child, Mabel M., who died when only eleven months old.

SERGEANT EDDY COLE.

Eddy Cole was born in the City of Troy, N. Y., March 23, 1835, and, with his parents, moved to Wisconsin about the year 1843, settling on a farm in Walworth County. When he was about sixteen years old, his father sold the farm, and they moved to the town of Lindina, Juneau County, settling on a farm there. Eddy worked with his father on the farm up to the time of the beginning of the war.

He became a member of Company E October 7, '61, and directly afterwards went into quarters with the rest of the boys at Delton. From that time he was in all our service until he was mustered out with the company at Louisville, Ky., July 16, '65. He was always one of the best soldiers of the Company, doing every duty as conscientiously as if it were a part of his religion. He was full of life and energy, possessed of a vast fund of good humor, yet serious in all matters of consequence. He was a great reader, was well informed upon all current events, and had naturally a sound and correct judgment. He was, during the last year of the war, my bunk-mate, and he gave me, by his worthy friendship and unbounded kindness, reason to love him as long as he lived, and to cherish gratefully his memory after his death.

His soldierly qualities were recognized by his promotion, first to the position of Corporal, and then to be one of the Sergeants of the company. He was fully capable of holding any office in the company.

He re-enlisted at Natchez, and, when at home on veteran furlough, during the following April, he was married to Miss Ella Macaulay, sister of our Maurice Macaulay. After the close of the war he purchased a farm in the town of Lindina, and made his home there till his death, Dec. 6, 1880.

Three children, Emma, Jessie and Sidney, came to grace his home, and he loved them as the rarest of jewels. Emma died January 16, 1888, seven years after the death of her father. Miss Jessie and Sidney still live with their mother in Mauston.

Eddy Cole was a man greatly beloved by his neighbors and all who knew him. He was elected by his townsmen to various offices of trust, his judgment in local affairs being highly respected. He was an enthusiastic temperance advocate, being a leading member of the Order of Good Templars. He was a close Bible student, finding great comfort in the daily study of the Scriptures.

His health was never very good after the war, but he was always ambitious to work for the comfort of his family, and

doubtless he thus hastened his death, which occurred Dec. 6, 1880. He was mourned as a devoted husband, a kind and loving father, and a most worthy citizen.

CORPORAL JAMES McVEY.

The sad news comes to-night, January 20th, '93, from Comrade H. H. Bennett, that our good friend and comrade James McVey is dead. None of us who saw him last summer, at the Kilbourn reunion, can feel much surprise because of such news, for his wasted form and pale face told us then all too plainly that "Jem" had not long to stay with us.

Though we always loved and honored Comrade McVey, now that he has gone on before us to the camp over the River, we feel especially to recall his faithfulness and manliness as we knew him in the camp, on the march, on the picket line and the battle-field. We remember him as one who never shirked a duty, never shunned the most dangerous service, never proved untrue in any way. We think of him as quiet in manner, courteous in deportment, and as commanding the highest respect of all who knew him. Though so modest and unassuming, he always bore himself with a quiet dignity that betokened a character both positive and strong. And because of such sterling, manly qualities, we shall always cherish his memory with the most loving and tender affection.

The life of our comrade since the war has been one of honest manhood, loyal citizenship and true devotion to his family and friends. One of his neighbors said of him at his death, "There may be other men as good as James McVey, but they are not common."

His sorrowing family may be sure of the heartfelt sympathy of every one of the old comrades of their dead husband and father, for, in him, they and we have suffered a common loss.

James McVey was born at Ottawa, Ontario, May 4, 1838. He enlisted in Company E, September 7, '61. He was one

of the first to enroll his name at Delton, and was chosen Corporal at the Company election. But he was fit in every way to command a company. He was with us in all our service till his discharge, at Chattanooga, Tenn., November 4, '64, at the close of his term of enlistment.

After the war he followed the business of lumbering in the Wisconsin "Pineries," and on the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers, for fourteen years, after which he moved to Minnesota and began farming. His residence was at Fountain Prairie, Pipestone Co. He held there various local offices of trust, to which he was elected by his fellow citizens. He was Postmaster seven years. His death occurred January 9, 1893.

His wife was Sarah M. Bennett, sister of our Henry H. and Edmund F. He had five children,—George S., Victoria M., Sarah E., James C. and Donald J.

ELIAS L. STEVENS.

Inasmuch as Comrade Stevens has died since arrangements were made for writing this history, it seems as if a brief sketch of his life and service, and an account of his death should be preserved.

Elias L. Stevens was born in Saratoga County, N. Y., April 28, 1828, his parents being New England people. In 1845 he went back to New England and learned the painter's trade. In 1854 he was married to Miss Pamela C. Childs, of Holyoke, Massachusetts, and during the following year he moved to Wisconsin, settling upon a farm in Juneau County, town of Lyndon.

On the 30th of August, 1862, he enlisted from Lyndon, as a recruit for Company E, 12th Wisconsin. He joined the Company at Bolivar, Tennessee, during the following October, after which he served with the rest of us till he was mustered out at Washington, D. C. on the 31st of May, '65.

Our Comrade Stevens was a quiet man—older than the most of us—but social and friendly in manner, and ready to do promptly every duty that came to him. For some time he

was my bunk-mate, and, because of his kindness to me, a young boy, I came to have a special regard for him.

In 1866 he removed from Wisconsin to Henry, Ill., where he was engaged in building masonry for the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway Company. Afterward he moved to Joliet, where he remained two years, moving then to Morris, Ill. In 1875 he again settled in Joliet, where he resided till his death, in 1889. During all this time he was engaged in railroad contract work.

On February 2, '76, his wife died, leaving one child, Jessie F., now Mrs. A. C. Dillman, Joliet. In February, 1880, he was married to Mrs. Frances Learnard. One son was born to them, Rolland Ezra, who is now—1893—nine years old.

In April, '89, Comrade Stevens, while hunting, accidentally shot off two fingers of his left hand. For two months after this accident he was very sick, then beginning to gain, his physician advised a change of scene and climate; so he went to the northern part of Michigan for his health. Though his hand healed entirely, he did not regain his strength.

He returned to his home in August, and was that same night taken with a low type of fever; he lived but five weeks longer, dying Sept. 11, just two weeks after our Milwaukee reunion, in '89. The doctor said his disease was the result of blood poisoning, but the immediate cause of his death was heart failure.

In June of that year our Comrade wrote that he fully expected to be able to attend the reunion, but while we visited together, he was suffering on his deathbed, so soon to join our comrades over the River.

H. S. BEARDSLEY.

The sad news comes to-night of the death of another of our old comrades—Hiram S. Beardsley, of Tomah, Wisconsin; and I feel that a brief sketch of his life and service should be recorded in our history.

Comrade Beardsley was born on the 16th day of July, 1827.

at Fairfield, Franklin Co., Vermont; he was the second child of eight sons and one daughter. His parents were of prominent New England families, and his grandfather served throughout the Revolutionary war, being for a time a member of Washington's body guard.

When Hiram was nineteen years of age he moved with his parents to Dundee, Kane Co., Ill. The next year he went to Albany, N. Y., where he attended school one year, returning afterward to the Illinois home. He went from there to work in the Wisconsin pineries, spending a part of the time rafting lumber on the Wisconsin river. In 1851 he was married to Miss Harriet A. Evans, a native of Oneida County, New York. A year after his marriage he moved to Wisconsin, settling in Baraboo, afterwards removing to Newport, where he worked at the carpenter's trade a year. In 1853 he settled on Dell Prairie, Adams Co., where he was living when the war broke out.

He enlisted in Co. E at Delton on the 24th day of October, '61, and from that time till his discharge, November 4, '64—by reason of expiration of term of enlistment—he took part in all the service of the company and regiment, never spending a day in the hospital. He was a faithful, capable soldier, —always in his place and prompt in the discharge of every duty. Because of his soldierly qualities he was appointed corporal, and was for some time a member of the color guard. From the time of the surrender of Atlanta till his discharge, he served as clerk in the quartermaster's department.

Soon after the war he removed to Tomah, Wisconsin, where he resided up to the time of his death, March 19, 1893. About a year before he died he suffered an attack of *la grippe*, from which he never fully recovered. He was confined to his house about two months.

I copy the following from a Tomah paper: "He [Comrade Beardsley] was the sort of citizen whose services are always in public demand, and his were always willingly given in any good cause. He was treasurer of the town and of the village when it was incorporated, and was clerk of the

school board for several years. In 1875 he was appointed Postmaster, and he held the office continuously for twelve years. In that position he gave rare satisfaction, and every man, woman and child who had business at the office remembers the genial smile and the kindly courtesy with which everybody was always greeted by Postmaster Beardsley.

Mr. Beardsley was the second Mayor of the city, being elected in 1886, and re-elected the following year. In all public affairs he was broad-minded and liberal in purse. In all his dealings with his fellow-men he was characterized by kindliness of heart, affability of manner, and an overflowing generosity to which public interests or private necessities never appealed in vain. His faults, how few and insignificant! His virtues, how abounding! Probably the loss of no man from our community would be more generally mourned."

This shows the high esteem in which our comrade was held among his neighbors and fellow townsmen. He was a member of the Henry W. Cressy Post, G. A. R., and of the Baptist church.

Comrade Beardsley leaves a wife and an adopted daughter to mourn his loss; and among his most sincere mourners are his old companions of war times.

S. G. SWAIN.

PORTRAIT OPPOSITE PAGE 22.

Samuel Glyde Swain, son of Chipman and Dency Gilbert Swain, was born at Putney, Windham County, Vermont, August 17, 1835. He came of good old Puritan stock, being descended from Jeremiah Swain, who was at Charlestown, Massachusetts, in 1638. The family has been represented in every war in which this country has ever been engaged, excepting the Mexican War.

He was educated in the public schools of Windsor, Vermont. In 1855, he removed with his parents to Delton, Wisconsin, where he was engaged in farming until he enlisted, September 30, 1861, in Company E, of the 12th Wisconsin Infantry.

He served continuously with this company and regiment—re-enlisting in January, '64, as a veteran—until March 14, '64, at which time he was commissioned Second Lieutenant in the 58th U. S. C. Infantry.

In April of that year he was detailed for duty as assistant engineer, and two weeks later as engineer in charge of fortifications at Fort McPherson, Natchez, Miss. While on this duty he directed some important work in the construction of breastworks and defenses; it being thought that the Rebel General Forrest would attempt to cross the Mississippi at that point. He was on duty at Fort McPherson until July, '65. August 29, '65, he was assigned to duty as sub-commissioner of the Freedman Bureau for Warren County, and the Post of Vicksburg, Miss. November 23, '65, he was assigned to the responsible and very hazardous duty of collecting the government tax on leased plantations in Warren County, Miss., and Tensas and Concordia Parishes in Louisiana. He was mustered out of the service as First Lieutenant at Vicksburg, April 30th, 1866, having been in the service four years and seven months.

He engaged in farming at Delton until in January, 1872, when he received an appointment in the Railway Mail Service, in the duties of which he has been ever since engaged. He was married at Baraboo, Wis., October 12, 1869, to Mary Ellen Warner. This union has been blessed with five children.

HENRY H. BENNETT.

The father of Henry H. was born in East Farnham, Canada East, in 1810; his mother in Brookline, Windham County, Vermont, in 1822. At this writing—October 1892—both are living, their home being in Kilbourn City, Wisconsin.

Henry is the eldest of their nine boys and two girls,—all living,—being born in East Farnham, January 15, 1843. When he was about a year old his parents moved to Brattleboro, Vermont, where they lived until the spring of 1857, when Mr. Bennett came, with Henry, to Kilbourn City. In the autumn of that year he returned to Vermont, coming back

the following spring with the remainder of his family. Henry, then only fourteen, stayed in Kilbourn while his father was gone; and he hints that, because of the hard times caused by the financial panic of that year, he did not find it easy to make a living.

He enlisted in Co. E, of the 12th Wisconsin, on the 8th of September, '61; his brother Edmund F. enlisted in the same Company on the 23rd of October, '61. Henry was discharged from the Harvey Hospital, at Madison, November 5, '64, and Edmund from the regiment, in northern Georgia, November 4, '64, their terms of service having expired.

In August, '63, while in camp near Vicksburg, Henry had an attack of diphtheria and was for the first time sent to the hospital. A few days later he recovered sufficiently to go home on a thirty-day furlough; on account of sickness at home this was extended to sixty days. Because of this absence, he missed the expedition to Jackson just after the surrender of Vicksburg; the trip to Natchez, and the expedition to Harrisonburg, Louisiana, in September, '63. He participated in all other movements of the regiment—excepting the Veteran Furlough—until he was accidentally wounded while on the picket line at Paducah, Ky., April 14, '64, during a Rebel attack upon that place. After being wounded—a ball passed through his right hand—he was sent to Jefferson Barracks, and afterwards to the Harvey Hospital, where he remained until his discharge.

Henry was once reported as a deserter; this is the story of it: While he was returning from furlough in '63, and was waiting at Fort Pickering, Memphis, for transportation, he was taken sick with fever. When his squad was notified that a boat was awaiting them, the surgeon refused to permit him to go on with them. But he slipped away from the doctor, got among the boys on the boat, and was, in due time, with the company. About a month later he was reported to the regiment as having deserted from the hospital at Fort Pickering. He never felt very badly about that, for Colonel Bryant's

reprimand was not of the kind to make him ashamed of having run away from a hospital to get to his regiment.

In 1867, H. H. was married to Miss Frances I. Douty, who died August 28, 1884, of consumption, leaving him three children, Hattie M., Ashley C., and Nellie I. In March, 1890, he was married to Eva H. Marshall; they have to bless this union, one daughter—Mariam.

His life since the war has been one of hard work. He accounts himself fortunate in the selection of a life-work (that of a photographer) that has been very pleasant to him;—one that has gained for him a fair reputation, even though it has not brought him an over abundance of shekels.

Henry is an enthusiastic member of John Gillispie Post, G. A. R., at Kilbourn, is on hand at all our reunions, and his latch string is always out to any of the boys who visit Kilbourn City. It may be added that all of his family are as enthusiastic G. A. R. people as he is himself; and they all claim membership in Company E.

JOHN G. INGALLS.

The subject of this sketch was born at Palmer, Massachusetts, March 21, 1849. In the spring of 1855 the family moved to Wisconsin, settling in the town of Lyndon, Juneau County, whence, in the fall of 1860 they moved to Delton. While on the farm, John had the usual life of a country boy, hard work, early and late, from April to November, and then three months in the winter at the district school.

While Company E was being organized in Delton, the twelve year old boy wanted to enlist, but his parents could not consent to let such a *child* go to war. But, as has already been recorded in these pages, when he was fourteen he became a recruit for our company, joining us near Vicksburg, in February, '64. He served till the close of the war, doing always full duty, and being one of our most faithful soldiers.

Two years after the war he became a student at Ripon College, from which he graduated in the class of '76. He had to do as many boys do, *work his way* through. He

worked evenings, Saturdays and vacations to get money for tuition and board. He also taught district schools winters, staying out of college at one time two full years for the purpose of earning money by teaching.

After graduating he became principal of the high school at Menomonie, Wis., where he remained in continuous service eleven years, bringing the school in the meantime up to a high state of excellence. He then left the profession of teaching and went into business. He is now traveling salesman for the Appleton Publishing Company, having his home in Whitewater, Wis.

He was married in the fall of 1881 to Miss Janet E. Stewart, who had for some years been his assistant teacher at Menomonie, but who, at the time of their marriage, was one of the faculty of the Whitewater Normal School. This marriage has been blessed by the gift of three children—Marion, aged eight; Edna, aged seven, and John Stewart, aged three.

John is an enthusiastic republican, and Grand Army man. I take the liberty to copy a few words from a recent letter from him: "Condense the facts I have given you into the smallest space possible, and give space to those who served longer than I did. It has always seemed to me that we later day recruits should stand back and give the men who for four years braved the storms and trials of a terrific war, the first place. It was honor enough for me to be permitted even for nineteen months to be associated with the strong and true patriots of glorious old Company E. A better company never left the state. I often feel that, 'he was a member of Company E,' placed after my name is all the biography I want."

DANIEL C. GILLESPIE.

Daniel Gillespie was born in Lawrenceville, St. Lawrence County, New York, March 29, 1847. He was left an orphan at the age of four years, after which he lived with his brother Thomas until he was fifteen years old, when he declared himself a man and went out into the world for himself.

When Company E of the 12th Wisconsin was organized at Delton, he was fourteen years of age, and he tried to persuade his brother, John—our Lieutenant Gillispie—to take him into the company, offering as an argument, the fact that he was already as large as either Seneca or Charley Briggs. But John took his age into consideration, and so Daniel had to “bideawee.”

In January, '64, the fever to enlist in his country's service ran so high that he could not withstand it, and so he became a recruit for our company, joining us, as before stated in these pages, at our camp in the rear of Vicksburg—near Big Black River Bridge—early in the spring of '64; from this time to the end of the war he was one of our best soldiers.

After his discharge he ran a threshing machine, and the next year he engaged in farming. In 1867 he was married to Fannie M. Gloyd.

He tried his luck at hop-raising, did well for one year, then failed, and *hopped* out of Wisconsin \$1,400 worse off than nothing—excepting health and experience; but Daniel made good use of both these bits of capital. He stopped for a summer at Charles City, Iowa, ran a breaking team and saved out of his earnings \$300 to apply on old debts.

He spent the winter at Clear Lake, Iowa, where he and his excellent wife had a thousand dollar fortune fall to them in the shape of a ten-pound boy—\$100 per pound. The following spring he moved to Clay County, Iowa, where he took up a homestead and lived there thirteen years. Since that time he has been engaged in various lines of business, such as railroading, farming, milling, etc., and has had excellent success, as his family now consists of five boys and three girls.

His present home is in Spencer, Iowa. He assures the boys that his latch-string always hangs on the outside, and says that he shall take it as an unkindness if any Company E comrade passes through the city and does not pull it.



W. H. HARRISON,
Co. E.

WILLIAM H. HARRISON.

William Harrison was born in Hunterdon County, New Jersey, July 16, 1844. In 1855, he removed with his parents to Wisconsin. On the 14th of August, '62, he, with his brother, Nathan D., enlisted from New Buffalo, Sauk County, as recruits for Company E, of the Twelfth Wisconsin. They joined the company at Bolivar, Tenn., a few weeks later, and began at once the active duties of the life of a soldier, in a campaign in Northern Mississippi. Both were among our best soldiers, always ready for any duty. William H., for good service, was made corporal of the company. They were mustered out of the service May 31, '65, and discharged June 14th next following.

William was married November 5, 1868, to Clara A. Williams. She died in March, 1875, leaving one son, Maurice, who is now living at Baraboo. In March, 1878, he was again married, Leila Holah becoming his wife. He soon after removed to Pipestone County, Minn., settling in the town of Troy, where he still resides, and where he expects to be found when ordered to join the boys on the other side of the River.

By this second marriage, he has one son, Stuart. He is a farmer, and says that he has been fairly successful. Those who have visited William say he has a warm place in his heart for all his old comrades.

NATHANIEL DARROW.

Nathaniel Darrow was born February, 21, 1841, in that part of Wisconsin that afterward became Walworth County. He was the second son of Henry A. Darrow and Luceba Dann Darrow. In 1851, he moved with his parents to Sauk County, and soon after the family settled on the farm in Winfield, Sauk County, where Nathaniel now lives.

In those days educational advantages were limited, but, being ambitious to learn all he could, he managed to attend Delton Academy in the winters of '60 and '61, '61 and '62 and the summer of '62, earning his tuition and board by

cutting wood out of study hours. It was while attending the academy that the skeleton in the closet grinned and snapped its teeth at him, and it was the next morning after that that he measured Lewis T. Linnell's upturned boot-sole during family prayers.* In the fall of '62 he went for a short time to the University of Wisconsin, but came home in time to begin a winter term of school as teacher.

In December, 1863, he enlisted as a recruit for Company E, of the 12th Wisconsin, joining the company and regiment at a camp near Big Black River Bridge, in the rear of Vicksburg, during the following February. From this time till the regiment was mustered out at Louisville, Ky., July 16, '65, he was in active service, being off duty but little of the time.

After his discharge he taught school winters and worked on his farm summers. In 1875, he was married to Miss Nora Campbell, one of his pupils. They have had no children. Comrade Darrow is a member of H. A. Tator Post, G. A. R., of Reedsburg, Sauk County, Wisconsin.

EDWIN M. TRUELL.

Edwin M. Truell was born in Lowell, Mass., August 19, 1841, being the second child in a family of five brothers and two sisters. On September 29, 1854, the family settled in Lyndon, Juneau County, Wisconsin, which has ever since been his legal residence.

His education in the public schools was supplemented by private study at home. He began teaching at the age of seventeen, in the district schools of his vicinity, and continued in the work three successive winters.

In April, '61, he enlisted for the three-months' service. The company was not accepted, however, the state quota having been already filled. On August 30, '62, he and his elder brother, Ferdinand A., enlisted at Kilbourn City, Wisconsin, as recruits for Company E, 12th Wisconsin Infantry. They joined the company at Bolivar, Tennessee, and remained with it until Edwin was wounded, July 21, '64, at Bald Hill,

*See page 83.

before Atlanta, when he was sent to the hospital, Ferdinand accompanying him as nurse.

Ferdinand was mustered out of service May 31, '65, and Edwin was discharged because of "wounds received in battle." Two younger brothers of the Truell family enlisted in Wisconsin as soon as they became old enough to be accepted.

In March, 1866, Edwin graduated from the Eastman Business College of Chicago. In November of the same year, he was elected Register of Deeds in Juneau County for a term of two years. He served as Enrolling Clerk for the Wisconsin Senate for the session of 1869, and in December of that year, he was appointed to a clerkship in the U. S. Treasury Department, at Washington, and was assigned to the Internal Revenue Office, which position he has held ever since, having been promoted through the grades from the first class to the fourth, the highest of the classified civil service.

In 1876 he graduated from the Columbian University Law School, of Washington, and was admitted to practice as an attorney in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.

On August 19, 1883, he was married to Mrs. Isadora Lord, of Maine. Since then their Washington home has claimed the most of his attention, though he still retains his legal residence in Wisconsin, the family homestead having come into his possession in return for the aid and comfort he bestowed upon his parents in their declining years.

Since 1872 he has been treasurer of the Washington Humane Society. He is a member of Kit Carson Post, No. 2, Grand Army of the Republic, Department of the Potomac. He has been Commander of his Post, and Junior Vice Commander of his Department. He is also a member of the Medal of Honor Legion.

JAMES A. COPE.

James A. Cope was born in Morgan County, Ohio, June 4, 1840. He was brought up on a farm, and has always followed farming as a business. He received his education in the common schools of Ohio.

April 14, 1859, he was married to Nancy Osburn, and the

same spring he removed to Juneau County, Wisconsin. Aug. 30, 1862, he enlisted as a recruit for Company E, of the 12th Wisconsin Infantry, and some time after joined the regiment at Bolivar, Tennessee. He remained with the company till Oct. '64, when he was detailed to serve in a Pioneer Corps till the close of the war. He was discharged as a private, at Washington, D. C., May 31, '65.

In the fall of 1869 he removed to Pawnee County, Nebraska, where he has since resided. His wife died April 18, 1870. They had three children—Ida, now Mrs. W. A. Hillis, of Crete, Nebraska; Eugene, who died when three years old; and Henry W., now preaching for the Methodist Episcopal Church in Jefferson County, Nebraska.

In 1873 he was married to Olive S. Stevens, who died in 1878, leaving him one child—Jessie E. In 1880 he was married to Ella J. Stewart. They have had five children—Alonzo J., Elias H., Emet L. Grace J., and Alfred B., of whom all are living excepting Emet, who died in infancy.

In 1877 Mr. Cope was elected one of the commissioners of his county, being re-elected in 1880, and serving six years. In 1884, he was elected to the lower house of the Nebraska legislature, and was re-elected in 1886. He is a member of the G. A. R., of the Masonic Fraternity, of the A. O. U. W., and of the Patrons of Husbandry. In politics he is a republican, first, last and all the time.

HOSEA W. ROOD.

H. W. Rood was born May 30, 1845, in the town of Persia, Cattaraugus County, New York. His father was Charles P. Rood, whose birth-place was Highgate, Vermont,—the son of Burrell and Mary Rood. His mother, Marianne Rood, born in Jefferson County, New York, was the daughter of George and Matilda Thorngate. His Grandfather Thorngate was a native of Marlborough, England, and was in the war of 1812, but he deserted from the English army, crossed the St. Lawrence River near the Thousand Islands, and became an American citizen.

In the autumn of 1845, the parents and maternal grandparents of Hosea W. came to Wisconsin Territory, settling for a year or two near the village of Milwaukee, and then moving to Johnstown, Rock County, same state. In 1850 they removed to Waushara County, making their homes near the little village of Dakota, where they resided until some years after the war, when they moved to North Loup, Nebraska.

In Waushara County, the subject of this sketch got such school advantages as a pioneer community afforded till he enlisted, October 6, 1861, in what became Co. E of the 12th Wisconsin Infantry. He served with the company till the close of the war, having re-enlisted with the other veterans at Natchez. He was always with the company, and always in the ranks, excepting from August 17, '64, till the first of the following November—when he was in the 17th Army Corps Hospital at Marietta and Atlanta. He was slightly wounded on the 21st of July, at Atlanta, Ga., a spent ball striking his right arm.

After his discharge, he taught country schools in Waushara county, winters, and worked on a farm summers; but after a few years he gave all his attention to teaching. He graduated, in 1878 with the Teachers' Class from Milton College, Milton, Rock Co., Wisconsin. He has followed teaching ever since the war. He has been principal of schools at Sun Prairie, one year; at Pewaukee, one year; at Omro, six years; at Cadott, one year; at Palmyra, four years; and is now,—December, '92—in his third year as principal of the Washburn schools; all these schools being in Wisconsin.

October 13, 1866, he was married to Miss Lizzie Munroe, of Richford, Wisconsin, daughter of Spencer and Lucy Munroe, Vermont people. This marriage has been blessed by the gift of four children, Louis P. Harvey, Minnie May,—died in infancy,—Ida Lillian, and Lola Grace, Rood. Louis was married December 31, '91, to Addie Holmes. He is a carpenter by trade. Lillian is a college student at Milton,

—class of '93. Louis is 25, Lillian 22, and Grace seven years of age at this time.

The family home has been in Milton, Wisconsin, for the past fifteen years. Mr. Rood is a member of A. D. Hamilton Post, G. A. R., of Milton; of the I. O. of G. T. Lodge at Omro; and of the Seventh Day Baptist church at Milton. Politically, he is inclined to act independently, though he cannot lose his love for the good old Republican party.

SKETCHES OF MEMBERS OF OTHER COMPANIES.

WM. C. STEVENS.

William C. Stevens enlisted as a private in Company C, at Camp Randall, November 14, '61. On the 1st of July, '62, he was appointed Commissary Sergeant. He held this position until he re-enlisted at Natchez, after which he was re-appointed to the same position, which he continued to hold until the 22d of September, '64, when he was appointed Orderly Sergeant of Company C.

On the 13th of January, '65, he was commissioned by Governor Lewis First Lieutenant of Company C, which position he held until he was mustered out of service at Louisville, Ky., July 16, '65. For a time, while he was Lieutenant, he served as A. D. C. for the First Brigade, Third Division of the Seventeenth Army Corps.

At present, Comrade Stevens lives in Utica, New York, his place of business being 38 and 40 Charlotte Street.

LIEUTENANT HARLAN P. BIRD.

Harlan Page Bird was mustered into the service October 14, '61, as a member of Company F, Twelfth Wisconsin, and was mustered out July 16, '65, as First Lieutenant of Company G, having re-enlisted at Natchez; he was never off duty a day during this time excepting while recovering from the effects of a wound received at Vicksburg.

Having come from Pennsylvania a short time before his enlistment, he was a stranger in the regiment; but being a



SELDEN N. CLARK,
COMPANY D.

good accountant, as well as a faithful soldier, he soon became known, and, so far as the daily duties of a private would permit, rendered good service at company and regimental headquarters adjusting army accounts, which were then so new to all of us.

While the regiment was at Leavenworth, Kansas, spring of '62, he was detailed to service at Department Headquarters (General Hunter), under Major Halpine, Adjutant, remaining till the regiment departed for Columbus, Kentucky. October 16, '62, he was appointed Sergeant Major of the Regiment, and March 10, '63, while the regiment was on dress parade, his commission as Second Lieutenant of Company G was published—of which Lieutenant Bird says, “No one could be more surprised than I myself, for I had not before received the least intimation of such a thing.”

June 18, '63, during the Siege of Vicksburg, while, with a detail of picked men, he was in advance of the picket line and endeavoring to establish some new rifle-pits, he received a severe gun-shot wound in his leg. Because of this, he was sent North a few days before the surrender of the place, to await recovery. Concerning the events of those exciting times, Lieutenant Bird says, “I regretted exceedingly to leave the army just then, for we all believed we could enter Vicksburg in a few days; but we had a stirring adventure on the way home. Steaming along up the Ohio river one evening, with Pittsburg in prospect, an unusual movement was observed ahead, but, suspecting nothing wrong, our boat kept on her way. Suddenly a man came running down the bank swinging his hat and yelling, ‘The Rebels are there! the Rebels are there!’ We lost no time in putting about and dropping down stream to a safe distance.

“But the thoughts of getting home—now so near—overcame all fear of danger, so a companion and I hired a team and drove night and day, passing around the head of the Rebel column, and reaching Jeffersonville, Ind., whence I

went by rail to my home in Pennsylvania. Considering the condition of my leg, that ride was not one of pleasure.

“The Rebel command we avoided proved to be that of General Morgan on his Indiana and Ohio raid in the summer of '63. He probably never knew that his army was surrounded by two Union soldiers,—one sick, the other on crutches.”

Lieutenant Bird rejoined the regiment at Natchez, Miss., on the very day his sixty-day furlough expired. After this he was, as occasion required, detailed to act as Adjutant and as Quartermaster of the regiment. At the battle of Atlanta, he was made Acting Adjutant of his brigade, to take the place of Captain Douglass, who was severely wounded in the fight. Upon the return of Captain Douglass to duty, Lieutenant Bird was detailed as Assistant Quartermaster of the Seventeenth Army Corps. But as a staff officer, he was best known as Ordnance Officer of the Third Division, on the staff of General Leggett, which position he filled during the last year of the war. August 17, '64, he was commissioned First Lieutenant of his company. He never received any sort of bounty for enlistment or service, and has never applied for a pension.

Soon after the close of the war, Lieutenant Bird married the daughter of the Rev. John Fairchild, of Marinette, Wisconsin. This union has been blessed with three children. Harry, aged twenty-one, and Laura, aged sixteen, are now—November, '92—students in college at Lake Forest, Illinois. Clarence, aged twelve, who, by the way, manifests superior musical talent, is preparing for college.

Mr. Bird says, “As parents, we are justly proud—so we think—of our children, and we are very grateful for such priceless blessings.”

Since the war, Mr. Bird has been engaged in mercantile and lumber business. He is now the manager and largest stockholder in the Bird and Wells Lumber Company, of Big Wausaukee, Wisconsin. His residence is in Menoninee, Michigan.

At the close of the war he attended Ripon College three years, after which he engaged in teaching. He was principal of the Sauk City High School six years, and after that Professor of Natural Sciences in the Jefferson Liberal Institute, at Jefferson, Wisconsin, three years.

He began reading medicine in 1876, and graduated in '81 from Bennett Medical College, Chicago. The same year he was elected Professor of Physiology in this school, and served two years. In '81 he was also appointed Medical Inspector on the Board of Health of Chicago, and, in 1882 Immigrant Inspector under the National Board of Health.

In 1883 he was elected Professor of Natural Sciences in the State Normal School at Whitewater, Wisconsin, and served in that capacity three years. Resigning this position in '86, he settled at Aurora, Illinois, and resumed the practice of medicine. In '88 he graduated from the Chicago Ophthalmic College, and in '89 he took a degree from Rush Medical College. In July, '92, he removed to Bloom City, Richland county, Wisconsin, where he has a successful practice.

Dr. Bundy has been a member of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, and a member of the staff on State Geological Survey. He has always been greatly interested in natural history studies, and made one of the first collections of Wisconsin fungi. He has made a close study of Wisconsin crustacea, and discovered several new species of crawfish.

In 1871 he was married to Miss E. Wiswall, of Prairie du Sac, by whom he had one daughter, Bessie, born May 11, 1877; they were divorced in 1883. In 1884 he was married to Miss M. M. Gilbert, daughter of Hon. A. E. Gilbert, of Prospect Hill, Waukesha county, Wisconsin. By her he has had two sons, Gilbert R., born December 20, 1885, and Harry Eugene, born December 19, 1889.

MATTHIAS LAVILLETTE—COMPANY F.

Matthias Lavillette was born April 15, 1843, at Carleton, Bonaventure county, Province of Quebec. He was the youngest of a family of eight boys and two girls, and is of



MATHIAS LAVILLETTE,
COMPANY F.

French descent. He was brought up on a farm till he was seventeen years old, when he went to sea, sailing on the Atlantic two years. In 1862 he came Wisconsin, and worked two winters in the lumber woods on the Menominee river.

When the boys of the 12th came home on veteran furlough, in the spring of '64, he concluded to enlist and join the regiment. Accordingly, he entered the United States service on the 10th day of May, being mustered in at Green Bay. He went to Madison from there, and was sent at once to the regiment, which he found at Huntsville, Ala. From there he served with the rest of us through the Atlantic campaign, on the march to the sea, up through the Carolinas, through the Grand Review at Washington, and then on to Louisville, where he was mustered out with the rest of us, July 16, '64, after which he returned with the regiment to Madison. He says, being six feet three inches in height, he had no chance to forage after chickens and things, the Captain desiring always to keep him close by to hide behind in case of serious danger.

Mr. Lavillette went, the winter after the war, to work again in the woods on the Menominee. In the spring of 1867, he went back to his old home to visit his parents. During the following summer he became a sailor on an English vessel bound from Boston to the Islands of Hayti. After sailing two years on the Atlantic, he came again to the Western States, and became a sailor on the Great Lakes till 1873, when he joined the fire department in Chicago. During his sailing on the lakes he had some rough experience in stormy weather, more than once coming near losing his life.

Once while in the fire service in Chicago he brought two women down a fire escape, thus barely saving their lives and at great danger to himself.

Mr. Lavillette is the champion checker player of Lower Canada, or Quebec, also of both North and South Dakota. His present home is at Hecla, Brown county, South Dakota, where he went to take up a soldiers' claim on the prairies after resigning his position in the Chicago fire department.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A CHARACTERISTIC INCIDENT.

THE following incident, contributed by Lieut. H. P. Bird, Company G, is a typical one of army life and soldiers' tricks:

During our stay at Memphis, in the spring of '63, our regiment, with some other troops, made a reconnoissance in force toward the south-east. The second or third day out, one of the mules hauling our single baggage wagon gave out. A large and a small mule were feeding in a field not far from the road, and some of the boys suggested that the large one would do us better service than our lame one. We soon had him hitched up and assisting to "crush the rebellion," a service he took to very kindly.

During the hot afternoon, while a halt was being made, and the boys were resting by the side of the road, under the shade of a few wide-spreading oaks, a very tall, lank man with long arms, long legs, long hair, and a wide brim hat, came up from the rear, riding a very small mule. It did not take Companies B and G very long to decide where the little mule came from, and who his lank rider was.

When within a few rods of the boys he began bowing very low, and, as he came nearer, he said, blandly, "Good day, gentlemen, good day. How d'ye do?"

"How are *you*?", responded the blue-coats.

"Where's your General?" asked the long man.

"Haven't got any; we run this business."

"Where's your Colonel, then?"

"No Colonel, either; we just run this machine ourselves."

By this time the soldiers were standing about the little mule and his long rider, examining the bridle, taking observations of the mule's teeth, remarking upon the length of the man, his probable weight and age, his wealth, his family, and

asking such questions as, "Is the old lady well?" "How's Jane and Susan?" "Has the baby ever had the whooping-cough?" "Fine girls you have; *such* eyes! *such* teeth! *such* rosy lips! and *such* ears!" etc., etc.

The long man was a bit confused at so many compliments for his family, and hardly knew what to say next. Meanwhile, one of the boys had got a sprangling oak branch, and, coming up behind the little mule—which, by the way, had some spirit—gave the animal such a prod as made him think a forty-pound mortar had struck him in the rear. The spring he gave was truly remarkable, especially for so small a mule under so long a man. Instantly every man yelled as if in a charge upon the enemy, frightening the mule quite out of his wits. The lank native grabbed the reins, but *these had been cut* off close to the bits. He tumbled backward till his head and shoulders projected to the rear of the mule; but reaching for the short mane, and tying his long legs in a knot below, he managed to keep aboard, as the mule shot like a rocket down the dusty road. Every squad of men resting by the road side took in the situation as the mule came opposite them, and all set up such a yell as urged him to make his best time. Half a mile ahead, the road was blocked up by the 5th Ohio Battery; here the mule dodged off into a path that led into the woods. For all that Companies B and G know, that mule is running yet. The queer part of it is, that man never even asked us to give up his big mule we had hitched to our wagon.

GEORGE E. ROSS.

Geo. Ross, of Co. D, claims to be have been the first man on the Rebel works before Atlanta in the charge of July 21, '64. Says he captured two Rebs; also that, while between the works of the enemy and ours on that day, he had as many as fifteen Johnnies firing at him at once as he took refuge behind a tree about sixteen inches in diameter. He got away all right despite their target shooting.

Just after the Rebel charge on the first day at Jonesborough, he went out in front of the regiment and captured

Lieut. T. A. Malone, of Co. E, 35th Ala., with two of his men, and brought them into our lines. He yet has the Lieutenant's sword as a memento of the occasion, and has taken much pride in wearing it on I. O. O. F. and Memorial Day parades.

During the past twenty-four years he has lived in Washington, Kansas, when he is at present—1892—Deputy Register of Deeds. He has never been able to attend a reunion of his company or regiment. He says he never missed a turn of duty, and was never found lurking in the rear. He wants any of the boys who may chance to pass his way to call on him and be at home.

WAS IT SUPERSTITION?

John Ingalls calls attention to a fact I had forgotten. He says that men who carried playing cards in their pockets were apt to throw them away before going into battle. They did not like to run any chance of being found dead with such things about them. At such a time a Testament seemed more fitting to have in possession. I think he recalls a case of somebody's hiding his euchre-deck under an old log, just before going into a charge, whence he could recover them in case the Lord spared his life. A characteristic freak, this, of our human nature!

Did such notions as these arise from superstition, or were they based upon conscientious convictions? Anyhow, such action is suggestive. I do not much wonder that facing death a man in his right mind should put from him all tokens of questionable living, and seek to replace them with that which is truly pure and good.

But why wait till we feel that we are soon to be ushered into the presence of God before putting away that which we feel is not pleasing to him? I suspect we are as truly in God's presence to-day as we ever shall be. Wisdom dictates, therefore, that we live at our best every day.

THE LAST WORD.

Nearly a year ago I wrote the short chapter entitled *Conclusion*, and I then thought I was done with this book. But it was afterwards thought best to add such matter to the History as is found in Part III. And this has required all the spare time of the past year. A large amount of correspondence has become necessary in order to ascertain desired facts, and to get names correct. During this time the printing has been done, and the proof sheets have claimed considerable attention. In the meantime, many comrades have written letters of inquiry concerning the book they were to receive last fall; all these letters have had to be answered. During this time the work has seemed to drag, yet we have been getting along with it as fast as we could.

And now it is done. This evening the last bit of proof has been corrected, and the pleasant task of the past three years and eight months is ready to leave me. I must say I am almost sorry to part with it, for it has been present in my thoughts about as long as we *Vets* were together in the army. I shall feel strangely at liberty to-morrow evening—but a little lonesome.

Some things have made this work particularly pleasant to me. One is, the living over of those long gone war days with the gathered experience of the years since then to aid in judging of the various influences they exerted upon both us and our country. Another: I have, by a large correspondence, been made acquainted again with some of the old boys I have not seen since the war. Many letters from dear comrades have contained so much of good-will and friendship that I shall keep them sacred among my treasures. I am prouder this evening of the TWELFTH WISCONSIN than I ever was before, and I would not take \$5,000 for the G. A. R. button on the lapel of my coat. I'd rather leave that bronze

button to my family when I lie down in my last sleep than a great big diamond.

I have already apologized sufficiently for what this book lacks of being what it might be. We have done as well as we could under the circumstances. You will agree with me, dear reader, that our printer has done well by us; he has put the material furnished him into good shape. Good paper, good type, good printing. If our pictures are not just as handsome as we'd like to have them, let us take a look into the glass before finding any fault with the man who made them. I notice that even after considerable care a few typographical errors may be found in the History. When you come to them, just exercise your ingenuity in *guessing the meaning intended; don't scold!*

And now, my dear old comrades, as I bid you good-night, at the close of this story of our service together, I pray for the blessings of the Patriot's God upon you and yours. May your lives abound in happiness, and death bring sweet rest.

Washburn, Wis., May 24, 1893.

THE END.

TESTIMONIAL.

The surviving members of Company E take great pleasure in expressing the high appreciation entertained by them of the invaluable services rendered in their behalf by Comrade Hosea W. Rood, the author of the preceding history.

They recognize the great personal sacrifice made, the many months necessarily devoted to this patriotic work, and the unlimited amount of research required on the part of Comrade Rood in its preparation, all of which, it is apparent from the merit of the work, he unreservedly bestowed in the accomplishment of his great task.

The members of the company esteem it a special privilege to be able to number within their ranks one so able, and so well qualified by education and inclination as is Comrade Rood, for the performance of a work which otherwise would have been so difficult to provide for. Although a voluntary undertaking on his part, no better selection of a historian could have been made if every survivor of the company had been canvassed for the purpose of making the most meritorious and fitting choice.

The author has been pleased to term his work "a labor of love," and as such his surviving comrades with grateful hearts accept it. The duty has been performed with the same degree of care and excellence that marked the performance by Comrade Rood of every duty assigned to him while serving his country as a soldier in the field, and his comrades bear testimony to the fact that his sincere and unselfish patriotism, and his valor as a soldier were such as to meet every requirement of the service, in both camp and field.

He was held in the highest esteem by the officers and members of his company, and, because of his soldierly qualities and his commendable and chivalrous deportment towards his comrades, he endeared himself to them while in the service of his country, and this historical work of his more mature years is

regarded by his comrades of such importance and interest to them, as to place every one of them under the most lasting obligations to its author.

To those familiar with the facts of history, this work is esteemed as the most ample evidence that its author was not, in its preparation, circumscribed in the least by limited ability; but, on the contrary, its merit fully sustains his eminent fitness and capability for the accomplishment of such a work.

Words are indeed but a feeble medium by which to convey to Comrade Rood the deep sense of gratitude cherished by his surviving comrades for this exceptional exhibition of generosity on his part; for this additional evidence of his fraternal regard for them, and for the inestimable service thus rendered by him, not only to the members of his company, living and dead, but also to those of the entire regiment, in thus preserving so much of the history of their military service while engaged in that hitherto unparalleled struggle for the preservation of the American Union.

The surviving members of the company tender to Comrade Rood their sincere and heartfelt thanks for the priceless work thus performed in their behalf. It is their earnest wish that the historian of Company E may attain the full fruition of his highest hopes and ambitions in life, and be favored with health and prosperity for many years to come, and that he may be imbued with the consciousness that, as he pursues his march along the pathway of life, he at all times bears with him the kindly remembrance and grateful regard of every one of the survivors of those who were his late comrades in arms.

Dated January 3, 1893.

L. T. LINNELL,
M. GRIFFIN,
M. A. MACAULAY,
JAMES McVEY,
A. J. SEXTON,
Committee.

NAMES AND PRESENT ADDRESSES

SURVIVORS OF THE TWELFTH WISCONSIN

SO FAR AS KNOWN.

OCTOBER 29, 1892.

PREPARED BY S. G. SWAIN.

[Where no State is given, read Wisconsin.]

Col. Geo. E. Bryant, Madison.
Col. Jas. K. Proudfit, Kansas City.
Lieut. Col. Dewitt C. Poole, Paymaster U. S. A., Cincinnati, O.
Surgeon E. M. Rogers, Hartford.
Asst. Surg. S. D. Marston, Oshkosh.
Asst. Surg. E. A. Woodward, Sun Prairie.
Asst. Surg. Dewitt Bennett, 113 West Second St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Asst. Surg. Sherwood E. Seeley, Fulton, Ills.
Adjut. Levi M. Bresee, Madison.
Quartermaster Frank B. Bryant, Omaha, Neb.
Chaplain Henry C. Walker, Tangerine, Orange Co., Fla.
Hospital Steward Joseph W. Curtis, Madison.
Com. Sergeant Francis Granger, Woodhull.
Musician Fred. Grimmer, Mauston.
Musician Orrin C. Jillson, Box 180, South Gardner, Mass.
Musician Ernest H. T. Fitzner, 621 Laflin St., Chicago, Ills.
Musician Chas. W. Dipple, 266 E. Leonard St., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Musician Peter Monroe, National Home, Milwaukee.

COMPANY A.

Capt. Rev. Norman McLeod, Humboldt, Ia.
Capt. Dr. O. T. Maxson, So. Evanston, Ills.
Capt. Chas. Reynolds, Jacksonport.
Lieut. Wallace Kelsey, Cottage Grove, Minn.
L. B. Aldrich, Wellington, Sumner Co., Kan.
Wm. H. Asbury, Martinsburg, Dixon Co., Neb.
Wm. A. Burnett, River Falls.
E. J. Bartlett, Ames, Ia.
Elijah Blaisdell, Spring Valley, Pierce Co.
Nathaniel Blaisdell, Eau Claire.
George W. Brown, Paddock, Neb.
Florence Baker, Trimble.
Franklin H. Buchanan, Victory.
John C. Caruthers, River Falls.
John T. Crippen, Ortonville.
Richard Costello, 125 Cedar St., Minneapolis, Minn.
John Carr, Terra Alta, Preston Co., W. Va.
Thomas Carr, New Boston, Mercer Co., Ills.
Edmund Cleveland, Bloomington, McLean Co., Ills.

[Where no state is given, read Wisconsin.]

Isaac Davis, Mineral Point.
 Samuel W. Dickinson, Quincey,
 Branch Co., Mich.
 Morris Dunham.
 E. G. Farnsworth, River Falls.
 Isaiah Fry, Orion.
 Jasper George, Bedford, Hills-
 borough Co., N. H.
 H. N. Holman, Prescott, Pierce Co.
 G. C. Hempel, Hempel, St. Croix Co.
 John Hunter, Ellsworth, Pierce Co.
 John N. Hager, Maiden Rock, Pierce
 Co.
 Miles L. Hawley, Audubon, Minn.
 T. Halverson, River Falls.
 Wm. G. Hurt, Trimblelle.
 Abner A. Johnson, Kasson, Minn.
 Ailen Jenkins, Port Edwards.
 Wm. S. Jay, Ortonville, Minn.
 Phillip B. Jewell, Hudson.
 E. D. Levings, River Falls.
 Louis Lafoe, Galena, Lawrence Co.,
 S. D.
 Harvey Law, Jr., New Richmond.
 Wm. Leavitt, Prescott.
 C. Meacham, Prescott.
 Wm. E. Miner, Baldwin.
 John McCallum, Ortonville, Minn.
 D. W. McLaughlin, Trimblelle.
 Alonzo Miller, Prescott.
 Charles F. Miller, Prescott.
 J. M. Merriman, Saratoga, Holt Co.
 Neb.
 A. F. Ottman, Ipswich, Edmunds
 Co., S. D.
 Wm. Parker, Postville, Allamakee
 Co., Ia.
 E. C. Pierce, Oconomowoc.
 S. C. Roberts, River Falls.
 Egbert S. Sarkness, Colfax.
 John Slasby, Beldenville.
 Leonard C. Styles, Kidder, Marshall
 Co., S. D.
 Andrew J. Smith, Anoka, Minn.
 John Tomlinson, River Falls.
 Edward Tubman, Hammond.
 John Wells, River Falls.

L. M. Williams, 317 Chase street,
 Springfield, Mo.
 James H. Warnach, Platteville.
 R. A. Weed, Downing, Dunn Co.
 Clark M. Williams, Trimblelle.
 Paul H. Wheeler, Soldiers' Home,
 Milwaukee.
 Wesley Wiley, Renville, Minn.

COMPANY B.

Capt. Giles Stevens, Reedsburg.
 Capt. Dr. C. G. Higbee, 9th and
 Robert Sts., St. Paul, Minn.
 Lieut. B. F. Blackman, Beardsley,
 Big Stone Co., Minn.
 Lieut. James W. Lusk, 557 Dayton
 Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
 Lieut. Harrison P. Ballard, Kasson,
 Minn.
 Jacob Areble, Pittsburg, Pa.
 G. G. Armstrong, Mauston.
 Dr. Wm. F. Bundy, Bloom City,
 Richland Co.
 Levi J. Bemis, Badger, Portage Co.
 Ed. F. Bulow, Reedsburg.
 Louis Bitney, Willowdale, Antelope
 Co., Neb.
 Geo. W. Bailey, Hudson.
 John L. Bates, Geneseo, Rice Co.,
 Kan.
 John Barnhart, Dover, Shawnee
 Co., Kan.
 Mark C. Bell, Wonewoc.
 Rev. L. G. Carr, Stevens Point.
 Matt Curley, Mt Sterling, Ky.
 Albert Darrow, Elkhorn Grove,
 Carroll Co., Ills.
 Dennis Doud, Trippville, Wis.
 L. D. Dickens, Eau Claire.
 S. J. Davis, North Topeka, Kan.
 Edward Davis, Reedsburg.
 David Dowden, Box 1546, Tacoma,
 Wash.
 Geo. W. Dickens, La Valle.
 Darius Dodge, Hillsboro.
 Frank Fosdick, Ableman.

[Where no State is given, read Wisconsin.]

Eustis Felior, Black Creek, Outagamie Co.
 Harrison O. Fields, West Superior.
 John Fessy, Reedsburg.
 Thomas Featherstone, Ironton.
 George Feight, Rice Lake.
 Frederick J. Groat, Ironton.
 Frederick Giles, Loganville.
 Eugene Gorman, Viroqua.
 Charles W. Gulliford, Reedsburg.
 Ole Gulbranson, Perry.
 Dr. A. E. Higbee, St. Paul, Minn.
 H. Hawkins, Ironton.
 John M. Inman, Baraboo.
 Wm. Jordan, Debello.
 Wm. H. Jackson, McPaul, Fremont Co., Iowa.
 Augustus H. Johnson, Pittsburg, Pa.
 John Kivel, Argyle, Minn.
 Lafayette Kelley, Reedsburg.
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 Peter Lind, Hillsboro, Vernon Co.
 Philo Lane, Reedsburg.
 James Miles, Baraboo.
 Adam H. Miller, Wayne, Neb.
 Elwood Mason, Minneapolis, Kan.
 George S. Mead, Ashford, Redwood Co., Minn.
 Archibald Mallon, Ironton.
 John Oliver, La Valle.
 John Platta, Ellis, Portage Co.
 Ellis Pond, Patch Grove.
 Henry C. Palmer, La Valle.
 Charles Pierson, Ironton.
 Franklin A. Premo, Rushville, Sheridan Co., Neb.
 Elias A. Robinson, Ft. Washakie, Fremont Co., Wyo.
 Baldwin Rathbun, La Valle.
 Wm. H. H. Rogers, Pineville, McDonald Co., Mo.
 John Seldon, Loganville.
 Morris E. Seeley, Reedsburg.
 James Sainsbury, La Valle.
 Albert Seldon, Lime Ridge.
 John Sanborn, La Valle.

Levi Seeley, Graceville, Minn.
 Edson Shreves, Broken Bow, Neb.
 John H. Sargeant, Chicago, Ills.
 Wilber T. Sanborn, Janesville.
 Joseph Sainsbury, Ft. Collins, Col.
 Wm. S. Scaife, Reedsburg.
 Alfred F. Scoon, Reedsburg.
 Albert Sprague, Miranda, Faulk Co., S. D.
 Edgar Stark, Amherst.
 Victor E. Strong, Glenwood, Minn.
 Lewis Townsend, Waterville, Minn.
 Austin Thompson, Hillsboro.
 Mortimer G. Taylor, Salt Lake City.

COMPANY C.

Capt. D. G. Jones, Dodgeville.
 Lieut. M. J. Cantwell, Madison.
 Lieut. Wm. C. Stevens, 38 Charlotte St., Utica, N. Y.
 Lieut. James Sexton, Neshkora.
 W. G. Bresee, Columbus.
 Fred. Bartels, 421 E. Water St. Mil.
 Gottlieb Beisswanger, Prairie Farm.
 Andrew Blodgett, Barron.
 Wm. Berken, Leigh, Colfax Co. Neb.
 Alonzo Billington, 163 W. Division St., Fond du Lac.
 Peter Clemons, Mazeppa, Minn.
 Austin J. Chapman, Marshall, Texas.
 John Crellin, Prescott, Arizona.
 John Egan, Springfield, Minn.
 Peter Erickson, Independence.
 Thomas Ellingson, Esterville, Ia.
 Fred. Eberlien, Soldiers' Home, Mil.
 Hector Evans, New Cambria, Macon Co., Mo.
 Frank Fuestor, Bradshaw, York Co., Neb.
 Charles Fuestor, Bradshaw, York Co., Neb.
 Peter Felior, Grand Rapids.
 James H. Glanville, Spearfish S. D.
 Edward Guyer, Spring Green.
 Sidney G. Hyatt, Ellsworth.
 Noah S. Harmony, Prairie Farm.

[Where no State is given, read Wisconsin.]

Cornelius Hart, Soldiers' Home, Mil.
 Gilbert Halstinson, Black Earth.
 Patrick Hannon, Eureka, Greenwood Co., Kan.
 Ole Hover, Eureka, Greenwood Co., Kan.
 Knudt Johnson, Lake Mills, Winnebago Co., Ia.
 W. H. Jones, Ft. Atkinson, Winneshek Co., Ia.
 Fred. Keisling, Quincey, Adams Co.
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 John M. Levake, Spring Green.
 Robert M. Leighty, Glenville, Freeborn Co., Minn.
 Simon F. Lent, Winnebago City, Minn.
 Wm. H. Mitts, Odebolt, Sac Co., Ia.
 Martin Oleson, Perry.
 Hans Oleson, Perry.
 Wm. Pine, Helena.
 William W. Pyncheon, Spring Lake.
 John R. Pitts, Cherokee, Ia.
 Edward Paul, Worthington, Minn.
 L. Paul, Milford, Dickinson Co., Ia.
 Patrick Regan, Madison.
 John C. Rossback, Prairie Farm.
 Miner Rawdon, Scatterwood, S. D.
 Cyrus Roberts, Hampton, Franklin Co., Ia.
 Thos. L. Roberts, Leadville, Colo.
 Peter P. Talle, Springer, Colfax Co., N. M.
 Wm. C. Thomas, Cumberland.
 David Williams, Dodgeville.
 Thomas Wilson, Mazomanie.
 Joseph Wilson, Mazomanie.

COMPANY D.

Capt. William Nungesser, Manistee, Mich.
 Lieut. Thomas Farmer, Cedar Rapids, Ia.
 Lieut. Harlow M. Waller, Norton, Norton Co., Kansas.
 Lieut. W. J. Norton, St. Charles, Mo.

Lieut. Geo. T. Wescott, Mansfield, S. D.
 Lieut. D. J. Sullivan, Pullman, Ill.
 Sam. Albright, Grand Junction, Ia.
 James L. Bayle, Soldiers' Home, Milwaukee.
 Wm. L. Ball, Ashley, Gratiot Co. Mich.
 Andrew Bullard, Neillsville.
 Seldon N. Clark, Press Bureau, Washington, D. C.
 Malcom Cameron, Rapid City, S. D.
 N. B. Cumbershaw, Kewaskum.
 Patrick Devlin, Dundee.
 Solon Darling, Neillsville.
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 Byron Fairbanks, West Bend.
 Peter D. Farman, Chase's Lake, Lewis Co., N. Y.
 Judge N. S. Gilson, Fond du Lac.
 Frank D. Hallow, Fond du Lac.
 Rev. George R. Holt, North Parma, N. Y.
 Frank H. Hauser, Jefferson Co.
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 John B. Jones, Neillsville.
 J. A. Jackson, Spencer, Clay Co., Ia.
 Allen Jenkins, Port Edwards.
 Wm. Kingsland, Bucklin, Linn Co., Mo.
 Edward K. Lord, Hancock, Hough Co., Mich.
 G. W. Longhurst, Wallace, Mich.
 George C. Lessenden, Boltonville.
 Andrew Landgraf, Mankato, Minn.
 Peter Lynch, Downsville.
 John P. Maas, Greenleaf, Brown Co.
 J. S. Matchett, Black River Falls.
 Thomas McDonald, Antigo.
 James McHenry, 193 Burrett St., Milwaukee.
 Vinal W. Norton, Brookings, S. D.
 August Neimeir, West Bend.
 Edwin M. Nash, Barton, Washington Co.
 H. C. Newcomb, Shakopee, Minn.

[Where no State is given, read Wisconsin.]

Truman O. Phelps, Spencer, Clay Co., Ia.
 W. H. Porter, Northport, Mich.
 Philander Rand, Veteran Home, Waupaca.
 George E. Ross, Washington, Washington Co., Kan.
 Oscar A. Rusco, Merrilan.
 Augustus Smith, Neillsville.
 Henry F. Strong, Williams, Hamilton Co., Ia.
 John Singer, Black Creek, Outagamie Co.
 Rev. J. B. Starkey, 1412 So. Seventh St., Minneapolis, Minn.
 Benj. J. Scott, Sartoria, Buffalo Co., Neb.
 Joseph H. Stacks, West Salem, O.
 Wm. J. Siver, Mayville, Tuscola Co., Mich.
 Chas. C. Smith, Christie, Clark Co.
 Chas. Stahl, Soldiers' Home, Milw.
 Peter Stroop, Pella, Shawano Co.
 Henry H. Taylor, 193 22d St. Milw.
 Frank Tobacco, Ivesdale, Champaign Co., Ills.
 Caleb W. Turner, West Branch, Cedar Co., Ia.
 Erskine Wescott, Gladbrook, Tama Co. Ia.
 Chas. W. Winney, Corning, Ia.
 Frank Wolf, Menasha.
 Garner Wescott, Unity, Clark Co.
 Willet R. Wescott, Boltonville.
 John R. Wright, Eugene, Lane Co., Oregon.
 Horace H. Warren, Nelson, Nuckolls Co., Neb.

COMPANY E.

Lieut. Lewis T. Linnell, Cobden, Union Co., Ills.
 Lieut. Michael Griffin, Eau Claire.
 Capt. Alpheus E. Kinney, Estelline, Hamlin Co., S. D.
 George E. Adams, Delton.

Silas W. Allen, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Abner Allen, Jackson, Minn.
 Augustus Anderscn, Willmar, Minn.
 Henry H. Bennett, Kilbourn City.
 Edmund F. Bennett, Turquesa, Santa Fe Co., N. M.
 David Bennett, Birch Lake, Todd Co., Minn.
 Robt. Bond, Indianola, Red Willow Co., Neb.
 James I. Bowman, Madison.
 Wm. H. Bowman, Beardsley, Big Stone Co., Minn.
 Charles S. Briggs, Baraboo.
 Wm. S. Briggs, Kilbourn City.
 John W. Bullis, Edgerton, Pipestone Co., Minn.
 Henry Banker, Humbird, Clark Co.
 James Camp, Baraboo.
 Samuel Campbell, Chateaugay, N. Y.
 James M. Clement, Kasson, Minn.
 Lorenzo D. Clement, Kilbourn City.
 Charles Coleman, Baraboo.
 Arthur Coleman, Reedsburg.
 James A. Cope, Burchard, Pawnee Co., Neb.
 James G. Cornish, Camp Douglas.
 Judson Craker, 1709 12th St., Oakland Cal.
 Carver Clary, Dell, Vernon Co.
 W. S. H. Cotton, Ontario, Malheur Co., Ore.
 Nathaniel Darrow, Reedsburg.
 Wm. H. Dunham, Kilbourn City.
 Henry H. Dyer, Portage.
 Henry C. Davis, Irving, Jackson Co.
 B. L. Eighthmy, Chetek, Barron Co.
 O. W. Eighthmy, South Superior.
 Justus Freer, Delton.
 George W. Freer, Beardsley, Big Stone Co., Minn.
 Charles W. Fosbinder, Mauston, Juneau Co.
 John Gaddis, Bloomer, Chippewa Co.
 Daniel Gillespie, Spencer, Clay Co., Ia.

[Where no State is given, read Wisconsin.]

Alfred E. Gloyd, Virginia City,
Madison Co., Mont.
John Griffin, Lyndon Station, Ju-
neau Co.
Alvaro N. Griffin, Kilbourn City.
James M. Gulick, 226 Lormore St.,
Elmira, N. Y.
W. H. Harrison, Pipe Stone, Minn.
Joseph N. Hawes, Sidney, Cheyenne
Co., Neb.
Charles Headstream, Mauston.
Milton M. Hildreth, Wadena, Fay-
ette Co., Ia.
Almond T. Hutchinson, Mauston.
Isaac Henry, Pawnee City, Pawnee
Co., Neb.
Truman H. Hurlbut, 1925 Hillside
Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
James E. Horsington, Evansville.
John G. Ingalls, Whitewater.
Amos. J. Jameson, Bloomer.
Jacob Lawsha, Seward, Seward Co.,
Neb.
George Lawsha, Reedsburg.
Jas. Livingston, Black River Falls.
Maurice Macaulay, La Crosse, Rush
Co., Kan.
Jas. Matthews, Waxahachie, Texas.
Wm. L. Moshier, Mauston,
George Newland, Mauston
Jason Phillips, De Soto.
Wm. Rolison, Mauston.
Edwin Robinson, New Lisbon.
Hosea W. Rood, Milton.
Chauncey K. Richardson, Spencer,
Marquette Co.
J. D. Runger, Grafton Ozaukee Co.
Aiken J. Sexton, 231 Walnut St.,
Chicago, Ills.
Leonard Sharp, 234 Skillman St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
James M. Solomon, Packwaukee.
Wm. H. Squires, Zumbrota, Minn.
Thomas B. Squires, Waterloo.
Alfred W. Starks, Monticello, Ia.
S. G. Swain, 211 W. King St. Wi-
nona, Minn.

Leander Tiffany, Kilbourn City.
Ferdinand Truell, Waverly, Lan-
caster Co., Neb.
Edwin M. Truell, 1014 K. St.,
Washington, D. C.
Wm. Van Hoosen, Mauston.
Henry D. Vaughn, Kilbourn City.
Wm. A. Vincent, Endeavor, Mar-
quette Co.
C. C. Vanderpoel, West Mitchell,
Mitchell Co., Ia.
Henry A. Walker, Emmetsburg, Ia.
Charles M. Ward, Mauston.
Wm. L. Watson, Wakefield, Goge-
bic Co., Mich.
Wm. O. Wharry, Kilbourn City.
Oran M. Wharry, Kilbourn City.
Warren Wilson, Spring Bluff, Adams
Co.
Dr. L. P. Woodworth, Kearney,
Buffalo Co., Neb.
Orson Wright, Mauston.

COMPANY F.

Capt. Fred J. Bartels, Crivitz, Mar-
inette Co.
Lieut. Levi Odell, Galesville, Trem-
peleau Co.
Lieut. J. W. Loughrey, Marinette.
Lieut. Henry L. Touetillotte,
Shawano.
Lewis W. Bunker, Eastbrook, Maine.
Daniel Bundy, Marinette.
Reuben Beckwith, 675 Adams St.,
Chicago, Ills.
James C. Bundy, Brookside, Oconto
Co.
Ben. B. Barker, Abrams, Ocnoto Co.
John Brophy, 655 Hauge ave. St.
Paul, Minn.
Louis Brunette, Fort Howard.
Gardener R. Brooks, Peshtigo.
John W. Barnum, Eau Claire.
Antoine Bruette, Menomonee, Mich.
George Corbin, Menomonee, Mich.
Alvin S. Colson, Sherman City,
Isabella Co., Mich.

[Where no State is given, read Wisconsin.]

William P. Cowles, 6149 19th ave.,
N. E. Minneapolis, Minn.
Joseph T. Drees, Peshtigo.
John W. Dyer, Marinette.
Joseph Dish, Green Bay.
M. H. Egan, Osman, Manitowoc Co.
John T. Engfert, 837 Richards St.,
Milwaukee.
J. Goddard, Brookside.
Allen H. Groff, Misha-Mokwa, Buf-
falo Co.
Samuel B. Grover, Republic,
Republic Co., Kan.
Anderson Gunde, National Home,
Milwaukee.
David Heidenworth, Peshtigo.
Christian Heidenworth, Peshtigo.
Pat Hannan, Cadott, Chippewa Co.
E. J. Hurley, Mountain Grove, Mo.
James W. Hurst, Hotchkiss, Delta
Co., Colo.
T. L. Ireland, Grants Pass., Ore.
Joseph Jessey, Merrill, Lincoln Co.
Willis P. Jones, Farmington, Van
Buren Co., Ia.
Luther Kezar, Jr., Durand.
Matthias Lavillette, Hecla, Brown
Co., S. D.
Edward Leake, 213 E. 29th St., Los
Angeles, California.
James Leeson, Fort Howard.
Wm. N. Leeson, 208 Webster Ave.,
Green Bay.
Peter Libby, Green Bay.
M. J. Mooney, Milwaukee.
Dennis Meidane, Appleton.
Joseph I. Morris, Oconto.
Daniel P. Nason, Menominee, Mich.
Franklin Olive, Menominee, Mich.
E. Pulford, Oconto, Wis.
Jacob Primrose, Menominee, Mich.
Wm. Penree, Suamico.
Hollis Partlow, Brookside.
George W. Reed, Marquette, Mich.
Lorenzo D. Richardson, Daggett,
Mich.
Richard Roberts, Waucousta.

James D. Smith, Marinette
J. C. Sherman, Menominee, Mich.
John Sinclair, Durand.
Henry Schefflein, Oconto.
Levi Turner, Good Thunder, Minn.
Stephen Welch, Pleasant Ridge,
Clark Co.
Wm. W. Whitcomb, Abrams,
Oconto Co.
Henry W. Wilson, Augusta, Butler
Co., Kan.
Delos A. Washburn, Oconto.
Frank Yourd, Soldier's Home, Milw.
Ed. B. Young, Monroeton, Bradford
Co., Penna.

COMPANY G.

Capt. Wm. Wallace Botkin, Nat.
Mil. Home, Leavenworth, Kan.
Capt. W. P. Langworthy, Minne-
apolis, Minn.
Lt. Chas. M. Webb, Grand Rapids.
Lt. H. P. Bird, Big Wausaukie.
Lt. Frank H. Putney, Waukesha.
H. H. Atchinson, Cataract.
Nicolas D. Brown, Ft. Gratiot, Mich.
Samuel Bangs, Beatrice, Neb.
Charles Brandon, Washta, Chero-
kee Co., Ia.
Thomas T. Burr, Grand Rapids.
William P. Butler, 2314 Ingersoll
St., Philadelphia, Pa.
O. W. Bennett, 1343 Arch St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
George W. Baker, Grand Rapids.
John Burr, Sioux Rapids, Ia.
Wm. H. Brown, Grand Rapids.
George H. Butler, Medford, Steele
Co., Minn.
W. P. Butler, 1619 N. 8th St., Phil-
adelphia, Pa.
Alfred Belanger, Ashland.
Garrett F. Cowan, Park River,
Walsh Co., N. D.
William Dodge, Wausau.
James Denslër, Witoka or Centre-
ville, Minn.

[Where no State is given, read Wisconsin.]

Ben. A. Elliott, Plainfield.
 John Ellingson, Flandreau, S. D.
 John Ensign, Northfield, Minn.
 John Feltis, Wausau.
 W. N. Gibbs, Almon, Winona Co., Minn.
 Joseph Gibson, Longwood or Greenwood, Clark Co.
 Albert Getts, North La Crosse.
 Ignace Grignon, Necedah.
 Rufus Hall, Symco.
 Abner A. Johnson, Kasson, Minn.
 Abner Heath, Rockland.
 Stephen Jeffrey, Centralia.
 John G. Jones, Plainfield.
 John Jones, Grand Rapids.
 Sebastian Kerstien, Marathon.
 Charles J. Linquist, Rio.
 Geo. L. Long, Hyde Park, Norfolk Co., Mass.
 William C. Lanscher, Alaska, Kewaunee Co.
 Ben. Lester, Platteville.
 Bruce Merry, Lewis Co., N. Y.
 Thomas McLaughry, McGregor, Ia.
 James D. Miller, Friendship.
 T. H. Nelson, Granite Falls, Minn.
 John Osborne, Oysterville, Pacific Co., Wash.
 Andrew Oleson, Flandreau, S. D.
 Norman Phillips, Casey, Guthrie Co., Ia.
 John Pope, Big Grove, Ia.
 George S. Pomeroy, Cataract.
 John M. Park, Berlin.
 Ambrose Porter, Forest Grove, Washington Co., Ore.
 John Pihl, Centralia.
 Marcus S. Pratt, Grand Rapids.
 Louis Robarge, Wausau.
 Eugene Roberts, Madison.
 Nathan F. Rathbun, Mitchell, S. D.
 Lyman Rice, Concordia, Kan.
 Joseph W. Smith, Port Edwards.
 Jacob Scott, Emmetsburgh, Ia.
 William Scott, Algona, Ia.
 Allen L. Snyder, Fort Dodge, Ia.

Andrew Shearer, Peterboro, Ontario, Can.
 Stephen H. Snyder, Grand Rapids.
 Martin Simonson, Garfield.
 Elias H. Ticknor, Grand Rapids.
 Clarence Warren, Grand Rapids.
 Newbold L. Wakeley, Saratoga.
 E. E. Whipple, Racine.
 Otis Wakeley, Grand Rapids.
 Daniel Wakeley, Grand Rapids.

COMPANY H.

Capt. Ephraim Blakeslee, Ironton.
 Lient. N. A. C. Smith, P. O. Dept., Washington, D. C.
 Lieut. James Lennon, Appleton.
 Edward W. Arndt, Superior.
 Alpheus Allquer, Escanaba, Mich.
 Van Buren Bromley, Bay City, Oregon.
 James A. Brooks, Green Bay.
 James Betts, Abrams, Oconto Co.,
 Thomas Russell, Flintville.
 John Busha, Marinette.
 Richard Beaton, West De Pere.
 Hiram A. Brundidge, Altoona, Wilson Co., Kan.
 Robert R. Campbell, Van's Harbor, Mich.
 Robert Crouch, Merrill, Plymouth Co., Ia.
 Joshua Chatterson, Three Oaks, Berrean Co., Mich.
 J. L. Cady, Coleman, Marinette Co.
 James Dunlap, Ft. Howard.
 Charles M. Daggett, Fort Howard.
 George W. Dickinson, Soldiers' Home, Milwaukee.
 Jerome Disbrow, Van's Harbor, Mich.
 William R. Enderby, Green Bay.
 Matthias Feldhauser, Bayfield.
 William Fellows, Ft. Atkinson, Winnesheik Co., Ia.
 Michael Garvey, Little Suamico.
 J. F. Gothe, Mills Center, Brown Co.

[Where no state is given, read Wisconsin.]

Alex. Grignon, Appleton.
 Andrew Gram, Menominee, Mich.
 Henry Harris, — Philadelphia, Pa.
 Joseph Harris, Sturgeon Bay.
 H. H. Hubbard, Fort Howard.
 George W. Hayden, Flintville.
 Frank Harder, Green Bay.
 Enoch Harris, Springville,
 Louis E. Hanson, Mound Valley,
 Labette Co., Kan.
 Daniel Huck, Flintville.
 Peter Krouse, Fort Howard.
 Charles J. Lawrence, Marinette.
 John Loudenklos, Mills Center.
 Charles G. Lusha, Monominee, Mich.
 Wm. McMonagal, Green Bay.
 Leroy Mack, Clintonville.
 Wm. R. Mitchell, Mount Vernon, Ill.
 George P. Morris, Charles City, Ia.
 George Parson, Newton.
 Peter Peterson, Sturgeon Bay.
 Milo Pickering, Dorsey, Holt Co.,
 Neb.
 David Remington, Menominee,
 Mich.
 James Roe, Snohomish, Wash.
 Richard Roe, Marinette.
 William Rossiter, La Crosse.
 Albert H. Sherwood, Sturgeon Bay.
 John Solway, Sturgeon Bay.
 Henry C. Smith, Green Bay.
 D. D. Sherman, Mount Tabor.
 George C. Sager, Green Bay.
 Abner Stanberg, Ironton.
 Thomas Smith, Waukesha.
 William Strobe, Menominee, Mich.
 Albert H. Smith, Fort Howard.
 John C. Tabor, Greenville, Clay
 Co., Ia.
 Robert N. Tabor, Herdland, Clay
 Co., Ia.
 Joseph Thompson, Green Bay.
 Tenadore Ten Eyck, Chicago, Ills.
 Julius Warren, Salona, Door Co.
 Lewis Ed. Warren, Allegheny, Pa.
 Walter S. Whitcomb, Green Bay.

Frank C. Walch, Fort Howard.
 Rufus M. Wright, Sturgeon Bay.
 Chas. Wilkins, Little Suamico.
 Joseph Woody, Lynden, Whatcom
 Co., Wash.
 Benj. F. Wright, Woonsocket, S. D.

COMPANY I.

Capt. Van S. Bennett, Rockton.
 Lieut. Levi M. Bresee, Madison.
 Lieut. Eli McVey, Rockton.
 Lieut. Irwin Gribble, Viola.
 Lieut. Selma Rogers, Viola.
 Lieut. Jerome Tinker, Viroqua.
 James F. Adams, Red Wing, Minn.
 Eugene Allen, Cedar Rapids, Ia.
 R. Brewer, Boaz.
 Irvin Beslin, Viroqua.
 E. P. Bender, Viola.
 J. C. Bender, Boaz.
 Angus Barclay, Ash Ridge.
 Thomas F. Bryant, Rockton.
 Faerwalt, Beighl, Sylvan.
 Jacob Benn, Viola.
 John D. Bockover, Marion, Grant
 Co., Ind.
 M. M. Button, Irving, Jackson Co.
 Daniel Cox, Readstown.
 J. Churchill, Morning, Vernon Co.
 Geo. W. Churchill, Hurlbut, Craw-
 ford Co.
 Windsor P. Clift, Viola.
 Laal Clift, Viola.
 Francis B. Clark, Viola.
 Emery L. Clark, Artesian, Sanborn
 Co., S. D.
 Dallas Colvin, Mauston.
 William Dowell, Viroqua.
 George W. B. Day, Jefferson, Green
 Co., Ia.
 James W. Dean, Lancaster, Keokuk
 Co., Ia.
 Henry Drake, Esdaile, Pierce Co.
 Edgar Eno, Valley, Vernon Co.
 George Everett, Lake City, Minn.
 Charles Griffin, Warrens.

[Where no State is given, read Wisconsin.]

George W. Hancock.
 Joshua Hutchinson, Readstown.
 John H. Hawkins, Hawkeye, Ia.
 Lorenzo Hill, Skye, Wash.
 Albert Hoyt, Muscoda, Grant Co.
 James Jeffries, Austin, Minn.
 Timothy S. Jordan, Bloom City,
 Richland Co.
 David Jennings, Viola.
 Ransom Kellogg, Sugar Grove.
 Luman Kellogg, Viola.
 Wm. H. Leavitt, St. Paul, Minn.
 John W. Moore, Brady's, Wis.
 Lewis E. Muraay, Olivet.
 Seth McClurg, Viroqua.
 Peter McHugh, Minneapolis, Minn.
 J. E. Mace, Vashon, King Co., Wash.
 H. S. Milnor, Orion, Richland Co.
 Michael Masterson, Dell, Vernon Co.
 James Moore, Star, Wis.
 Horace Moody, San Jose, Santa
 Clara Co., Cal.
 John A. Moon, Manning.
 Lemuel Neal, Lewiston, Idaho.
 William Ogden, Sylvan.
 Wallace B. Pugh, Soldier's Grove.
 Neal Pettygrove, Oxford, Furnas
 Co., Neb.
 Henry F. Strong, Williams, Hamil-
 ton Co., Ia.
 John W. Sutherland, Readstown,
 Vernon Co.
 Albert J. Savage, Sylvan.
 Henry A. Shafer, Spring Green.
 Jerome B. Snow, Viola.
 John B. Sommers, Brant Lake, S.D.
 David B. Sommers, Viola.
 Ephraim Sanford, Viola.
 Amos P. Sommers, Nashua, Chicka-
 saw Co., Ia.
 Wm. H. Thayer, 59 Elk St., Free-
 port, Ills.
 H. J. Teal, Rockton.
 Geo. D. Warner, McDill, Portage Co.
 William J. Woodruff, Benton Har-
 bor, Mich.
 Joel Winters, Seymour.

George W. Wise, Viola.

COMPANY K.

Capt. Daniel R. Sylvester, 1037 10th
 Ave. West, Denver, Colo.
 Lieut. George Brown.
 Lieut. Franklin Philbrick, Burissa,
 Calcasieu Parish, Louisiana.
 George C. Bonney, Pataha City,
 Garfield Co., Wash.
 Silas Bullock, Hardy, Sharp Co.,
 Ark.
 Chas. Carver, Neola, Pottawatamie
 Co., Ia.
 William A. Curry, Lehigh, Webster
 Co., Ia.
 George P. Dempsey, Mason City, Ia.
 Hugh Dowling, Neola, Pottawatamie
 Co., Ia.
 Ira T. Dilley, Excelsior, Richland
 Co.
 Jos. Duncaster, Granite Falls, Minn.
 Ed. Fisher, Eastman, Crawford Co.
 John T. Ferrill, Boscobel.
 Austin Fisher, Ida Grove, Ida Co., Ia.
 Isaiah Fry, Orion.
 Alex. J. Grace, Concordia, Kan.
 Geo. W. Gregory, Lynxville.
 Frank B. Girdler, Mt. Sterling.
 Demetrius P. Green, Correction-
 ville, Ia.
 John P. Gross, La Crosse.
 Jacob Hopkins, Cleghorn, Cherokee
 Co., Ia.
 J. R. Hoar, Cherokee, Ia.
 Benj. J. Irwin, Valley Co., Neb.
 Albert Iverson, Clear Lake, Ia.
 Lloyd Kelley, Bell Center.
 William F. W. Kast, Crawford Co.
 William H. Long, Platteville.
 Thomas J. Lysne, La Crosse.
 John A. Lewis, Bell Center.
 Samuel R. Marston, Meriden, Cher-
 okee Co., Ia.
 George R. Munns, Fennimore.
 Eben W. Markham, Clermont, Fay-
 ette Co., Ia.

Where no State is given, read Wisconsin.

Albert Miller, Afton.	Hiram Schofield, Spencer.
Robespierre Mills, Stowe, Frontier Co., Neb.	Frank Schofield, Boscobel.
John Nichols, Kalo, Webster Co., Ia.	Andrew Seright, Tipton, Mitchell Co., Kan.
Aaron Nash, Hastings, Adams Co., Neb.	George Shearer, Quinnesec, Mich.
Lewis Oleson, Wild Rice, Norman Co., Minn.	E. W. Smith, Waverly, Lancaster, Co., Neb.
Ole C. Peterson, Corsicana, Tex.	George Tuffley, Boscobel.
Caleb Pinkham, Princeton, Mille Lacs Co., Minn.	Thomas H. Tuffley, Boscobel.
P. N. Peterson, Towerville.	Hiram P. Trout, Lone Elm, Anderson Co., Kan.
Abijah P. Potter, Platteville.	Geo. H. Wheeler, Vermillion, S. D.
James Robinson, Burton, Grant Co.	Hiram H. Wheeler, Lyons, Clinton Co., Iowa.
James B. Ricks, Boscobel.	Nathaniel Winship, St. Charles, Madison Co., Ia.
Rueben Ricks, Boscobel.	Arvine C. Wilkins, Manson, Calhoun Co., Ia.
Madison A. Redman, Humboldt, Kan.	Nathaniel L. Wayne, Boscobel.
Wm. Slates, Soliders' Home, Mil.	A. W. Wheeler, Boscobel.
A. V. Stevens, Sibley, Osceola Co., Ia.	William O. Wettleson, Stoughton.
Thomas Slates, Emmetsburgh, Ia.	

There is no doubt that many errors will be found in the above list. But those who find them will please bear in mind that great pains have been taken to make every name and address correct. The sources from which they have come have been many, and the spelling of many of the names has not come to us alike from these various sources. Though we have done our best, we feel sure there will be some errors. Please overlook these mistakes, and be glad that we have been able to get so many names and addresses of our surviving comrades correct. We are sure that the men of very few regiments have so large a list of the names and present homes of their old army comrades.



OCT 5 1945

